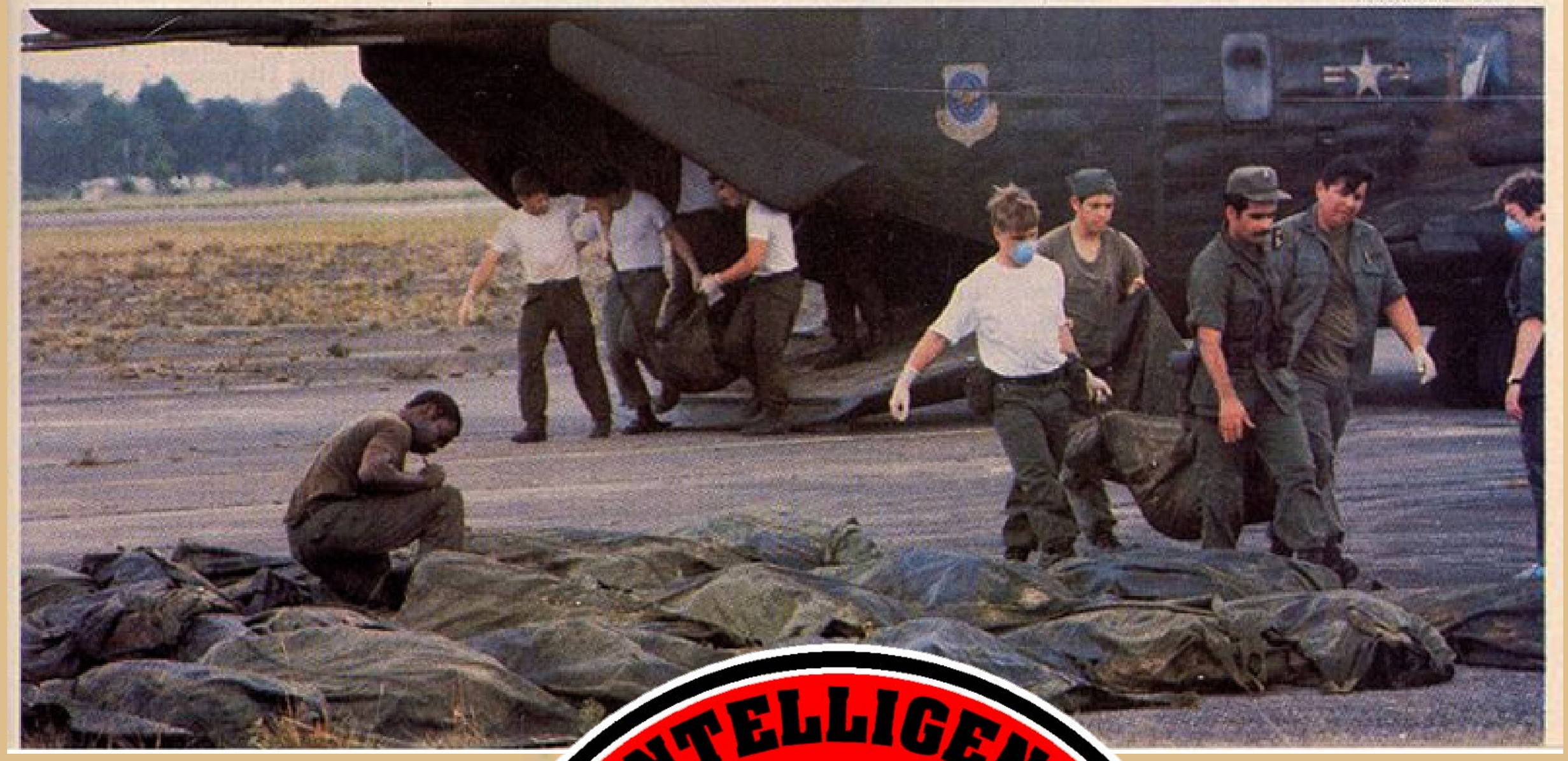
WAS JONESTOWN A CIA MEDICAL EXPERIMENT?



A REVIEW OF THE EVIDENCE

BY MICHAEL MEIERS

Was Jonestown A CIA Medical Experiment?

A Review of the Evidence

Michael Meiers

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"You have to put fear aside and do what you think is right."

--Leo Ryan on the eve of his visit to Jonestown.

And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.

--John VIII:32. The unofficial motto of the Central Intelligence Agency.

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As the author, I am solely responsible for this work but it might never have been published had it not been for the generous efforts of scores of fellow researchers, reporters, librarians and friends who gathered source material, constructively criticized early drafts of the manuscript and proofread my atrocious spelling. I appreciate your help and trust that you will understand that the omission of your names from this acknowledgement is not intended to downgrade your valuable contributions only to spare you the pain of any possible reprisal from those people who would suppress the truth about the Jonestown experiment and the assassination of Congressman Leo Ryan.

Michael Meiers
June 1988

PROLOGUE

The Kristallnacht or Crystal Night was the name the Nazis gave to the evening of November 9, 1938; the fifteenth anniversary of Adolf Hitler's first attempt to overthrow the German government. As in years past, the Nazi Party bosses gathered to celebrate; among them was Heinrich Himmler, Reichsfurer of the SS, who had planned an event to mark the anniversary. Following the beer hall celebrations, Himmler's SS set out to assault the Jewish citizenry. Before the evening was over, 119 synagogues were set on fire, 7,500 Jewish shops were looted or destroyed, 171 Jewish homes were burned, and 20,000 Jews were arrested and sent to newly-constructed labor camps. According to Nazi records, 36 Jews were murdered that evening. Throughout Germany, Himmler's troops inflicted over 25 million marks worth of damage -- 5 million in broken glass alone, hence the name, the Crystal Night. In the weeks that followed, German Jews were not only denied insurance claims, but were totally ousted from the economy and fined one billion marks "for their abominable crimes."

German Jews had suffered persecution before, but only at the hands of roving bands of "brown shirts" who acted out of their personal prejudices under a government that turned a blind eye to their crimes. The Crystal Night was the first assault to be officially sanctioned by the German government. It was the beginning of the Holocaust. In the six and a half years that followed, over 12 million Jews and other sub-humans were exterminated in the Nazi death camps. Combined with the casualties of World War II, the death toll was a staggering 60 million.

Today, outside Munich, near Dachau, the first and most infamous of the German Nazi death camps, there is a memorial to those who died in the Holocaust. Inscribed on the monument are the foreboding words of American philosopher George Santayana, "Those who do not remember the past are condemned to relive it."

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The White Night was the name the Reverend Jim Jones gave to the evening of November 18, 1978 in which over 900 of his followers died in a mass suicide/murder ritual in Jonestown, Guyana; a community they had carved from the jungles of South America. Sparked by their assassination of U.S. Congressman Leo Ryan, the predominantly Black American cultists carried out the final performance of the bizarre White Night they had rehearsed for years. Before the evening was over, 913 former U.S. citizens were dead, most from drinking a cyanide-laced concoction.

For years, Jim Jones had warned his congregation that the Nazis had infiltrated the Central Intelligence Agency and other departments of the federal government to stage a second holocaust; this

time against the Blacks and Native Americans. He claimed their only chance of survival was under his protection in the safe haven of Jonestown. Jones' warnings were correct, but he neglected to tell his congregation that it was he who was helping to perpetrate the coming ethnic war in America.

Jonestown was a medical field test in mind control designed to evaluate two auspicious behavior modification drugs on a representative cross-section of Black and Native American citizens. The unwitting human guinea pigs were divided into three test groups. Three hundred received small dosages of drug A on a regular basis, three hundred received drug B and the remaining three hundred acted as the control group and received no drugs at all. Jim Jones then staged the only definitive test of his control; he asked his followers to commit suicide. Those who did so voluntarily were considered under control, those who refused were murdered and the results so noted in the extensive medical records that are still missing to this day.

Jones and several of his top aides were in the employ of the Central Intelligence Agency at the time of the experiment; making the White Night the first U.S. government sanctioned persecution of a native minority in peacetime. The 913 dead are important, but not as important as the yet untold millions who will die if the results of the Jonestown experiment are implemented in society. As the earth's resources steadily deplete, a second holocaust becomes more and more probable but, unlike the first, there will be no goosestepping Nazis, swastikas, concentration camps or gas ovens. People will just drop dead en masse or be reduced to zombie-like slaves to serve a master race.

All that remains of the ultimate experiment that made this grim future possible are photographs of the carnage and one in particular. Surrounded by a field of corpses, over the simple, unadorned throne of Jim Jones hung the following hand-painted wooden sign: "Those who do not remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

****

Some say the evil was born in Jim Jones, others say it is inherent in the CIA, still others claim the true source is the Nazis who infiltrated the CIA, and then there are those few who believe it all began with some quasi-religious group founded in the Dark Ages. One might as well say the evil was born with time and will die with time. In order to detail the story within the confines of a book, this work will explore the forty years of ethnic weaponry between the Crystal Night and the White Night.

Eight years have passed since the Jonestown "tragedy" or "mass suicide" or "massacre" or "suicide/murder" or "the greatest crime of the century" - no one has really been able to define the event. One author has suggested that it was so unique as to be called "The Event." By now, almost all of the first hand accounts have been published. They are surprisingly consistent in the details of Who? What? When? Where?, but the critical answers to How? and Why? are either misinterpreted, misrepresented or, more commonly, outright omitted. Historic events, like Jonestown, are never understood as they occur or even within a few years after they occur. It takes time to verify and collate the various eyewitness accounts into a comprehensive overview and to place that overview in

the course of history. To date, most reports about Jonestown are autobiographies tainted by the author's defense of his involvement with Jim Jones and the Peoples Temple. Some are deliberate cover-ups, but most are just subjective and extremely limited in scope. Assuming the intentions of the eyewitness are honest, that he has not been deceived or overly influenced by his emotions and has 100% recall, what he reports is reality, but an extremely limited reality as he has no knowledge of anything that occurred outside his field of vision. An eyewitness to Jonestown can no more write an accurate history of the event than a soldier in the trenches could write a history of World War I. Such first hand accounts do provide valuable source material, but the definitive history will be a conglomeration of all such accounts; a second generation book, and that is precisely the intention herein. Although this work reaches entirely different conclusions, it agrees with most of what has been published on the subject of Jonestown.

The secret of the CIA's sponsorship of the Jonestown experiment is really no secret at all. The truth lies in most well-stocked libraries and in the records of government agencies for any other adventurer who is willing to dedicate six years of intensive digging to discover. The first step in this research work was to collect everything that has been published on the subject. Newspaper articles from both the East and West Coast press were laboriously photocopied from microfilm. Every book about the Peoples Temple was acquired. Many are out of print but obtainable from book finding services, often at ten times the cover price. All related movies, documentaries and video interviews were then taped for reference. U.S.

government reports (including what little the CIA has released under the Freedom of Information Act) were acquired from the Library of Congress and added to the mass of data. The photo libraries of news agencies provided several thousand photographs, and a wide variety of periodicals provided reprints of articles on the subject. Much of the information referred to other more obscure publications that were purchased from a variety of sources to complete the largest reference library on Jonestown in the world. All of this information was then qualified with particular attention paid to the author's motives and the validity of his sources. Since the Jonestown story crosses the path of many equally important stories of the day, it was necessary to duplicate the above research procedures for these sidestories that would become subplots of the Jonestown history. Once all of this information was gathered, it was collated minute by minute, day by day, year by year, until the sum total of all verified facts had been placed in chronological order. This work is intended for those who are not willing to make such an expensive and painstaking commitment in search of the truth.

Nearly everyone I have encountered in my research has urged me not to offer this book for publication. Some say I will be labeled a madman because the American people have been so programmed as to automatically assume that anyone who speaks of the CIA is paranoid and insane. I disagree. Americans are intelligent and sufficiently aware to know that our national security has been entrusted in part to a very competent agency that is real, effective, achieves noticeable results and often defends their secret activities by labeling their critics as crazy. I have

also been warned that Americans do realize the CIA does terrible things but they do not want to know the gory details. Again, I disagree. We have not yet been totally brainwashed into a complacent, dream-like state. We pay taxes to support agencies like the CIA and deserve an accurate accounting of their activities, no matter how disturbing those activities might be. Finally, I have been forewarned that the CIA will try to discredit or even kill me for exposing one of their large scale crimes against humanity. I agree that there may be some reprisal. The truth hurts, and even though it is not my truth, only the truth, I may suffer some persecution for exposing it.

My motives are both selfless and selfish. Personally, I am appalled that our democracy has deteriorated to the point where a federal agency felt compelled to conduct such a macabre medical experiment on innocent citizens. I feel a sincere responsibility to accurately detail the story of Jonestown and warn of what I see as the strong possibility of a second holocaust. Secondly, I do expect to be compensated for my seven years of work but, if money were my only concern, I could profit far more by using the knowledge I have gained, as opposed to just writing about it.

Though I consider myself to be an excellent researcher, I am only an average writer. This book has been written in plain English. Those fond of high intellectual pursuits will be stimulated and taxed to the limits of their comprehension, not by the pretentious use of flowery language, but by the story itself. The combined genius of Edgar Allan Poe, Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, and Stephen King could not have conjured up a more bizarre, intriguing fiction, but what sets this work apart from theirs is that this story is true.

I HEIL HITLER!

Just because the German Army surrendered, it does not necessarily follow that the Allies won World War II. War, especially world war, is far more than just a military maneuver; it also has economic, social, and political ramifications. Certainly, the Allies won a military victory over the Nazis, but that is all that is certain. Within only forty years after World War II, the economy of both Germany and Japan was much stronger than that of the United States, Britain, and Russia, who fared far worse in the wake of what is generally accepted as their victory. This chapter will explore some of the political and social ramifications of the second, and hopefully the last, world war.

Anyone who knows anything about 20th century history will recognize this chapter's title as the salutation that opened and closed nearly every communication in Germany's Third Reich, but what does the average American really know about this group that nearly conquered the world? Surprisingly, very little. Volumes have been written on the subject but few have taken the time to read even basic primers like The Rise

and Fall of the Third Reich, as such histories are tedious in their detail. Public opinion of the Nazis has been drawn largely from motion pictures, newsreels, documentaries and articles that are too often subjective, one-dimensional propaganda. Since the story of Jonestown has its roots in Nazi Germany, to understand the full impact of the experiment some common misconceptions about the Nazis must first be dispelled.

Contrary to the widely accepted belief, the Nazis were not anti-Semitic, they were pro-Aryan and there is a distinct difference. The fair-skinned, predominantly blue-eyed, blondes of Nordic descent were heralded as the master race while all others were considered sub-human. The Nazis did murder six million Jews in the Holocaust, but they also murdered an additional six million Slavs, gypsies, intellectuals, drug addicts, criminals, communists, and homosexuals. The only reason that Jews dominated the ranks of the oppressed is that they dominated the sub-human population in Europe. Had the Nazis risen to power in, for example Africa, Blacks and not Jews would have been murdered en masse.

The 1936 Olympics, held in Berlin, is a prime example of the Nazis' attitude toward Blacks. Germany proudly presented its finest Aryan athletes like Luz Long, who carried the honor of the master race but who was repeatedly defeated by the Black American, Jesse Owens. The German press called Owens and other Black athletes "auxiliaries" and "little more than trained baboons" Hitler exemplified the official Nazi position by refusing to congratulate Owens after he won an unprecedented four gold medals in the competition.

Though it is rarely portrayed as one, World War II was a race war, or at least the Nazis perceived it as such. The Allies, on the other hand, were fighting a traditional border war in which geography or nationality dictated whether the citizenry was friend or foe. To the Nazis, the enemy was not the United States or Russia but the sub-humans, some of whom were in their own country of Germany, others in Europe and others still in the U.S. and Russia. Likewise, the Nazis' alliance was with the master race living everywhere not just in Germany. As the German Army conquered more and more of Europe for "Aryan living space," many of the occupied peoples were classified sub-human and sent to the concentration camps while many of Aryan heritage were rewarded and welcomed into the Third Reich. While the Allies were fighting countries, the Nazis were fighting people, and this basic conceptual difference permitted both sides to win. The Allies won a military victory over Germany, but Germany won a social and political victory over the United States where their philosophy was embraced by many German-Americans (who today comprise the largest ethnic group in the country).

This story begins in an intra-structure of the Nazi Party known as the Sachutzstaffel or simply as the SS. The SS was formed in 1926 with 280 charter members whose original function was to guard Adolf Hitler. After two rather ineffective leaders, Hitler appointed Heinrich Himmler, a quiet, mild-mannered poultry farmer and expert genetic engineer, as Reichsfuhrer SS. Under Himmler, the SS grew in numbers and prestige both before and after 1934, when it was made an independent faction of the Nazi Party. Enrollment had increased to 30,000 members recruited from Germany, Austria, Norway,

Denmark and France. They were the elite of the master race and the heroes of every aspiring German boy who dreamed of the day that he too could wear the black SS uniform with its stylized twin lightning bolt emblem. The tight-fitting uniform was also cause for young girls to dream.

The SS was so diversified as to defy a simple description. They were not a military unit, per se, though Himmler did establish an armored division known as the Waffen SS whose primary function was, not to engage in battle but, to follow the German Army and reorganize the conquered countries. They also served as very impressive parade troops. Furthermore, Himmler established an intelligence gathering division as the Security Service of the SS or Sicherheitsdienst (S.D.) as the Nazi spy ring was called. Himmler also organized Germany's sixteen police forces into the Gestapo under his command. Another SS division, identified by their skull and cross-bones emblem, was charged with managing the several concentration camps set up in old German factories soon after the SS became a separate entity in 1934. One of the SS tasks was to implement Himmler's plan to purify the Aryan race in the first 125 years of his proposed "Thousand year Reich." Their plan was two-fold; eliminate the sub-humans and procreate the master race. Himmler would breed the Germans as he had bred chickens on his poultry farm. The SS might best be described as a fraternity whose varied membership that numbered in the hundreds of thousands by the outbreak of World War II, took the following oath,

> I swear to thee, Adolf Hitler,
> loyalty and bravery. I vow to

> thee and to the superiors whom
> thou shall appoint, obedience
> until death.

It was Heinrich Himmler's SS, and not the German people or even the German military, that was solely responsible for the Nazi atrocities.

One of the most bizarre and insightful activities of the SS was to scour the world in search of any and all knowledge of the occult and psychic phenomena. Though Hitler's and Himmler's interest in the occult has long been reported, the influence the occult exerted on their careers has never been fully appreciated. Soon after World War I, Hitler joined a number of German occult lodges, most notably the Thule Gesellschaft, a coven that delved into the Black Arts, required its members to abstain from alcohol and meat (to enhance their necromancy rites) and preached a doctrine of Aryan superiority under an ancient Tibetan symbol: the swastika. Obviously, the experience had a profound effect on Hitler. It has been proposed that Hitler intended to appoint himself as God upon conquering the world and this was the source of his obsession with the occult. From African voodoo priests to Himalayan monks, from Christianity to letterology, every religion, sect or cult present in the world as well as in recorded history was closely scrutinized by the SS. They attempted to compile the most comprehensive study of man's spiritual experience and to a large extent they succeeded.

By 1937, Himmler had bled the German occult lodges for all that they had to teach so he outlawed them in order to eliminate anyone who possessed even a fraction of his knowledge. Covens, such as the

A.·.A.·. and the O.T.O. were disbanded. The principal figure in both was Aleister Crowley who regarded the Nazis as "Creatures of Christianity" for their persecution of the Jews. Hitler did report in Mein Kampf that, as a young student in the Benedictine Monastery in Lamback, he dreamed of one day being ordained a priest. To this day, his relationship with the Catholic Church remains a very controversial issue. They never excommunicated him; not even posthumously.

Hitler and Himmler were the foremost authorities on the occult in the world and perhaps even in the history of the world and the following is presented as an example of the extent of their knowledge. Their basic discovery, or rather rediscovery, was the one dogma common to all religious beliefs, man is an energy force in a physical body. Primitives called it a spirit. Christians call it a soul and portray their saints as having a nimbus or halo about their head. To a Hindu, it is an aura or astral body and their gods and goddesses are depicted as being surrounded by a glowing energy field. Many people in the past and present claim to have the ability to see this rainbow-like aura that surrounds every person and attests to his character as well as his physical and mental state. Regardless of how different cultures view the aura, most all agree that it exists and is crucial to life as the absence of it is the true definition of death. Perhaps Himmler's initial interest in the aura was to develop new techniques to separate body and soul that could kill without bullets or poisons, but his research was to take a different course.

The SS scientists under Himmler determined through modern methods that when a person concentrates

on another, a small flare of energy leaves his aura as a solar flare leaves the sun and travels at the speed of light to the person of his thoughts. The recipient then thinks of the sender without realizing that the thought was implanted in his mind. It is commonly known as telepathic communication or extrasensory perception (ESP). Everyone possesses the talent but, like other human attributes, the extent of one's ability varies from individual to individual. It seems strongest between family members or loved ones but, like physical skills, the power of telepathy can be exercised or cultivated to the limits of one's aptitude. The SS conducted many experiments in telepathic communications intended to transmit messages to people as they slept. If the dream message was strong enough, the recipient might subconsciously believe it to be his own thoughts and, once awakened, act accordingly. It is not known how far such experiments progressed in Nazi Germany but it is known how far the science has progressed since World War II.

Following the war, a new technique, called Kirlian photography, captured the aura on film and, for the first time, scientifically proved its existence. Using the technique, an entire human body was photographed and, in the subsequent study of the picture, an amazing discovery was made. The aura emitted from the body at certain focal points that exactly coincided with ancient Chinese acupuncture charts. Despite present day claims that the effectiveness of acupuncture treatments is not understood, this discovery proved what holistic experts had predicted. Disease is often caused by a blockage of the life-giving force of the aura and acupuncture needles merely unblock energy paths to permit the aura

to flow unrestricted to the affected area. It is the aura and not the needle that cures the acupuncture patient. With this new insight into an ancient science, German researchers experimented with one particular acupuncture treatment that for over 5,000 years was believed to enhance one's psychic powers. Finally, they had arrived at a simple, universally effective method to turn average people into masters of telepathic communication by unblocking the focal points of their auras associated with ESP.

In the 1950's, several experiments were conducted with a telepathic sender and a receiver located a thousand miles apart. The only aspect new to the experiments was the inclusion of highly sensitive monitoring devices that recorded the minute energy flares on an electronic gauge as it left the sender and arrived at the receiver. The experiment only confirmed previous findings but one unheralded genius came up with a brilliant idea. The experiment was repeated but, instead of having the sender concentrate on a human receiver, he attempted to send his telepathic message directly to the monitoring equipment. The scientists were amazed when, at the appointed time, a thousand miles from the sender, the needle on the monitoring equipment moved. The machine could not understand the message, only that a message had been received, so the experiment was repeated but this time, instead of sending a speech or thought pattern, the sender projected a series of energy pulses in Morse code. The gauge registered the dots and dashes of the message and easily translated them into the written word. It was a monumental discovery; the first mind/machine link. By 1965, this unpublished science had so advanced as to be applied as the communication

system for an ultra-secret intelligence group in the United States. One of the world's largest computers (the same Hewlett-Packard model as used by the General Services Administration to run the Federal government) was set-up and programmed to receive the telepathically communicated reports of thousands of intelligence agents in the field. It is the quickest, most efficient, untappable communication system in the world today; linking the life experiences of thousands of covert operatives directly into the computer data banks that, at a moment's notice, can regurgitate the sum total of their knowledge on anything or anyone so requested. The organization exists today with headquarters in California's Silicon Valley and branches throughout the world that operate in conjunction with acupuncture clinics as conditioning centers for the operatives. It was one of the best kept secrets.

The science of telepathic communication has not escaped the interest of the Central Intelligence Agency, which recently funded several studies in parapsychology in a joint venture with the National Security Agency in an effort to establish a super-secret national defense system utilizing the "energy influences" of thousands of operatives to jam the directional guidance systems of incoming enemy missiles. It <u>is</u> a plausible defense. Likewise, CIA reports indicate that as early as 1972, the characteristically austere Soviet Union had allocated an annual budget of over $20 million for their research in this field.

Regardless of whether the reader views this account as futuristic fiction or the secret of life, to Heinrich Himmler the science was very serious business.

He firmly believed that he had discovered a primeval truth previously mastered only by such historic figures as Jesus Christ. Christ never claimed to be God, not even to save his own life. Had he done so, Pontius Pilate would have dismissed him as insane and exempted him from execution. Christ professed to be the "Son of God" but within the limited scope of our understanding we have failed to see that we are all "sons of God" and the only difference between Christ and the rest of humanity is that he had mastered the essence of his nature. He knew who he was, from where he came, why he was here and what awaited him after death, whereas most people have absolutely no concrete answers, only mythological hearsay to explain these very basic mysteries of life. Himmler viewed Christ's powers to cure the sick as no more than the ability to impart his extremely strong aura to upgrade the low energy levels of the afflicted. Likewise, his miraculous power to raise the dead was no more than the ability to cure the ailment that had expelled the spirit, then travel through the astral world to retrieve the spirit and guide it back into the body. To Himmler, the "resurrection" was just the physical embodiment of the astral body. Himmler's assessment of the powers of Jesus Christ may well be correct. Several studies have gone so far as to accuse the Vatican of suppressing psychic research out of fear that science might provide a logical explanation for what they would prefer their following to think of as miracles.

Like their spiritual experiments, the Nazis' medical experiments have been grossly underrated. SS scientists, like the notorious doctor-killer, Fritz Fischer, had the free, unrestricted use of human guinea pigs, not just lab animals that only approximated human

response. Tremendous strides were made in the areas of genetic engineering and sterilization but the only accomplishment reported was their development of the technique of male sterilization commonly known as a vasectomy operation. Himmler, who had made it illegal for non-Aryans to reproduce, wanted to make it impossible, hence the concentration on techniques of sterilization. Professor Carl Clauberg, director of sterilization at Auschwitz devised an ingenious way to sterilize the sub-humans en masse. Twenty-four specially built counters were installed throughout Germany and Poland. As each of the several thousand daily registrants approached the counter they were unknowingly subjected to an overdose of X-rays. Such experiments encompassed only the half of Himmler's plan concerned with eliminating the sub-humans but there was an equal number of experiments dealing with the procreation of the master race that are rarely reported and almost always misunderstood.

There has been speculation that the Nazis attempted to create the perfect Aryan specimen, artificially in the laboratory using techniques similar in concept to those described in Aldous Huxley's 1932 fictional work, Brave New World, and more recently in Ira Levin's Boys from Brazil. Huxley's work certainly did not escape Himmler's attention as he included his name on the "Special Search List" of those Englishmen slated for kidnapping by the SS. Though they did probably engage in such research, there is no indication that the SS succeeded in synthesizing life in the laboratory as they continued to stock Germany and Austria with naturally-born Aryan children they acquired through the Lebensborn (Fountain of Life) Program.

SS officers, who could prove an ancestry untainted by sub-human blood back to the year 1750, were ordered to stud for the Lebensborn Program. They married only women with the "correct racial features;" fair-skinned, blue-eyed, blonde, wide hipped and full breasted. In SS wedding ceremonies they exchanged the following vows, "We stand, we starve, we do our bitter duty." Four sons were expected if the officer's career was to advance. When the program failed to produce the goal of one million male super-babies, polygamy was legalized for the SS. But, even with polygamy, each of the SS officer's wives could be expected to produce only one man-child every two years, in practice it was more like one every three or four years. Himmler realized that time was limited for both the Nazis and Lebensborn Program and that if he was to succeed in reaching his targetted goal of super-babies within the allotted time frame, he would require every Aryan woman in Germany to be pregnant by the SS. He formed The League of German Girls to catalog the racial backgrounds of unwed women and encourage them to have as many illegitimate Aryan children as possible. Himmler launched a major propaganda campaign called, "Mutter und Kind" (Mother and Child) in which posters and newsreels heralded the Aryan madonna as the heroine of Germany for having extended her love for the Fuhrer to his SS and bearing a son with the "correct racial features." The heart of the Lebensborn Program was the network of maternity wards that the SS established throughout Germany to care for the every need of the expectant mothers and their children. While the majority of Germans suffered from shortages of fresh meat and vegetables during the war years, the Lebensborn children received the best of everything.

The program had been given top priority; Himmler's super-babies were considered more important than the German Army.

When the Lebensborn Program continued to fall short of Himmler's expectations, he ordered the SS to kidnap Aryan infants from the countries they occupied in Europe and transport them to Lebensborn wards in Germany. Kidnapping foreign-born Aryan children was only logical when one remembers that the Nazis were fighting people and not countries. In 1939, the Waffen SS followed the German Army into Poland to catalog the populace. Also in 1939, Himmler founded the Ahenerbe; an SS society dedicated to the study of "the sphere, spirit, deed and heritage of the Nordic Indo-Germanic race." Under the direction of Dr. Bruno Begor, the Ahenerbe gassed several hundred Polish Jews just to study the racial differences between Aryans and Jews. Otto Ohlendorf was in charge of the mobile killing units that gassed thousands while in transit to mass graves. Many Poles were sent to labor camps like Auschwitz where they worked as slaves for German companies like I.G. Farben -- at least for about three months until they succumbed to the meager diet of turnip soup. Though many Poles were executed in the concentration camps, over 200,000 Polish Aryan children were kidnapped and sent to Lebensborn wards where they were given German names and raised as pampered Nazis. Himmler gave the order,

> I consider it a good idea that small children of Polish families who are especially desirable from a racial point of view be collected and educated by us in

> special institutions. The children should be removed under the pretext of their health being endangered.
>
> H.H.
> Reichsfuhrer SS

The kidnapped children as well as the legitimate and illegitimate children of SS officers were taken from their natural parents and raised in Lebensborn institutions before being sent out into the world for adoption by German families. Obviously, the Lebensborn children must have been indoctrinated in the Nazi philosophy but there has been some speculation that Himmler had developed a means to hypnotize or brainwash them to program their future work in the "Thousand Year Reich." Though such a process has been described only in fiction like Huxley's novel, Himmler must have at least tried to maintain control because not doing so would have been as foolish as allowing the uncontrolled procreation of chickens to the point where they overran the farmhouse. Himmler must have had some technique that justified his taking financial responsibility for groups of children like the 200,000 Poles, while the German economy suffered under the burden of war. These were, after all, Himmler's children, prior to their conception, most were only a twinkle in his eye. He even devised a system to name every last one of them.

Rather than being baptized, Lebensborn children were initiated into the master race in an SS name-giving ceremony. The SS and not the natural parents named the child. Himmler wanted them to have a common identity and there was no better way of doing so than to give them a common name but, aside from being

terribly confusing in the ranks, this would have destroyed any anonymity they might require to carry out their work. Himmler resolved his dilemma with an ingenious system that named each child differently, yet the same.

There is some indication that the Nazis did not initiate the Lebensborn Program, only develop it from one started earlier by some unknown entity, but regardless of when it began, the program graduated between one and two million super-babies under Himmler's control, which poses some interesting questions. Where are these people today? Are they still a group? And, if so, has their influence been felt in the world? Perhaps this work will help to answer such questions.

Plain-clothed SS agents, stationed in movie theaters throughout Germany, monitored audience reaction to Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels' newsreels and documentaries. He so advanced the art of political propaganda that the United States, even with all the talent of Hollywood, could not produce an effective counter-campaign. The propaganda unit of the U.S. army chose instead to concede to the Nazis' superior movie-making ability and used Germany's own film footage to frighten the American people with the strength and determination of their enemy. The propaganda war, or the "reel war" as it has been called, is a simple example of how the United States was developing a pattern of following the Nazis' lead. Actually, the only effective anti-Nazi propaganda the U.S. authored was produced, not during, but after World War II when Hollywood almost universally portrayed the Nazis as stupid, bumbling idiots who were easily deceived and always defeated. If the intention was to

convince the American public that the Nazis posed no threat to the security of the United States in the post-war years, Hollywood could not have done a better job.

Hitler's strategy to win World War II was surprisingly simple. He was fighting on two major fronts: the Russians to the east and the Americans and British to the west. So very early in the conflict Hitler initiated a plan to infiltrate and misinform his enemies in an effort to create friction, especially between the United States and Russia. The present day cold war was born out of this plan of Hitler's to divide and conquer. Officers of the SS, posing as the German underground, contacted the Americans through Allen Dulles who then headed the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) in Switzerland. The rather elaborate masquerade was intended to convince Dulles that Russia and not Germany was the true enemy of the United States. Likewise, Hitler's top aide, Rudolf Hess staged a spectacular defection to the west to persuade England and America to join forces with Nazi Germany against the Russians. With all the false rhetoric and rumor, it was no surprise that hostility prevailed at the meeting of the Russian and American armies when they converged outside Berlin. The mistrust and misunderstanding increased when Hitler's vast stockpile of gold could not be found. Tons of gold: the German treasury, the treasuries of the countries they had conquered, the confiscated gold of the Holocaust victims, even the jewelry of Helen of Troy was missing from the Berlin museum. The Russians accused General Patton of hoarding the fortune and refusing to share in the spoils of war. Patton accused the Russians of the same but was to die in a suspicious auto accident

during his subsequent quest to find the gold and discredit Russian claims. The gold has never been found, giving rise to the theory that it was hidden by the SS and spent covertly to support the fraternity's work after the war.

One of the key figures in the SS's master plan to control the United States was a member of the Great German General Staff, Reinhard Gehlen. General Gehlen, a staunch anti-communist, was one of Hitler's architects of the eastern front invasion and the foremost Nazi intelligence expert on Russia. It has been said that his files on Russia were more extensive than even those kept by the Russians themselves, epitomizing Field Marshall Rommel's quotation, "The first rule of war is to know everything there is to know about your enemy." In April of 1945, four days before Hitler reportedly committed suicide in his Berlin bunker, General Gehlen and a small staff defected with the Russian files to the Bavarian Alps where, at a place called Misery Meadows, they buried the catalogues in fifty metal boxes. Though Gehlen could have easily escaped, he made no attempt to do so. He waited in Misery Meadows for nine days and then traveled down the mountains to surrender. By this time the Americans had come to believe the Nazi propaganda about Russia and were only too happy to welcome Gehlen, his expertise, his files and his network of planted spies in Eastern Europe. Four months later, in August, Gehlen was smuggled into Washington, D.C. disguised as a four star U.S. Army General, befitting his rank in the German Army. He was well-received, being quartered at Fort Hunt, where a butler and several white-coated servants were provided for his comfort.

For the next few weeks, Gehlen met with President Truman and General William "Wild Bill" Donovan, the head of the OSS. Ever since President Roosevelt had sent him on a fact-finding tour of Europe just before the war, Donovan had advocated the establishment of a central intelligence group. Donovan was a New York attorney when Roosevelt first sought his services. World War II had elevated him to the rank of General in charge of our somewhat primitive intelligence gathering Office of Strategic Services. It took about a month for Donovan and Gehlen to convince the president to reorganize U.S. intelligence. On September 20, 1945, Truman disbanded the OSS and for four months the United States relied only on military intelligence to formulate foreign policy. On January 22, 1946, Truman established the Central Intelligence Group, under an authority headed by Rear Admiral Sidney W. Souers. The Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) as we know it today was born of this group on September 18, 1947, under the direction of Rear Admiral Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter who had set up the wartime intelligence network in the Pacific for Admiral Chester Nimitz along with Rear Admiral Edwin T. Layton. The CIA, designed to a large extent by Reinhard Gehlen, was staffed with former OSS, FBI, SS and SD agents. Yes, half were Americans, half were German Nazis.

With the full support of the U.S. government, the man, who now called himself "Dr. Gehlen," returned to Germany to establish the West German Federal Intelligence Agency or "Gehlen's Organization" as the CIA called its European spy ring. Initially, the CIA gave Gehlen an annual budget of $600,000 but that was soon increased to $20 million. The CIA spent $3 million just to remodel a former SS housing development

for Gehlen's headquarters. Over one thousand agents and their families lived totally within the walled compound that was once the headquarters of Martin Bormann and Rudolf Hess. Gehlen established sixty spy schools that graduated over 7,000 new agents to join the veteran Nazis in the field. It was Gehlen's idea to start Radio Free Europe; a propagandistic news station located only a few miles from his headquarters. Always pleased with Gehlen's work, the agency showed their appreciation by giving him a $1/4 million lakeside village in Starnburg, Bavaria to which he retired in 1967 after a series of scandals involving former SS officers in his employ (hence the employ of the CIA) forced his abdication amid a rash of "suicides" among his critics. This former Nazi General, who has been called the "co-founder of the CIA," exerted considerable influence in formulating U.S. foreign policy when one considers that three-fourths of all U.S. intelligence on Russia originates in "Gehlen's Organization."

Many Americans, especially those who lived through World War II, may find it difficult to accept the fact that the U.S. government would be so foolish as to hire Nazis to organize and staff such a critically important federal agency as the CIA but that is exactly what happened. If Washington was taken in by the Nazis, it occurred not after, but during the war when they began to accept Germany's claims that the Russian communists were the real threat. Following the war, fear of the Russians was all that was needed to prompt Truman to accept Gehlen's well-placed spies who provided a convenient solution to concerns that, whether legitimate or not, had been brought to Washington's attention by the Nazis.

The SS was so far superior to the Americans in their espionage techniques that their inclusion in U.S. intelligence required a complete revamping of the system. So many former SS and SD agents were hired by the CIA that they formed the basic personality of the agency. They all swore allegiance to the United States just as they had all sworn allegiance to Adolf Hitler years earlier. If one is still skeptical as to the extent to which the Nazis infiltrated the CIA, the evidence is easy to confirm. Instead of trying to pierce the security of the CIA and look for agents who are former Nazis, simply review the stories of Nazi war criminals and suspects recently discovered living in America; most, if not all, have a history of working for the CIA. A good example is the 1983 arrest of Klaus Barbie, a notorious SS officer known as "The Butcher of Lyons" for his war crimes against the people of that French city. Following the war, Barbie was hired by the CIA and hidden from the French who had targetted him for prosecution. Barbie worked as a CIA informant in Bolivia where, according to reports, he organized a mercenary force to protect Bolivia's cocaine trade, cocaine that eventually ended up on the streets of the United States. French Nazi-hunters finally located him and he was extradicted to stand trial. Though it was nearly forty years too late, the United States apologized to France for having protected Barbie, being one of the few times that the U.S. officially acknowledged that their hiring of Nazis was wrong.

Another Nazi who worked for the CIA and one whose history is more pertinent to this story is Otto Albrecht Alfred von Bolschwing. According to a 1981 newspaper article,

> The war over, von Bolschwing made a move crucial to his future success; He became an American spy. "He knocked on the door of the U.S. Army Intelligence," a source explained," and said, 'I'm experienced, I have a ring operating. If you give me a paycheck, I'll make you very happy.' He was sort of a miniature Reinhard Gehlen."[1]

In March of 1969, von Bolschwing was hired as a consultant by TCI, a high-tech investment firm in Sacramento that planned to capitalize on the latest military technology developed in California's Silicon Valley. TCI was engaged in classified work for the Department of Defense and according to the company's founder, "Ours was going to be a sensitive thing. We all had to have security clearances."[2] A TCI memo written in 1969 reported that its new consultant, "has extremely valuable connections and information in Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, the Netherlands, Antilles and South America. Mr. von Bolschwing's connections in these countries are current."[3] In his first year with TCI, von Bolschwing was appointed president of the firm by its board of directors, one of whom was the oil billionaire, John Paul Getty, Jr. From 1939 until 1942, the FBI had been investigating Getty's father because of his close personal relationship with Adolf Hitler and his illegal practice of selling oil to the Nazis via Mexico. According to the newspaper article that exposed von Bolschwing as a Nazi,

> Records and interviews with TCI officials indicate that Helene von Damm, President Reagan's Austrian-born deputy assistant, translated contracts for TCI and invested $1,000 in it while she was then - Gov. Reagan's secretary in Sacramento. Von Damm was "too busy" to talk about von Bolschwing, but through her White House secretary said she knew him "socially" in Sacramento "many years ago."[4]

Soon after von Bolschwing assumed control of TCI, several of the company's major stockholders began syndicating their stock and selling it to small investors in the Sacramento area. The trading was eventually found to be illegal and several stockholders (but not von Bolschwing) were prosecuted by the Sacramento District Attorney's Office who referred to the case as "possibly the biggest stock fraud in California history."

Gehlen, Barbie and von Bolschwing are presented here as three prime examples of the thousands of Nazis who infiltrated the CIA and whose post-war activities continued to have detrimental effect on the American people. Von Bolschwing is of particular interest as his business dealings in California blazed a trail that lead directly to Jonestown.

One of TCI's two Silicon Valley subsidiaries, a Sunnyvale Corporation called International Imaging Systems (formerly Stanford Technology) purchased

Intercontinental Technology, a Washington D.C. based marketing firm to represent them in the sale of sophisticated electronic surveillance equipment to African and Middle Eastern governments. This was not a new endeavor for International Imaging Systems that, under its former name, had supplied the CIA-backed Shah of Iran. The founder and president of the Intercontinental Technology was none other than the notorious CIA arms dealer, Frank Terpil. The New York Times reported that Terpil and his partner, Edmond Wilson,

> used Intercontinental Technology's Geneva office for payment of former Army Special Forces troops, or Green Berets, he had recruited to train terrorists in Libya, according to several participants in the operation.[5]

The purchase of Terpil's company by von Bolschwing's subsidiary is hard evidence of at least a connection between the two men that went beyond their mutual affiliation with the CIA. It also attests to the widely-held belief that the agency operates front companies in the U.S. despite the fact that such activities were a direct violation of their charter. The connection is important, for Terpil later admitted to a BBC interviewer that, during this period of time, he supplied mercenaries and arms to the early stages of Jonestown, when the jungle camp was used as a CIA training center. Von Bolschwing provides the first glimpse into a Nazi/CIA/Jonestown connection: a living bridge between the Crystal Night and the White Night.

II DEEP COVER

This the story of Lisa Philip Layton, a German Nazi who, along with her family, gave the world the atomic bomb, ICBM missiles, killer satellites, the modern concept of chemical, germ and gas warfare as well as a macabre experiment in ethnic weaponry known as Jonestown. Lisa's family provided the basic outline for the experiment as well as the technology and most of the finances to complete it. One family member was in charge of the Peoples Temple trail blazers, the advance party that carved Jonestown from the dense Guyanese jungle. Others, both men and women, were Jones' top aides and lovers. One was an agent provocateur who feigned a defection from Jonestown in order to entice Congressman Leo Ryan to investigate the community while her brother waited with the assassination team that would murder him. No one, not even Jim Jones himself, contributed more to the Jonestown experiment than did the family of Lisa Philip Layton.

Hugo Philip was a wealthy German banker and stockbroker who represented such noteworthy chemical

companies as Siemens and Halske, that eventually provided the cyanide used by the Nazis to exterminate millions, and I. G. Farben, whose research labs developed a deadly nerve gas that killed over 6,000 prisoners just in tests and demonstrations of their new weapon. Though his work was in finances, Hugo's love was music and he had earned a reputation as the most accomplished amateur violinist in Hamburg. In June of 1914, he married Anita Lea Heilbut, a wealthy stockbroker's daughter who had been educated in private institutions, including two years at an English boarding school. For four years following her graduation from Hamburg College, Anita worked as a volunteer for, what the family later described as, "an agency helping young girls to find positions." The couple's first child, Lisa, was born in Hamburg on July 14, 1915, to provide Hugo with a deferment from World War I. A second child, Eva, was born soon after.

World War I and the resulting Treaty of Versailles totally devastated the German economy. The currency was devalued to the point where the average family's net worth would not even buy a loaf of bread. The poor were so desperate that they stripped the wallpaper from their homes in order to eat the paste that had been made with a mixture of flour and water. As Germany starved, Lisa and her younger sister Eva were raised in lavish luxury. They attended Lichtwarckschule, an expensive private school that taught sociology to their students in perpetual field trips throughout Europe. When not in school, Lisa and Eva traveled with their mother to various health spas in Southern Germany where they resided for extended periods of time. The family also vacationed regularly

in the Austrian Alps and in resorts on the Baltic Coast.

In 1927, Hugo commissioned the noted architectural firm of Block and Hochfeld to design and build the most ultra-modern house in Hamburg. The new home was a showplace that boasted then-unheard-of luxuries like a sunken bathtub, shower stalls and built-in closets, cabinets and furniture. Hugo helped to design the music room, the humidity controlled vaults for his tobacco and the special cabinets to store his art collection. He possessed sufficient wealth to be the patron of several aspiring German artists. The family moved into their new residence along with several live-in servants and an English governess for the children. They were definitely the elite of German society as Adolf Hitler assumed power.

By 1931, Lisa and Eva had left Lichtwarck-schule. Eva went on to Austria to complete her training as a pediatric nurse in Himmler's Lebensborn Program. Very little has been recorded of Lisa's activities between 1931 and April 23, 1938, when the American consulate in Hamburg issued her a visa to the United States, but like her sister, Lisa was in the service of Hitler's Germany.

Hitler was preparing for World War II and it was determined that the Philip family could best serve the Third Reich under deep cover in the United States. The first family member to feign expatriation to the U.S. was Hugo's cousin, the eminent physician, Dr. James Franck. Dr. Franck was well known as the foremost authority on the yet undeveloped science of nuclear weapons. His early work in defining the laws of physics governing the impact of electrons on the atom earned him a world-wide reputation and the Nobel

Prize for Physics in 1925. Dr. Franck had continued his research but without much success. If he was to develop the nuclear bomb, he required the resources and technology of the United States and this meant deceiving the U.S. government, but they needed a reason to justify his defection from Germany, so Franck provided one. In 1933, Heinrich Himmler outlawed the hiring of all non-Aryans in government-funded organizations. Rather than discharge the non-Aryans on his staff at Gottingen, Dr. Franck resigned his position to publish one of the few objections to the new German law. Despite the fact that Franck was Aryan (he was not dismissed from his post, only ordered to dismiss the non-Aryans on his staff) and despite the fact that nothing in the book-burning mentality of Nazi Germany was published without the approval of the Nazi Party, a few weeks after his rebuttal, the U.S. government welcomed him with full citizenship and a top secret classification for his continued work on the atomic bomb.

Expatriating the other members of the Philip family would be more difficult as they could offer only wealth to the United States and none of the scientific expertise of Dr. Franck. Their best chance of being accepted was a two level cover. A fake family history was developed to convince U.S. officials that the Philips were Jewish and would be persecuted if they remained in Germany. They claimed to be descendants of Jewish shepherds who immigrated from Northern Africa to Spain in the Middle Ages only to be forced to flee to Germany several centuries later by the Spanish Inquisition. Their claim to a Jewish heritage was quite flimsy as the family had never attended a synagogue or even celebrated Jewish holidays, which

even by Nazi standards, would be the criteria that determined who lived and who died. On the contrary, the Philips were famous for entertaining their Aryan friends during the Christian holidays of Christmas and Easter. In order to deceive the U.S. officials, Hugo joined a Jewish organization, but in fact he only paid the dues, never attended the meetings and allowed his membership to expire as soon as the American Consulate read his name on the list of Jewish members. The family's Jewish defense was very flimsy, as stated, and perhaps deliberately so, as the Americans saw through the sham to what they thought was the true reason for the defection as planted evidence on a second lower level indicated that the entire family was homosexual. Homosexuals were second only to Jews in the numbers killed in the Holocaust and Washington officials believed that the Philips had developed a false Jewish identity in order to conceal the shameful truth. The naive bureaucrats were apparently oblivious to the fact that homosexuality is not a matter of heredity nor did their investigation probe any further than the secret they thought they had discovered. The Philips were granted asylum.

Lisa Philip sailed for New York aboard the S.S. Manhattan on May 6, 1938. In her possession was a passport stamped "Juden," a change of clothes and what the family later described as "many documents from her youth in Germany." She was met in New York by her sponsor, later identified as Bernhardt Berlin, and a group of German friends who had preceded her, including her old boyfriend, Franz Werner. Lisa went to Philadelphia to live in the home Berlin operated as a safe house where she would be introduced to life in America. Little is known of the Berlin family except

that they were extremely bigoted as evidenced by a letter Lisa wrote to her parents shortly after her arrival in the U.S. in which she said, "By the way, they (the Berlins) have named me Li or Lis because Lisa they say is like a Negro named Liza. You have to address your letters to Li, Lis, or Liesel."[6] Lisa remained in Philadelphia until late 1939 when she accepted a position as governess in the home of Reverend Galen Russell, a minister in the Congregational Church in Chappaqua, New York. Her family would later recount the time that Lisa spent with the Russells,

> She and the minister's wife, Buddy Russell, shared an interest in gymnastics and massage. Continuing the same bent that she had developed in Germany, Lisa exercised in the privacy of the Russell's garden joined by Mrs. Russell.[7]

Once safely in the United States, there was no further need for Lisa to continue her masquerade as a Jew. In the land of total religious freedom, she worshiped in the Russell's Congregational Church and later joined the Quakers. Judaism would not be an issue in Lisa's life for the next thirty years until the Reverend Jim Jones announced, much to the shock of her husband, children and close friends, that Lisa was Jewish. Apparently, she had never given them a reason for her immigration from Nazi Germany. But now, thirty years later, her work in the Peoples Temple would bring public attention, and her association with the Nazi

Party might be uncovered so it was necessary to revive her old Jewish cover. Jim Jones claimed to know all about Lisa's life in Germany and her feigned expatriation to the United States. He teased her about admitting that she was a "Jewish Nigger," as he phrased it. For years, it would be their little private joke.

Lisa's sister, Eva, soon followed her to the U.S., where she reportedly lived with sponsors in Houston, Texas. Nothing has been recorded of Eva's subsequent life nor is there any indication that Lisa even corresponded with her sister. Eva Philip disappeared from this story or, more precisely, set out to live one of her own.

Despite the relative ease in which Lisa and Eva were able to secure passports, sponsors, and visas, Hugo and Anita Philip remained in Germany because, according to family reports, they were denied an entry visa to the United States. Actually, with their children safe in the U.S., Hugo and Anita had the freedom of mobility to complete their assignment in Europe. Before they were allowed to leave Europe for America, the Philips were obliged to help other Nazis escape. They sold their futuristic home in Hamburg and moved into a large house in Merano, Italy, just over the Austrian border where, according to a family report, "they intended to take in boarders." The Philip boarding house in the Italian Alps was a way station in a series of safe houses known as the "Rat Run," which ran from Germany, through Austria and Italy, and on to America. A day's journey north of them was the adjacent link in the Rat Run chain; a Catholic hospital in Lienz, Austria. Hugo would rendezvous with a group of Nazis who had spent the night in the hospital and guide them through the

unpatrolled mountain trails surrounding the Brenner Pass and into Italy where they would hide in his boarding house. Hugo was well suited for this work as, among his other talents, he was an accomplished mountain climber. He would return to climb those mountains in Northern Italy every year until 1967 when, at age 85, his health prohibited it. South of Merano were the ports of Genoa and Rome where the Vatican helped the Nazis to secure false documents for their steamship voyage to America.

The Catholic Church helped Nazi war criminals and spies to escape to America. As incredible as that statement might first appear, it is true. Even today, some forty years later, the Vatican is still trying to justify their actions. Recently, a former U.S. Justice Department prosecutor, John Loftus, announced that his investigation had disclosed that "the Vatican was unwillingly duped by U.S. intelligence agencies" who hid the Nazis' true identities from the Church because they needed their knowledge and contacts in Eastern Europe. Though this theory is based in fact, the truth is much more basic and simple. It has been said that the Catholic Church would help any Catholic in trouble. In the fundamental conflict between the predominantly Catholic Germans and the European Jews, it is obvious which side the Vatican would favor.

Any doubts as to whether Hugo and Anita were working for the Nazis are certainly dispelled when one considers what happened next. At a time when Germany's borders were closed, Hugo and Anita returned to Hamburg to retrieve their furniture and other possessions. Not only were they permitted to enter and depart Germany but they were allowed to remove a considerable amount of wealth from Hitler's control. The Nazis made no

attempt to impede the Philips from taking a small fortune in art, antiques and first editions; even the family's Steinway piano was shipped to Italy. The Philips remained in Northern Italy for well over a year while they worked on the Rat Run and liquidated their assets in preparation for their own exodus.

In September of 1938, the Italian government ordered all aliens to leave the country within six months. With their powerful connections, the Philips were allowed to remain in Italy for over a year after the decree when, in September of 1939, they appeared at a check point on the Italian-Austrian border to begin their feigned defection to the United States.

According to their cover story, the Philips were denied not only entry into Austria but also reentry into Italy. Since they carried German passports, they were ordered onto an Austrian train bound for Germany and presumably the death camps. Thirty miles into the trip, a conductor discovered the Philips supposedly unconscious next to an empty bottle of poison. It was good theater. The train stopped at Lienz and the Philips were taken to the Catholic hospital there. They were traveling back up the Rat Run. They remained at the hospital for several weeks and, according to their cover, were befriended by a supervising physician who made excuses to the SS officers who inquired daily about the Philips' ability to continue their journey to the death camps. Actually, it was a pleasant reunion of old colleagues. Hugo and the doctor reportedly shared an interest in music and played duets together. Hugo had retained a priceless violin, hand crafted by Stradivari's student, Guadagnini. The only business of their days in Lienz was the daily briefings and debriefings by the SS.

The Philips continued on their way back up the Rat Run to Vienna where, according to family reports, they were helped by "Aryan friends," Leo and Asta Duke and Walter and Helen Kalcher. The Dukes were another link in the Rat Run and had delivered a group of Nazis to the Philip's boarding house in Italy only a few months earlier. The Kalchers, described as friends of Anita's sister, were experts in protecting the property transfers of the Germans they helped to secure false passports and even housed in their home. Part of their cover story was that the Philips had lost the family fortune and relied on charity from the Dukes, the Kalchers, the Vienna Gildemeister Committee and the American Society of Friends' refugee committee, but in truth the family's wealth was intact, much of it having been buried in the Italian Alps.

During their four month stay in Vienna, Nazi officials continued to visit the Philips on a regular basis, reportedly to inquire as to why it was taking them so long to get American Visas. Despite the fact that immigration quotas had long been filled by vast numbers of Austrians fleeing the Holocaust, the Philips were issued the necessary exit and entry visas for their voyage to America. It helped that their daughters were already in the U.S. and their cousin was a top secret government scientist but, in all probability, the Philips paid for their papers by bribing the Austrian officials and enticing the Americans either with their gross wealth or perhaps with the secret formula for nerve gas that Hugo had carried with him ever since he had pirated it from I.G. Farben. In any event, they telegrammed Lisa, "Leave Genova by Contesavoia 20 March (1940). Inform everybody. Hurray. Hugo and Anita Philip."[8] The

Philips split up on the docks. Hugo is said to have gone to Cambridge, Massachusetts to explore a possible position, while Anita followed Lisa back to Philadelphia to work at the Kingsley Settlement House that, in all probability, was an "end-of-the-line" safe house in the Rat Run.

By mid 1940, the family's efforts were concentrated on the campus of Pennsylvania State College. Continuing her interest in massage, Lisa had accepted a position as physical therapist in the University's hospital. Her uncle, Dr. James Franck, was a physics professor there and her former German boyfriend, Franz Werner, was one of his students. Together, Dr. Franck and Werner recognized the potential of a promising young scientist, Laurence Layton, and Werner befriended the young man. Layton was the president of the Graduate Club of Pennsylvania State College and, in the pursuit of his doctoral degree, Professor Franck required that he be proficient in German. Franz Werner, who was still dating Lisa Philip at the time, suggested that she would be an excellent German tutor. Lisa agreed and, to everyone's surprise, Franz Werner encouraged Laurence to date Lisa and thus began the romance.

Laurence Laird Layton was born on March 8, 1914 in the coal mining town of Boomer, West Virginia, the first child of John Wister Layton and Eva Huddleston Nutter Layton. Laurence's father, John, was a self-taught electrical engineer who reportedly patterned his life after Thomas Edison. John was employed by the largest coal mining company in West Virginia and had several patented inventions to his credit; most notably the electric circuit breaker that seventy years later is still the industry standard. Between his salary

from the coal company and the products he developed in his home laboratory, John was able to provide his family with a standard of living higher than most in West Virginia. The Laytons were the first family in Boomer to have electrical appliances like ceiling fans and automatic clothes washers. This was a far cry from the luxuries of Lisa's early life in Germany, but Laurence and the other Layton children grew up amid all the wealth that part of the world had to offer. Laurence's mother, Eva, was descended from the Huddleston family, who had the dubious distinction of being the aristocracy of West Virginia. Her family had owned Southern plantations with thousands of cultivated acres and hundreds of Black slaves to provide for them. The Civil War changed all that and the family lost everything but their pride. Eva Layton was overly preoccupied with family heritage, ancestry and, what she called, "blood lines." Even the family's own description of Eva leaves the impression that she was self-righteous, sanctimonious and extremely prejudiced. So concerned was she about blood lines that she married into her own family; her husband John was a cousin. Laurence grew up with his mother's bigoted attitudes and his father's interest in science; a deadly combination that would dictate the balance of his life.

When Laurence was about eight years old, his father was killed in a mining accident and Eva moved the children into her father's house. Sheldon Thomas Nutter would have a lasting influence on young Laurence. Nutter had married the niece of John Boomer Huddleston, the town's namesake, whose family had owned the surrounding land since 1765. During the Civil War, the family estate house was used as a headquarters by General Robert E. Lee and his Army of Northern

Virginia. When the Mark A. Hanna Coal Company began operations in Boomer in 1902, Sheldon "Tom" Nutter was the logical choice to head the organization. He proceeded to build a company town with eight hundred company owned houses, a company store, a company school, a company municipal government and even a company church that he headed as a part-time Methodist minister. Young Laurence, who had been born a Quaker, was raised a Methodist by his strong-willed grandfather.

About six years later, Eva remarried and moved to Scranton, Pennsylvania with her new husband, Charles Chandler, and three of her children. Laurence was left to care for his ailing grandfather.

In 1932, Laurence enrolled at New River State College where he majored in mathematics, chemistry and physics. He was so brilliant that he completed a year long course in differential calculus in only two weeks. For some unexplained reason, Laurence left college in his sophomore year to live with his mother and step-father in Scranton where he remained for a year and a half. His only activity in Scranton was his work in the local Young People's Socialist League, a group of Jewish immigrants, who elected Laurence, a gentile, as president of their organization. It is conceivable that Laurence had been sent to spy on the socialist's activities by the federal government that eventually would employ him for life. Laurence returned to New River State College as a sophomore with a paid teaching position and a grant. It was then he met the first woman in his life, a young poet, Constance Jeffries, but the two soon went their separate ways. Laurence graduated with honors in mathematics and pursued a masters degree at West Virginia University where he

invented a molecular still. Two weeks after Laurence's photo appeared in the newspapers along with an article about the brilliant young scientist, Constance Jeffries committed suicide. Laurence later recalled,

> I had the guilty feeling that she had read this article and then committed suicide. We had separated. We both had gone away to school, and she had become a nurse, while I was still a graduate student. When I got this newspaper clipping that she was dead I went into mourning. I always had the feeling that whenever I was involved with women there were personal disasters.[9]

Laurence was one of only three in his class of forty to pass the examination for a masters degree in chemistry. Several universities offered him a full scholarship but he chose to continue his studies at Pennsylvania State as the school had a reputation as the leader in the field of chemistry. But it was Laurence's reputation as a brilliant scientist and inventor that preceded his arrival at Penn State and targetted him by Dr. Franck and Lisa Philip.

Laurence was never really interested in Lisa. According to family reports he was never really interested in any women, but that did not deter Lisa, who set out to marry him. Lisa's beauty has been compared to that of the Austrian actress, Heddy Lamarr. She was intelligent and popular and she could have

dated any man on campus but she chose to pursue one who was not the least bit interested in her. She courted him for a few months. She said they should get married. Franz Werner and Dr. Franck said they should get married, but still Laurence was not interested. Several things about Lisa bothered him. She was too aggressive, domineering and arrogant. He would later recall,

> We would take walks, and I noticed that she would step on the ants. 'My God, what do you do that for?' I asked. She said, 'It's strange but in Germany I learned to hate weak things. I can't help myself.' Things like this shocked me.[10]

When all else had failed, Lisa resorted to her secret weapon or rather Laurence's secret weakness. She threatened to commit suicide if Laurence would not marry her, knowing full well that this would stir his guilt feelings about the death of Constance Jeffries. Laurence was not about to have yet another woman's death on his conscience so he succumbed to Lisa's ultimatum. The two had been attending Quaker meetings together but the Quakers required a six month engagement before sanctioning a marriage. Lisa refused to wait that long so they were married by the campus Methodist minister on October 18, 1941. They had known each other only six months.

Seven weeks after their wedding, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, the United States was thrust into World War II and Laurence was likely to be drafted.

Lisa arranged a deferment for her husband when her uncle, Dr. Franck, offered Laurence a top secret appointment on the Manhattan Project. Dr. Franck had since accepted a professorship in physics at the University of Chicago where he was secretly developing the atomic bomb. Laurence joined the project, was issued a student deferment to complete his studies at Penn State, and was assigned his first full-time job working for Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, New York. He remained at Kodak for about a year during which time he perfected his molecular still technology that utilized thermal diffusion to purify uranium isotopes for Kodak's Manhattan Project laboratory in Kingsport, Tennessee. On December 2, 1942, the nuclear age was born when Dr. Franck and his colleagues, using Dr. Layton's purified uranium, set off the first self-sustaining nuclear reaction under the grandstands of the University of Chicago's football stadium. The world would never be the same. Without the combined efforts of Lisa's uncle and husband, the Manhattan Project might have failed or at least its success would have been severely delayed.

It was Adolf Hitler who first conceived the atomic bomb and it was his German scientists, like Dr. Franck, who made his dream a reality. It was no coincidence that those scientists announced they were ready to explode the first atomic bomb only days <u>after</u> Germany surrendered in May of 1945; they were ensuring that the ultimate weapon would not be used against their fatherland. The first atomic explosion occurred in June. In August, the Japanese sub-humans were the first atomic victims. Such was the control that the Nazis exerted in the U.S. After the war, Dr. Franck led a contingent of nuclear scientists to petition the

government to consider the atomic bomb, not as just a larger explosive, but as a political tool; a threat to maintain world control. On the surface the Franck Report, published in 1946, appears to be a plea not to explode another bomb from the scientists who felt guilty for having invented it, but actually it was the beginning of the Cold War. German scientists not only made the first atomic bomb for the U.S., they also made the atomic policy.

The Layton's first child was born in Rochester on November 13, 1942. Thomas Nutter Layton was named for Laurence's recently deceased grandfather and had been conceived on the eightieth anniversary of the patriarch's birth. Dr. Layton satisfied the requirements of his national security deferment, completed his work with Kodak and moved the family to the Washington, D.C. suburb of College Park, where he sat out the remainder of the war as a chemistry professor at the University of Maryland.

The couple's second child, Annalisa Laird Layton, was born in Maryland on September 9, 1944. According to family reports, Annalisa was named for Lisa's old German Aryan friend, Annalisa Schmidt, who had been killed in a British bombing raid while walking in the woods outside Hamburg. Ever since she had left Germany, Lisa corresponded regularly with Annalisa. Later, the family went so far as to publish some of their letters, but no one seems to be conscious of how terribly suspicious their correspondence was. Annalisa was a good German, who enjoyed all the freedoms afforded a Nazi, including freedom to correspond but there was no postal service between the two warring countries; absolutely no communications were permitted so it follows that Lisa and Annalisa corresponded

covertly. Overall, it was a breach of U.S. national security for the wife and niece of two of the most important top secret nuclear scientists to correspond with the enemy.

The Layton's third child was born on January 11, 1946 in Maryland. Laurence John or Laurency or Larry, as the family nicknamed him, was named for his father. Larry was an unwanted child. He was ignored, estranged, and maladjusted, which accounted for the psychosomatic illnesses that plagued him as a youth. It is really no surprise that Larry would be the first Layton sacrificed to Jim Jones but it is rather ironic that he also be the last for, as of this writing (1986), he stands alone as the only person ever to be tried in U.S. courts for the conspiracy to murder Congressman Leo Ryan.

In 1946, following the end of World War II, the Laytons moved to Baltimore where Laurence had accepted a position at Johns Hopkins University as a researcher and professor of biochemistry. He had been hired by the department head, Reginald Archibald of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, to develop a procedure for diagnosing cartilaginous cancer. Dr. Layton's findings were considered to be major medical discoveries and his subsequent report, published in the medical journals in 1951, brought him a professional prestige he had not known since his invention of the molecular still. He was invited to lecture at universities in England, Switzerland, and Germany. Lisa stayed home with the children while Dr. Layton toured Europe. While in Germany, he received a letter from the U.S. Army offering him a position as Chief of Chemical Warfare at double the salary he was then earning. Dr. Layton accepted the Army's offer.

In the fall of 1951, Dr. Layton arrived at the U.S. Army's Chemical Warfare Division at the Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah. His first four months at Dugway were a transition period in which he headed the Biochemistry Department after which he was appointed chief of the entire Chemical Warfare Division. His duties included directing the research and development of chemical weapons and deployment systems conducted by the five departments in his charge.

The Dugway Proving Grounds are as desolate a place as any on earth. For miles in all directions there is nothing but the hard packed salt of a prehistoric lake bed. Under the direction of Dr. Layton, scientists in the analytical, biological, organic, and physical chemistry departments developed chemical and germ weapons that were then tested on the Lake Bonneville salt flats. The chemical agents were dropped from airplanes or observation towers onto a grid patterned target area containing chemical monitoring devices and tethered farm animals. Following the tests, autopsies were performed on the animals and their bodies were buried in mass graves. Dr. Layton personally developed new techniques to evaluate the extent to which an animal had been killed. "Dead" was not sufficient for the doctor. He needed to know "how dead."

Many of the experiments performed at Dugway under Dr. Layton's direction had to do with nerve gas; the same deadly weapon that his father-in-law's company had developed in Nazi Germany. Of his work at Dugway, Dr. Layton would later write,

> You can blow people to bits with bombs, you can shoot them with

> shells, you can atomize them with atomic bombs, that's considered moral, but the same people think there's something terrible about poisoning the air and letting people breathe it. Anything having to do with gas warfare, chemical warfare, has this taint of horror on it, even if you only make people vomit. It's all right to kill somebody in war, but it's not all right to make him vomit, or make him silly. Actually, it's one of the most humane types of warfare, if you want to compare it to other types. I'm not apologizing for chemical warfare. I'm just saying that the prejudice against chemical weapons in favor of conventional and atomic weapons is absurd."[11]

Dr. Layton's defense of chemical warfare was itself "absurd," as the intention is not to make people "vomit" or "silly" but to kill them.

On May 10, 1952, two months after Dr. Layton accepted the position of Chief of Chemical Warfare, his mother-in-law, Anita Philip, died from injuries suffered in a fall from a window of a New York City apartment house. The police determined that Anita's death was a suicide when they discovered the following note written in German:

> My friends, know that I, free and proper, am a good American. But I was a gossip and have been entangled in a network of intrigue. I no longer have the strength to free myself from it. Forget me not my beloved children and family. And you, Hugo, forgive me. Live well. All of you loved mankind so well.[12]

According to the family, Anita's suicide note is roughly translated from German, but the essence of the message remains. Reportedly, she killed herself because someone suspected her of not being a "good American" which, in the context of her life, meant a Nazi. She admitted to being "entangled in a network of intrigue" which concisely depicts her involvement in the organization of expatriated Nazi spies. According to the Layton family, Anita's suicide was a result of an increasing paranoia she suffered since her Quaker friends in New York informed her that she was being investigated by U.S. intelligence agents. She reportedly did not know that the reason for the investigation was Dr. Layton's top secret appointment as Chief of Chemical Warfare. She rationalized the probe as a personal attack, reminiscent of the alleged persecution she suffered in Europe and, in her resulting despondency, she killed herself rather than suffer the ordeal a second time. Through this rationale is plausible, it does not take into account two very important facts. Certainly, Dr. Layton would have forewarned his family of the standard security check required in such a case. Also, this was not the

first time that Anita had been investigated by the federal government. The first time was when she applied to enter the country, the second when her cousin and son-in-law were appointed to the Manhattan project. So, not only should Anita have been acquainted with such standard procedures, but the federal government should have been well acquainted with Anita.

Throughout this story there are several deaths termed suicide that were, in fact, murder and Anita's demise may well be another example. It is possible that in their investigation, the federal government discovered that Anita was a Nazi spy and killed her because of it; staging a fake suicide. It is also possible that the Nazis killed her as she had served her purpose. Because of her obvious involvement with the Nazis, she was a threat to the cover of her daughter, whose assignment with the Chief of Chemical Warfare became far more important than any service Anita might have provided them. There is a third possibility that also permeates this story. Someone could have been killed and falsely identified as Anita giving her the freedom to continue her work under deep cover. There remains an ironic postscript to the reports of Anita's death. Though she had been educated in an English boarding school and was well versed in the English language, Anita wrote her last words -- a defense that she was a "good American" -- in German.

Following Anita's death, her husband, Hugo, returned to Germany where he resided for the rest of his life in luxury. He could even afford to send Lisa considerable amounts of money that, according to the family, she deposited in secret bank accounts and eventually contributed to Jim Jones and the Jonestown experiment.

Within a week of Anita's death, Laurence and Lisa Layton conceived their fourth and last child. Deborah June Huddleston Layton was born in February of 1953. Such accurate records of conception were easily maintained by the Laytons as they did not sleep together and viewed sex only as a means to produce children. Not only did they believe in reincarnation, but they attempted to engineer it in the creation of children in the likeness of deceased relatives and friends. With the exception of Larry, each of the Layton children were identified with a past life.

Dr. Layton's contributions to chemical warfare remain top secret but, according to one published government report, he "was responsible for the publication of ten classified reports on research aspects of chemical warfare agents, and more than 100 reports on chemical weapons systems."[13] This ten to one ratio is important to understand as it accurately reflects the essence of his work at Dugway. The chemical toxins that had been developed by the Army were state-of-the-art, requiring little need for improvement, but the chemical deployment systems were so ineffective as to jeopardize the entire concept of chemical warfare. Basically, no matter how lethal the agent was, the wind just blew it away. Dr. Layton and his staff joked that their work was actually meteorological warfare, but this was no joking matter to the Army. Within a month of Dr. Layton's arrival at Dugway, the Army exploded a chemical bomb in the Presidio and tracked the presumably harmless gas as the ocean breeze carried it through downtown San Francisco. The gas failed to penetrate the buildings and the wind simply blew it away. The Army then exploded a similar bomb in the New York City subway hoping to avoid the

wind effect. Again, the test failed. The gas did not evenly disperse in the tunnels and besides, an actual chemical war would not provide such large concentrations of people underground.

The unpredictable effect of weather on chemical weapon deployment was an overwhelming problem that would take Dr. Layton two years to solve with a very simple answer; chemical weapons were good but air-borne deployment was bad. He recommended that the Army concentrate on developing new systems to introduce chemical agents into a society. There were many alternatives. One could poison the water supply, the food source or even the glue on the back of a country's postage stamps. He had solved the Army's long-standing problems with the deployment of chemical weapons and his work at Dugway was complete.

According to the family, Dr. Layton was then approached by "a friend from Washington, D.C." who arranged for his appointment as associate director of research and development at the Naval Powder Factory (later renamed the Propellant Facility) in Indian Head, Maryland. It was the Navy's turn to utilize his genius. After two years in the desolation of Dugway, the family was happy to return to Maryland where, for the next four years, Dr. Layton worked at arming the Navy's Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles and Vanguard Satellites. As in Dugway, his work was classified top secret.

In July of 1957, the Laytons moved to Berkeley, California where, after two years with the Army and four years with the Navy, Dr. Layton accepted a position as research scientist with the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Western Regional Research Laboratory. Even at the Department of Agriculture, Dr. Layton's

work was military in nature as his first assignment was to ascertain whether chickens and other farm animals could be safely eaten after being exposed to nuclear radiation; a study in post-nuclear war survival. According to an article in the New York Times,

> In 1961, he (Dr. Layton) published a paper that outlined, for the first time, an effective way to use laboratory monkeys to test human food allergies; previously such research could be done only on humans.[14]

Dr. Layton's process of substituting laboratory monkeys for human test subjects would be his last published contribution to science as, ironically,his next project would be a top secret, unpublished experiment that utilized human test subjects in place of lab animals -- an experiment in ethnic weaponry known as Jonestown.

Dr. Layton's warfare work had been very profitable, permitting him to purchase a luxurious home in the Berkeley hills that the family called "the mansion." He enjoyed referring to himself as the only non-millionaire on millionaire's row. The neighborhood, the elite of Berkeley, included a number of Nobel laureates, intellectuals, university professors, and even the retired Navy Admiral, Chester Nimitz. Admiral Nimitz was well aware of Dr. Layton's contributions to the Navy and befriended his new neighbor and especially his young daughter, Deborah, who looked to the Admiral as a surrogate grandfather. The two were often seen walking hand-in-hand on the Admiral's afternoon constitutional. Berkeley was good to the Laytons who

lived comfortably nested between money and social prestige.

Reminiscent of Dr. Frankenstein, Dr. Layton lived in constant fear of the nuclear monster he had helped to create. Reacting to an article in the January 1962 issue of Esquire Magazine, entitled "Nine Places to Hide," he proposed to move his family to Christchurch, New Zealand, one of the locations cited in the study as being safe from the effects of a nuclear war. On October 24, 1962, at the height of the Cuban missile crisis, he wrote to Tom and Annalisa who were then attending school in Davis, California,

> With the world situation in such a critical (explosive) phase, I am most uneasy about my children. I think you and Tom are probably safer from direct blast effects than are Laurence and Debbie, however the fallout effects should certainly affect Davis and points East and up the main valleys of the rivers. I prefer that you both stay out of the cities until the crisis has passed. Do not come to Berkeley until we all agree that you should. I suppose the only relatively safe area of California is north and west.[15]

According to the article in Esquire, the safe area north and west in California was the city of Eureka; one of the "Nine Places to Hide." The safe zone

extended from Eureka southeast to Ukiah. Even in the early 1960's, the lives of Dr. Layton and the Reverend Jim Jones were congruous as Jones' reactions to that same magazine article prompted him to move his family to Belo Horizonte, Brazil, one of the other nine safe places. Upon his return to the U.S., Jones moved his congregation to Ukiah to begin the odyssey.

The 1960's saw the Layton children grow up and, one at a time, leave their Berkeley home. Tom and Annalisa enrolled at the University of California at Davis where, following in the family tradition, they would become prominent scientists in their chosen fields of study. Larry also attended Davis but his performance was regarded as below the standards set by the other Layton scientists. By 1966, all but Deborah had left home and with her new-found freedom, Lisa decided to take her first job since her marriage to Laurence.

Though she had little work experience, Lisa offered one qualification that set her apart from other middle-aged housewives seeking employment. She had passed at least three separate investigations and was cleared by the federal government for top secret work. She was assigned to the library of the University of California at Berkeley where she was placed in charge of the radical leftists and Third World newspapers and periodicals. In the 1960's, the U.C. Berkeley campus was the center of revolutionary activity in the United States and the university's library possessed the most comprehensive collection of leftist literature in the country. Lisa's job was to discern the published information and pass anything she considered important on to the Central Intelligence Agency. Not only did she provide the CIA with current publications that were

primarily a protest against the CIA and the military-industrial complex but she also provided lists of those Berkeley radicals who requested such publications.

Sometime between 1963 and 1965, the CIA presented Dr. Layton with a very serious problem that threatened the internal security of the United States. In every major city in the country, Black citizens were demonstrating and rioting for their civil rights and there was also a strong possibility of a modern day Indian uprising. The racial unrest in the Black and Native American communities was by no means under control and the CIA was compelled to explore any and all possible solutions. The agency hoped that their most distinguished chemical scientist might provide a pharmaceutical solution to the violence.

The CIA had developed several ethnic behavior modification drugs in their MK ULTRA project but none had been adequately tested outside the laboratory. Dr. Layton was assigned the task of designing a large scale field test to evaluate the two most promising drugs to alter the behavior of Blacks and Native Americans.

Of course, Dr. Layton could not be directly involved in the experiment because his career, especially as the Army's Chief of Chemical Warfare, would certainly expose the government's sponsorship of the field test. Very few people in the CIA were privy to the experiment, as it had been classified at the highest security level. Dr. Layton had to know and, as the agency usually deals, not with individuals, but with entire families (for security reasons), it was decided that instead of bringing others into the experiment it would be best to have Dr. Layton's wife and children administer the project with the help of a figurehead scapegoat named Jim Jones.

Dr. Layton had never heard of Jim Jones until the agency introduced him as one of their MK ULTRA experts in the behavior modification of Blacks. Jones had just returned from a successful assignment in South America where he had incited Blacks to riot in British Guiana. The racial violence that ensued eventually toppled the government and the CIA-backed politician, Forbes Burnham, assumed control of the country as Prime Minister. Jones' expertise in coercing Blacks to riot was invaluable in the experiment designed to subjugate them. Jones had worked under the cover of a self-ordained minister and missionary, but this monumental undertaking required a more orthodox disguise so, a few weeks after his return to the United States, he was officially ordained a minister. The Reverend Jim Jones immediately initiated plans to move his church to Ukiah, California where he would join the Layton family.

In an effort to simplify the very complicated involvement of the Layton family in the Jonestown experiment, the balance of this chapter will vary from chronological order and consider the contributions of each of the family members individually.

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Larry Layton

As a student at Berkeley High in the early 1960s, Larry was president of the Young Democrats and editor of their newsletter, The Liberal. Following the lead of his older brother and sister, Larry enrolled at the University of California at Davis, where he majored in sociology and co-habitated with Carolyn Moore, the daughter of John Moore, the Methodist minister on campus. The Reverend Moore was an outspoken proponent

of Jim Jones up to and even after the massacre in Jonestown. He was close to both the Laytons and Jim Jones and provided a buffer by which Dr. Layton could remain "once removed" from the experiment.

Larry and Carolyn were married in July of 1967. Both families attended the ceremonies conducted by Reverend Moore. Dr. Layton gave the newlyweds some money and a car and loaned them his Volkswagen bus when they moved into the married student housing complex in Davis. Larry and Carolyn complemented each other. He was quiet and passive while she was aggressive and outspoken with "a slight arrogance." Carolyn made all the decisions and one of the first was that the couple should move to Ukiah and join Jim Jones and his Peoples Temple, which they did immediately after Larry's graduation in 1968.

It was the height of the Vietnam War and without his student deferment, Larry would probably be drafted into the Army. Like his father and his maternal grandfather before him, Larry avoided military service during war time; Jim Jones would help. According to a statement Larry later issued from a jail cell in Guyana,

> The draft was on my heels, so I really was looking for a happy existence and this, after graduation, led me and Carolyn, whom I loved very deeply, to head to Ukiah in search of utopia.[16]

Larry had been denied several appeals for a conscientious objector status based on his affiliation with the pacifist Quakers. Jim Jones offered to

dictate a letter for Larry "guaranteed to result in C.O. status." With his help, Larry received a deferment and was ordered to perform alternative service at the Mendocino State Mental Hospital where Peoples Temple medical technicians trained. Larry worked at his volunteer job, attended Temple services and helped to build the new Redwood Valley Temple building. His financial support came from his father and, like other top Temple aides, Larry donated 25% of his income to Jim Jones. Even at this early stage, Dr. Layton was indirectly supporting the experiment.

There are conflicting reports as to why Larry and Carolyn were divorced but all agree it was because Jim Jones had sex with one of them. According to the family's account, Jones announced the divorce at a Temple meeting, much to Larry's surprise. He arranged the property settlement right then and there, the papers were signed and Larry was ordered to Reno, Nevada to establish residency and file for the divorce. Before he left the meeting, Jones asked him to choose his next wife from those in attendance. Larry chose Karen Tow and a few months later, they were married.

Carolyn became one of Jones' favorite mistresses, eventually bearing his child whom they named Kimo (Hawaiian for Jim). Jones arranged for Carolyn to marry Temple aide, Michael Prokes, so the child would be considered legitimate. According to the Layton family, Carolyn's affair with Jim Jones was known only by the Moores and a few top aides who made excuses for their absence to the others.

Temple members didn't see much of Jones either during that period.

> They thought he was out working on some revolutionary venture, while he was actually at the Moore home with Carolyn...Carolyn introduced Jones to her parents, John and Barbara Moore, and they all became quite friendly. The Moores moved from Davis to Berkeley, and Jones began spending much of his time at their house. He flattered them by sharing inside information about the socialist goals of his church, and soon they regarded him as a virtual son-in-law.[17]

Jones was busy building an empire and must have had a good reason to spend "much of his time" at the Moores' home. True, he did confide "inside information" about his true goals but, by no means, were they socialistic in nature as Jones was a fascist. The Moores had moved to Berkeley to facilitate their communications with the Layton family and much of the information Jones passed to the Moores was in turn passed to Dr. Layton. The Reverend Moore acted as a mediator or messenger which allowed Dr. Layton to remain at a safe distance from Jones and the experiment. It is rather strange that John and Barbara Moore would regard Jones as a "virtual son-in-law" when their daughter was married to Mike Prokes and the Reverend Jones was married to his wife, Marceline. Not only did Reverend Moore accept the father of his illegitimate grandson but he went to great lengths to proclaim his "good works" to the lo press. He eventually visited Jonestown and returne

with glowing reports of the project. He would remain one of Jones' foremost supporters even after the carnage. Reverend Moore's actions seem absurd.

In time, Larry and Karen Layton were divorced and, once again, Jones was blamed for the break-up. According to an article in the New York Times, "friends of Larry Layton recall that Mr. Jones took both Carolyn and Karen from him after having the women watch him force Larry to submit to a homosexual act."[18]

In response to Dr. Layton's prompting, Larry enrolled at Santa Rosa Junior College where he studied to become an X-ray technician. The Santa Rosa campus, like Mendocino State Hospital, was a training ground for Temple technicians bound for the experiment in Jonestown. Larry lived in a Temple-operated dormitory and, in addition to his individual studies, he met once a week with the other Temple students for their class in military tactics and guerrilla warfare. Eventually, Larry was sent to Jonestown with the Temple's newly purchased X-ray machine that would be used to plot the escape of his mother, Lisa.

As Congressman Leo Ryan left Jonestown with several "defectors" for the return trip to the U.S., Larry left a huddle with Jones to announce that he, too, wanted to leave the jungle community. The others were skeptical of his intentions as Larry was considered one of Jones' most trusted aides but Ryan consented to the request. When the group arrived at the Port Kaituma airstrip, Larry quickly boarded one of the two planes to either plant his revolver or locate one that had already been planted there. He then disembarked the plane and submitted to a pat-search that the others had convinced Ryan was a good idea for security reasons. Larry again boarded the plane and

retrieved the gun from its hiding place. Just then a tractor carrying Temple gunmen approached the planes and the assassins opened fire on the crowd of people still milling about the aircraft. Larry shot Temple defectors Monica Bagby and Vernon Gosney, he missed the pilot, then reportedly turned to shoot another defector, Dale Parks -- his .38 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver misfired and Parks wrestled the weapon from him. Congressman Ryan was killed in the assault. Larry was immediately arrested for attempted murder by the Guyanese authorities. Though there were several members of the airstrip death squad, Larry was singled out to stand trial. He would remain incarcerated until his appearance in a Guyanese court on May 5, 1980, over seventeen months after the incident at the airstrip.

Larry was tried in Guyana for the attempted murder of Bagby and Gosney, but not for the murder of Congressman Ryan, as Ryan was on official Congressional business and his murder fell under U.S. jurisdiction. The defense presented little or no argument. No witnesses were called. Larry took the stand once but only broke down in tears and said nothing in his own defense. The prosecution witness, Vern Gosney, testified that Larry had shot both him and Monica Bagby (who was too frightened to attend the trial). Despite the eyewitness testimony, the jury found Larry not guilty as charged on May 23, 1980.

Following his acquittal, Larry remained in Guyanese custody for an additional six months before being extradited to the U.S. to face charges of conspiring to murder Ryan. Bureaucratic red tape was the only reason given for the long delay.

In August of 1981, Larry Layton, charged with conspiring to assassinate Congressman Ryan, went on

trial in the U.S. District Court in San Francisco. From the very beginning it would appear that the scales of justice were tipped in his favor. Nearly three years had passed since the Jonestown massacre and the incident was only a bad memory that both the public and the public prosecutor would rather just forget. There was little interest in prosecuting Larry, especially since the prosecutor had a past relationship with the Peoples Temple. Following the massacre, the government placed U.S. Attorney William Hunter in charge of investigating the Peoples Temple. Hunter had a close personal relationship with Temple attorney Tim Stoen ever since they both worked as assistant district attorneys in San Francisco to cover-up the 1975 election fraud perpetrated by Jim Jones. When Hunter was promoted to U.S. Attorney, he offered Stoen the position of Chief Assistant U.S. Attorney. When this scandalous conflict of interest was disclosed, Hunter stepped down but appointed one of his employees, Robert Dordero, to prosecute Layton.

Dordero called twenty-one witnesses to the stand, most of whom testified that Larry Layton was a member of the Temple assassination squad that killed Congressman Ryan. An FBI ballistics expert confirmed that the bullets removed from Bagby and Gosney matched those that were test-fired from Layton's revolver. A top Guyanese detective, identified only as "Jugmohan" presented a confession that Layton had signed in Guyana just four days after the incident in which he said,

> I, Larry Layton, take full responsibility for all deaths and injuries that took place at the Port Kaituma airstrip...I felt

> that these people were working in conjunction with the CIA to smear the Peoples Temple.[19]

Defense attorney Tony Tamburello countered by admitting that his client probably did attempt to murder Bagby and Gosney but that he had nothing to do with the murder of Congressman Ryan. Tamburello added, "Mr. Layton is not on trial in this country for shooting anybody. Our presentation to the jury will be he is not on trial for anything other than conspiracy."[20] Since Layton had already been acquitted of shooting Bagby and Gosney in Guyanese court, he could not be retried on the same charges so his confession in U.S. court was a safe statement. According to newspaper reports of the court proceedings,

> Defense Attorney Tony Tamburello said Layton is a government "scapegoat." "The State Department is responsible for a monumental tragedy, and what they are trying to do now is blame one individual and divert attention from their own responsibility," he said.[21]

Tamburello contended that his client had been drugged into participating, that he looked "spaced out and was mumbling of a CIA conspiracy" during the attack at the airstrip.

Dick Dwyer, the Deputy Chief of Mission at the U.S. Embassy in Guyana who witnessed the attack at the

airstrip, testified for the prosecution. According to the newspaper accounts of the trial,

> Out of the presence of the jury, defense lawyer, Tony Tamburello said he wanted to find out whether Dwyer was actually a CIA operative in Guyana. Chief U.S. District Judge Robert F. Peckham asked what the relevance of such an inquiry would be to Layton's trial, and Tamburello said he wanted to show that Dwyer's testimony was "tainted by bias -- he wants Larry Layton convicted to take the responsibility of Jonestown off the State Department and the CIA." Citing recent appellate court decisions, the judge refused to allow that line of questioning. Outside the courtroom, Dwyer a foreign service officer since 1957 was asked whether he was indeed a CIA agent. Dwyer replied, "I can neither confirm nor deny the allegation."[22]

In a prepared statement read to the press outside the courtroom, Tamburello said,

> We believe, in fact, Mr. Dwyer is biased and has a motive for saying what he's saying...because

> it takes the heat away from the State Department, and particularly the CIA.[23]

Despite the fact that the judge had disallowed such references, even the prosecution witnesses continued to allude to the agency's involvement in Jonestown. Dale Parks, who had wrestled the revolver from Layton at the airstrip, testified that Layton falsely accused him of shooting Bagby and Gosney and had told Dale's father that Dale was "part of a CIA plot to destroy Jim Jones."[24] Speaking as a researcher who, at the time of the Layton trial, was already investigating the CIA's secret sponsorship of the Jonestown experiment, I was shocked that the agency would even be a subject in the court proceedings. In retrospect it was Layton's best defense -- a good offense. He was threatening to tell the truth and expose Jonestown as a CIA operation unless the agency came to his aid. Meanwhile, the government prosecutors, unable to deny the hard evidence of CIA involvement, were put on the defensive and forced to cover-up the story by admitting to the CIA's presence in Jonestown but implying that their intention was to investigate or even persecute Jones.

Not only was the threat to the CIA Layton's best defense; it was his only one. Tamburello rested his case without calling a single witness to the stand. Again, not even Larry would testify on his own behalf.

From the outside, the outcome of the trial would seem to be a foregone conclusion. The prosecution had presented hard evidence, ballistic reports, eyewitness testimony and even a signed confession while the defense presented no evidence,

actually no case other than vague references that implicated the CIA in the murders in Guyana. But, when the jury returned they were deadlocked, 11 to 1 in favor of acquittal on all charges. Judge Peckham declared a mistrial and, according to a local newspaper report,

> ...released Layton on a personal recognizance bond signed by the defendant's father, a retired germ warfare scientist who lives in the East Bay.[25]

In response to the mistrial, the local press reported,

> Survivors of the carnage insist the real story has yet to be told. They maintain there must be an epilogue, one that would include an investigation of the government's involvement at Jonestown...[26]

Press reports also claimed that "independent investigators" had taken the survivors' theories a step further: "...alleging that the government failed to warn Ryan about Jonestown because the jungle camp was actually part of a CIA mind-control experiment."[27] Eyewitness for the prosecution, Jim Cobb, summarized the consensus of the ex-Temple members regarding the Layton trial, "there is a coverup involved in Peoples Temple and Jonestown that will make Watergate look innocent. We've got to get to the bottom of this and let the truth be told."[28]

In conclusion, the most important aspect of the Layton trial was not something it was, but something it was not. Larry Layton was the only person the government would prosecute for the attack at the airstrip that killed Congressman Ryan and four others. All the government's efforts and the public's attention were directed to this one case, as if it held the definitive answer to the assassination, but Layton was not on trial for assassinating Ryan, only "conspiring" to do so. By the government's case, it seems to be a one-man-conspiracy as they produced no co-indictments. The Carter brothers are a good example of the prosecution's lack of interest. Tim and Michael Carter were two Jonestown guards who witnesses claim participated in the airstrip assassination. Not only did the government refuse to indict them in the conspiracy, they did not even call them as witnesses in the Layton trial as, according to Chief Assistant U.S. Attorney Sanford Svetcov, Tim Carter "chose to use his claim of privilege," refusing to testify unless the government granted him immunity and Michael Carter said he would plead the Fifth Amendment to any questioning under oath. The prosecution's reasons for not bringing charges against the Carters are ridiculous, especially in the context of a conspiracy trial in the murder of a federal politician. The government's showcased court proceedings satisfied the public without ever having had to approach the basic question, "Who actually fired the shot that killed Congressman Ryan?"

Under pressure to resolve the assassination of Congressman Ryan, the prosecution was forced to retry their scapegoat but allowed him to delay the trial for several years during which time Larry lived as a free man. First scheduled for February of 1982, the

proceedings were postponed until September of 1984 while the Court of Appeals considered a request to admit a tape recording of the White Night and other evidence that referenced the involvement of the CIA. Just prior to the scheduled date, Larry elected to undergo surgery to remove polyps from his throat. The defense argued that their client would not be able to defend himself verbally. Despite the fact that Larry never spoke a word in his own defense before and regardless of the standard procedures for trying a bonafide mute, the postponement was granted. The trial was re- re-scheduled for January 2, 1986; a date that passed without the court convening. Finally, in late 1986, Larry was tried and convicted. In March of 1987, over eight years after the fact, he was sentenced to life imprisonment. The stiff sentence satisfied the prosecution but Judge Peckham also declared that Larry would be eligible for parole after serving only five years because he was not "primarily responsible" for the killings.

It took eight years just to incarcerate this confessed political assassin for a five year term. Larry's new attorney, Bob Bryan, has filed an appeal for a new trial. As of this writing, Larry's fate has not been sealed.

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Annalisa Layton Valentine

Following her graduation from U.C. Davis, Annalisa accepted a position as a microbiology lab technician in the U.C. Berkeley biochemistry department where she met a professor named Ray Valentine. They dated for six months and, on September 16, 1967, they married. The wedding took place at the Layton family

home in Berkeley; the Reverend John Moore presided. The Moores were becoming close friends of the family and divided their leisure time between the Laytons and Jim Jones.

Annalisa joined the Peoples Temple in 1975 and for about six months she made the long drive between Berkeley and Redwood Valley to attend the weekly Temple services and private meetings with Jim Jones. Though Annalisa was considered a top aide to Jones, her husband Ray was never directly involved with the Temple. According to one family report: "Jones had told Karen (Larry's wife) that he thought Ray was working for the CIA; he claimed that his psychic powers had picked up the information from another plane."[29] The family also reported that Annalisa once brought home an unnamed Davis law student who her mother accused of being a CIA agent sent to spy on the family. The CIA was most definitely a subject in the Layton household and in Annalisa's life.

Annalisa left the Temple, claiming she could no longer believe Jones' faith healing powers and miracles. It is difficult to believe that this otherwise intelligent woman could ever have believed in Jones' phony ploys, but this was the reason she gave for severing ties with the Temple. Her reason seems absurd but her timing was perfect as Jones was packing up his Peoples Temple for their move to Guyana when Annalisa defected.

Annalisa then disappeared from the story until just six months before the massacre when she sent an airline ticket (Georgetown to Caracas) to her sister Deborah for what Deborah would later claim was her attempted defection from Jonestown. In their original plan, Deborah was to fly to Caracas to rendezvous with

Annalisa's husband Ray who was scheduled to tour South America as the United Nations' expert on nitrogen fixation. Kurt Waldheim, U.N. Secretary General and former Nazi Army officer, had dispatched Valentine to pick up Deborah and escort her on the U.N. junket of South America in which they would be "meeting high government officials and other important people."[30] As it turned out, Deborah fled to Washington, D.C. with Richard McCoy, the U.S. consul in Guyana.

Annalisa's relationship with Jim Jones was both brief and professional. Her total contribution to the experiment will never be known but, considering that she pursued a reflection of her father's career, she may have provided a qualified scientific liaison between Dr. Layton and Jim Jones.

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Deborah Layton Blakey

Deborah, the youngest Layton, was the family's problem child. Her later, more affluent, upbringing bred a spoiled brat with a "holier than thou "attitude." Deborah has been described in print as spiteful, arrogant, devious, sharp-tongued, pissy and bitchy. She was all of these things and more.

Deborah's high school years were a total disaster; she simply could not adjust to life outside the Layton home. When she reportedly fell into bad company in her freshman year at Berkeley High School, her mother accepted an offer from John and Barbara Moore who invited Deborah to live with them in Davis, away from the negative influences in Berkeley. Soon after Deborah enrolled at Davis High, the school informed the Moores that she was such a problem student that they would only allow her to remain if she

received psychological counseling. She then returned to Berkeley and her parents allowed her to remain at home and miss one semester of school. In the spring of 1968, she moved in with her sister, Annalisa, and enrolled at El Cerrito High. El Cerrito is adjacent to Berkeley and the environment was anything but an improvement. In truth, Deborah could not return to Berkeley High, not because of the school's negative influence on her but because of her negative influence on the school. She barely completed the academic year at El Cerrito before she was no longer welcome there either. She was seventeen years old and a mid-term sophomore who had been ousted from three separate schools. If the trend continued it would take Deborah five years and eight different schools to graduate from high school; that is if she maintained passing grades -- and she did not. Dr. Layton and Lisa resorted to drastic measures and enrolled Deborah at Ackworth, a spartan Quaker boarding school in Yorkshire, England. The school was famed for its regimental, almost military, discipline and the Laytons hoped it would "straighten her out." It did not. Deborah quickly gained a reputation as a class troublemaker who was a "bad influence on her schoolmates." But Ackworth was well prepared to handle such behavioral problems and after a two year stay in England, she received her high school diploma. Lisa was especially pleased as Deborah's two years at an English boarding school exactly paralleled the experience of her mother, Anita, whom Lisa believed was reincarnated as her daughter.

During her first year at Ackworth, Deborah met and reportedly fell in love with a fellow student, George "Phil" Blakey. She returned to California in 1970, for a summer vacation between school years. She

stayed first with Larry and his second wife, Karen, and attended services at the Peoples Temple in Redwood Valley where she had many private, in-depth conversations with Jim Jones, who welcomed another Layton into his fold. Deborah then stayed in the family's Berkeley home and continued to meet with Jones during his weekly visits to the San Francisco Peoples Temple.

After her return to England, Deborah and Jim Jones corresponded regularly. She also spoke of Jim Jones to Phil, who not only accepted him sight unseen, but according to Deborah, had an uncanny knowledge of the preacher and his organization. Following graduation, in the summer of 1971, Deborah returned to California with Phil and both joined the Peoples Temple.

Deborah enrolled at Santa Rosa Junior College where she joined her brother Larry and the other Temple aides who were training there. In 1974, she received an Associate of Arts degree. Then, upon the advice, and with the financial support of Dr. Layton, she studied to be an operating room technician at the San Francisco School for Health Professions.

Meanwhile, Phil was spending all of his time with Jim Jones and Dr. Layton. His American visa was about to expire so, on March 20, 1972, he married Deborah in order to remain in the U.S. Jim Jones signed the marriage certificate at the ungodly hour of 3 A.M. Phil would remain in California for an additional year and a half during which time he studied under Jones and Dr. Layton but never cohabitated with Deborah.

In early 1973, Jones appointed Deborah and Phil to the Temple's newly formed Planning Commission. The

PC, as it was called, was the elite of the Temple; the guards, aides and medical technicians who would become the middle management of the experiment. They numbered between sixty and one hundred and could easily be distinguished from the general Temple congregation as the difference was as distinct as black and white -- the difference was Black and White. PC members were exclusively Caucasian, while the general congregation was predominantly Black. Only a small contingent of Blacks quit the Temple in protest of its gross inequity in the distribution of power; the others resigned themselves to live under the control of the Whites.

According to a family report, Deborah had a trusted position in the PC as, among her other responsibilities, her job was...

> ...to review tapes of PC meetings, particularly of conversations with suspected and outright "traitors" and potential blackmail victims. Her job was to listen to the tapes, jot down what "important" things were said, and return the tapes and notes to Carolyn Layton, the P.C. member in charge of the tape file.[31]

Following the massacre, in a video taped interview broadcast on commercial television, Deborah claimed that every member of the Planning Commission, both men and women, were targets of Jones' sexual advances. She admitted to having been one of his lovers but termed the experience nothing short of rape. Nevertheless, as

Jones' hold on Deborah increased, his confidence in her abilities increased and she was entrusted with two extremely critical Temple positions; financial secretary and political liaison. First the finances.

As a means for Dr. Layton to account for the expenditures in the experiment, his daughter, Deborah, was given sole responsibility for the Temple's income and its subsequent distribution. According to the family,

> The Temple had established its own private check-cashing company under the guise of helping out its senior citizens by relieving them of the fear of having to go to a bank and possibly being mugged. After notation on the member's record card, the information was duplicated on a deposit slip to the check cashing company's account at the California Canadian Bank in San Francisco.
>
> Hundreds of green and gold SSI and SSA checks, as well as ordinary paychecks, were cashed and deposited each month. The church would then withdraw an identical amount of cash, ostensibly for payments to its members, so the bank would not become suspicious. This cash was then taken back to the church,

> mingled with various other donations, and redeposited in the church's own savings or checking account at the Bank of Montreal in San Francisco.[32]

Deborah was kept quite busy transferring and laundering Temple funds. For the most part, the congregation accepted the loss of their pensions and paychecks in exchange for the security and companionship they found in the Temple's communal and foster care homes, where their needs were provided for collectively.

A few years later, the Social Security Administration advocated Jones' system of "direct deposit" of government checks citing the threat of being robbed, just as Jones had used this fear to persuade his pensioners to sign their check over to him. Though the administration's intentions are presumed to be legitimate, their initial idea came from Jones' scam.

The money flowed through Deborah's hands at an astonishing rate. The Temple's wealth has been estimated somewhere between twenty and fifty million dollars. Deborah maintained a $100,000 cash fund in her San Francisco Temple office just for "incidental expenses." Jones once instructed her to airlift mothballs to Jonestown as the vast amounts of U.S. currency stored there was being eaten by the local jungle insects. In late 1976, as the experiment was being moved to Guyana, Jones ordered untold millions of U.S. dollars transferred to Swiss bank accounts registered in Deborah's name. Temple attorney Tim Stoen established two offshore Panamanian corporations: Briget, S.A. and Asociacion Evangelica de las Americas,

S.A. which then opened accounts with the Swiss Banking Corporation in Panama and the Union Bank of Switzerland in Panama, respectively. Deborah, along with Maria Katsaris, Terri Buford and Tim Stoen, traveled to Panama with several million dollars as initial deposits in the new accounts. Stoen also established a Temple branch in Luxembourg that opened bank accounts in London, West Germany, Switzerland, Romania, and Venezuela. The signatories were not Jim Jones or even Tim Stoen but Deborah, Maria, and Terri.

Eight months later, Deborah and Terri returned to Panama on another mission. From there they flew to Paris, rented a car and drove to Zurich, Switzerland, where they opened one or more secret accounts in Deborah's name or, more accurately, in her account number. Tim Stoen and other trusted couriers then traveled to Switzerland to deposit untold millions into Deborah's secret bank account.

For all the scheming, subterfuge and stealing that Jim Jones did in order to amass his fortune, it is ludicrous that he would give Deborah legal ownership of the bulk of his wealth that was intended for future use. But that is exactly what he did for <u>that</u> was the agreement. Following the massacre, the known wealth of the Peoples Temple was distributed to the families of the victims and to the federal government to offset their expense in returning the corpses to the U.S. but only a small portion of the Temple's estimated twenty to fifty million dollars was ever recovered. Millions were missing; millions that presumably were hoarded in secret Swiss accounts in Deborah's name.

Deborah's other responsibility in the Temple was as political liaison in Terri Buford's Department of Diversions; the group Jones established to carry out

his most sensitive work in government. Deborah gathered data on politicians who might be coerced or blackmailed into cooperating with the Temple, hence the CIA. She also wrote forged and anonymous letters endorsing candidates, commenting on pending legislation and presumably threatening politicians who opposed Jones' politics. Her correspondence was so incriminating that Deborah wore surgical gloves to type the letters on special "D" typewriters that had been purchased second-hand and then destroyed after fulfilling their purpose so as not to be traced to the Temple.

Deborah and her mother, Lisa, arrived in Jonestown on December 14, 1977. Deborah would reside in the jungle community for only three months before Jones sent her to the Temple's Georgetown headquarters where her assignment was to interface with the Guyanese government as well as the U.S., Russian, and Cuban Embassies. Her task was far more important than that of the other Temple members in Georgetown who bribed local officials with liquor and sex. As the predetermined destruction of Jonestown drew nearer, Jones wanted to court the communists in an effort to incriminate or at least embarrass them by association. The ultimate goal of Deborah's work in Georgetown was to falsely establish that Jones was in league with the Russians to help hide the fact that he was really working for the CIA. On May 13, 1978, Deborah feigned a defection from the Temple and escaped to Washington, D.C. under the escort of Richard McCoy, the CIA's station chief in Georgetown. Her timing was perfect. Six months remained before the scheduled massacre, which allowed Deborah just enough time to complete what was the most demanding aspect of her work for Jones.

Jones helped Deborah's cover by reviling her as "a CIA agent and a traitor" who had stolen money from the Temple. Though his accusations were based in truth, they were never viewed in their proper context by outsiders, like Congressman Ryan, who were left with the impression that Jones opposed Deborah.

After a brief stay in Washington, Deborah returned to California where she moved in with Grace Grech Stoen and Grace's fiance', Walter Jones. Prompted by these two former Temple aides and others like Tim Stoen and Mike Cartmell, Deborah issued a statement on June 15, 1978 concerning Jonestown. Affidavit of Deborah Layton Blakey, Re: The Threat and Possibility of Mass Suicide by Members of The Peoples Temple was an eleven page, thirty-seven point outline for which the title summarized the contents. Copies were sent to Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Congressman Leo Ryan. The intention of the affidavit was to further entice Congressman Ryan into personally investigating Jonestown while providing Deborah with the perfect cover. After the massacre, she would appear to be an innocent victim who had tried in vain to warn the government of the pending tragedy.

Deborah then took a highly paid position in the financial district of San Francisco, in what her sister Annalisa later termed "the world of money and finance." She continued to work very closely with Tim Stoen, whose office was in the same neighborhood. In addition to the fact that Deborah's only qualificaton for such work was her experience as the Temple's financial secretary, the rightful owner of the money that she manages has never been identified. It is highly probable that the money is actually the Temple's secret

funds that had been deposited in foreign bank accounts in Deborah's name.

Deborah contacted Congressman Ryan and arranged to meet him in the financial district of San Francisco where they spoke of Jonestown for about two hours. Ryan believed her story even after his aid Jackie Speier expressed her suspicion that Deborah was a double agent working for Jones. At Ryan's request, Deborah, Grace Stoen, and Steven Katsaris flew to Washington, D.C. to testify to the State Department. Department officials expressed little interest and did not even attempt the meeting scheduled by Ryan, who was so angered by their lack of concern that he flew to Washington to personally escort the group to the State Department. They were received by a dozen officials seated around a conference table; Deborah sat at the head of the table with Congressman Ryan at her side. Following Deborah's masterfully calculated two hour dissertation on Jonestown, Ryan turned to her and said, "Now that you have spoken to them and they have taken notes, they will never be able to deny that they heard it."[33] Deborah's testimony did not alter the chain of events that led to Ryan's assassination but it did give Ryan a false sense of security that the federal government was now aware of the potential dangers in Jonestown and would back up his investigation even though they thought reports of a planned mass suicide were "nonsense."

Ryan, Grace Stoen and Steven Katsaris went on to rendezvous with reporters in New York who completed the Congressional entourage that then flew to Guyana. Stoen and Katsaris would travel only as far as Georgetown as there were not enough seats on the chartered plane that carried Ryan into the Guyanese

interior to Jonestown and his death. By the time the group arrived in Georgetown, Deborah was safely back at her desk in the high-rise office building in San Francisco.

Following the massacre, Deborah emerged as the most important Peoples Temple survivor; an innocent and credible witness who at least tried to warn the government about Jones' mass suicide plans. She received much media attention. One year later, in the fall of 1979, her marriage to Phil Blakey was annulled on the grounds that it had never been consummated. The seven and a half year marriage was one of convenience that, not only allowed Phil Blakey to remain in the U.S. long enough to complete his training under Jim Jones and Dr. Layton, but also allowed Deborah to operate in the Peoples Temple under the name Blakey and not Layton. In March of 1980, Deborah married Michael Cartmell. Before his alleged defection, Cartmell had been one of the most trusted Temple aides and its corporate vice president. His mother was in charge of Jones' intelligence department and he had married Jones' adopted daughter, Suzanne. Suzanne was the offspring of a Korean mother and an American military father who lived in a Korean orphanage until her adoption. She reportedly died in Jonestown. In the end, Jim Jones and Dr. Layton shared the same son-in-law, Michael Cartmell.

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George Philip 'Phil' Blakey

Guyana, formerly British Guiana, received its independence from England in 1966 but, as explored later in this work, England maintained some control over the South American country by installing Forbes

Burnham as Prime Minister with the help of U.S. Intelligence and particularly Jim Jones. It suffices to say that U.S. Intelligence undertook no projects in Guyana without the full consent and cooperation of British Intelligence and Jonestown was no exception. Englishman Phil Blakey, the only foreign national employed by the Peoples Temple, would represent Britain in Jonestown.

Phil Blakey was the son of a wealthy gentleman farming family in Northumberland, England. As a Quaker, he attended Ackworth boarding school where he met Deborah Layton and returned to the United States with her in 1971 to join the Peoples Temple. Blakey's mother also visited the Peoples Temple in California, where she was the guest of Tim and Grace Stoen whose luxurious home outside the barbed wire compound of the Redwood Valley Temple was reserved for visiting dignitaries.

On March 20, 1972, Blakey married Deborah Layton so that he could remain in the United States to complete his training with Jim Jones and Dr. Layton. According to the Layton family, "Jones was impressed with Blakey's practical intelligence and knowledge of farming, both resources needed for the agricultural activities he envisioned."[34] Following the wedding, Blakey saw little of Deborah as he was spending all of his time with Jones in Redwood Valley and Dr. Layton in Berkeley. Dr. Layton instructed him on the agricultural aspects of the experiment. Blakey was an accomplished farmer and sea captain but lacked experience with the heavy earth moving equipment required to clear the Guyanese jungle. Dr. Layton helped by allowing him to clear a wooded lot on his Berkeley property and dig a swimming pool with a rented

bulldozer. Jones helped too, by having Blakey operate a back-hoe to dig a new septic tank and leach lines for the home of Elmer and Deanna Mertle in Redwood Valley.

In December of 1973, Jones appointed Blakey the head of his twelve man advance party which immediately left for Guyana to build a road to the outpost from Port Kaituma, clear the jungle for cultivation and construct several rudimentary structures that would be their headquarters and eventually the core of Jonestown. Blakey also purchased the Temple's first ocean-going vessel, a fishing trawler he licensed in Panama as the "Marceline," named for Jones' wife. Though Jones had made arrangements with the Guyanese government in late 1973 to have full access and rights to the 3,852 acre tract in the interior, the land lease was not officially signed until 1975. It is these first two years of Jonestown in which Blakey was in charge that we will explore here. First, some background on Guyana.

Guyana's CIA installed Prime Minister, Forbes Burnham, used the 1970 Conference on Nonaligned Nations held in Zambia, Africa as a stage to launch his career as an international Black activist. With persuasive oratorical skill, he announced to the Third World nations in attendance that Guyana had a strong bond of empathy with the African freedom fighters. He offered his country as a sanctuary where Blacks could find support and training facilities for their revolutionary activities in Africa. To buttress his pledge of support, Burnham ceremoniously gave President Nyerere of Tanzania a check for $50,000 as Guyana's initial contribution to the freedom fighters.

Guyana's National Service was charged with national security and the development of the interior

so it is easy to understand why the agency took a militaristic view of the Guyanese frontier, especially since much of the area was claimed by Venezuela that might seize the land at any time. There was a disproportionate number of North Americans in the Guyanese National Service. Among them was Emerson Mitchell who had spent five years in Chicago during World War II. Mitchell was the Guyanese government representative who conducted Jones' initial tour through the jungle to select a site for Jonestown. Another American, whom the New York Times later described as a fugitive from the law in the United States, was appointed senior training officer in the National Service. A Soviet news agency took notice of the man and reported: "This is a position of considerable responsibility. The Government wouldn't give him the job if it didn't have faith in him."[35] And then there was a Black American who claimed to be an Angolan freedom fighter -- Burnham granted him Guyanese citizenship and a position in the National Service.

Considering the parameters of Guyanese politics in the early 1970's, what happened next was almost a foregone conclusion. Prime Minister Burnham, with the help of U.S. (and British) nationals in key positions in Guyanese National Service, initiated a program to build military outposts in the country's disputed interior to guard the border and provide secret training bases for mercenaries bound for Africa. There was one location of particular importance. Though isolated, it was only a day's march from an American built airstrip at Port Kaituma, an inland river seaport. It was a day's journey from rail service and the Venezuelan border. Isolated, yet accessible by

trains, boats and planes, the site was ideal. From 1973 to 1975 Blakey was in charge of the encampment that was known as the Shalom Project -- the same encampment that between 1975 and 1978 was known as Jonestown.

The Shalom Project was neither Jewish nor peaceful. The CIA supplied the project with two hundred Black ex-Green Beret Special Forces experts. The Green Berets were the elite of the Vietnam conflict, well trained in all aspects of guerrilla warfare. Since the 1960's their number had been reduced by over 10,000 and many found readjusting to civilian life doubly difficult. They returned from Vietnam to find the same discriminatory practices in hiring as had forced them to join the military in the first place; only now they were further shunned by potential employers for their part in a war for which most Americans felt ashamed. To these unemployable veterans, the CIA offered a profitable solution. They could be highly paid mercenaries or advisors who trained other mercenaries. These experts in weapons, demolition, communications, medicine and intelligence were placed in the overseas security staff of major U.S. corporations and in guerrilla warfare training camps such as the one headed by Phil Blakey in Jonestown.

After five centuries of Portuguese rule and fifteen years of bloody guerilla war, Angola was a fragmented African colony; ripe for a full scale revolution. In April of 1974, the Portuguese Army, demoralized from years of fighting colonial wars, seized the government of Portugal and withdrew from Angola. There were three major indigenous factions left to fight it out in Angola and the largest of these

was, at least partially, supported by the Russians.

From CIA reports, the National Security Council (dominated by Henry Kissinger) had advance knowledge of the military coup in Portugal, hence the three-sided civil war in its African colony of Angola. In the aftermath of the U.S. defeat in Vietnam, Henry Kissinger (even though he knew that it was another no-win situation) ordered the CIA to aid the two independent factions that opposed the popular communist faction in Angola. The rebels needed advisors, mercenaries, and arms. They were fighting for their lives. Kissinger, within his view of global politics, was fighting to make a statement to the communists that they could not just take what they wanted uncontested.

There were some problems. The CIA was subject to new legislation sponsored by Congressman Leo Ryan that required the agency to account for all money spent for covert overseas operations <u>after</u> congressional approval. Because the reporting system was new, it was inefficient and the red tape involved was time-consuming. Eventually, Congress would authorize $14 million for the CIA's Angola Task Force but, in these early stages, the CIA made good use of the congressional lead time by illegally recruiting mercenaries for a project they knew would, in time, be approved. The CIA wanted to use their trained exiled Cubans (survivors of the Bay of Pigs) as project management but the National Security Council denied the request as the Cubans had green cards and could be easily be traced to the U.S. And so it was with a decree to employ only foreign nationals as management and fund the project covertly that Phil Blakey and the Peoples Temple entered the story. The ideal mercenary for the job was a Black man with prior military

training who spoke Portuguese. He could blend well into African society and communicate in the official language of Angola. The logical and perhaps only choice was Brazil. When the CIA approached the Brazilian government they agreed to allow recruitment in their country but not training as they had no desire to become associated with a civil war being fought an ocean away.

CIA case officers in Brazil transported their recruits to the coast where Phil Blakey would pick them up in the Temple's ship for a two or three day trip up the coast to the Waini River, Port Kaituma, and on to the Shalom Project (Jonestown). Of course, Blakey evaded customs.

Phil Blakey managed the project like a business. Under his command were one or two hundred Special Forces advisors and the Brazilian mercenaries who helped clear the jungle as part of their basic training. Two camps were established. The main camp was Blakey's headquarters where land was cleared, cabins built and radio communication established. Eventually, this would become the core of Jonestown. The secondary camp, located about a thirty minute march away, was a primitive outpost where the actual jungle training took place

Blakey's training camp required ultra-sophisticated weapons and explosives not commercially available to the general public. It is widely acknowledged that Deborah Layton Blakey, as the Peoples Temple financial secretary, appropriated the money to purchase arms for her husband's project. There was only one CIA arms dealer with British connections who was involved in the Special Forces training of African mercenaries; the notorious Frank Terpil.

The exploits of Frank Terpil and his partner, Edmond Wilson, are intriguing but too complicated to relate in any detail here. It suffices to say that Terpil and Wilson supplied weapons and high technology electronics to African dictators through front companies like "Intercontinental Technology;" a marketing firm Terpil had founded and directed as president. Intercontinental Technology was headquartered in Washington to facilitate communications with the federal government and particularly the CIA. They operated three branch offices, one in London where most of the weapons were purchased; a second in Sunnyvale, California, the center of high technology in the U.S. and the third in Geneva, Switzerland, the company's banking center. Eventually, Terpil was accused of selling sensitive technology from Sunnyvale and weapons from England to Third World customers generally considered unfriendly to the United States. The day before he would have been arrested, Terpil was allowed to flee the United States and go into exile in Beirut, Lebanon, where he granted an interview to Tony Thomas, a reporter with the British Broadcasting Corporation. The seventeen hours of taped interviews were edited into a ninety minute BBC documentary aired in the U.S. in January of 1982, under the title: Confessions of Frank Terpil: The Most Dangerous Man in the World. In the film, Terpil claimed that all of his activities, including his close personal relationship with Ugandan dictator Idi Amin, were with the full sanction of the CIA. As is standard operating procedure whenever one of their agents is exposed, the CIA disavowed any knowledge of Terpil's activities, claiming that he had not worked for the agency since they fired him in 1972. Actually, following his

alleged dismissal, Terpil purchased a luxurious home less than a mile from CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia. After the interview, BBC reporter, Tony Thomas declared, "None of the evidence supports the claim that (Terpil) left the CIA and was cut off."[36] The program's associate producer summarized Terpil's reasons for granting the interview,

> Terpil believed he had information about some exceedingly dirty business related to runaway intelligence operations. I don't want to repeat those allegations without verification.[37]

It was generally accepted that Terpil was trying to trade information for immunity from prosecution but the truth lay deep in the BBC documentary -- Terpil did not offer information, he threatened to expose the CIA's sponsorship of Jonestown. Though the producer did not repeat his allegations, he could not resist making reference to them in the film. Narrator Tony Thomas described how Terpil had related some of his other activities "off camera" and the film switched to a photograph of Jonestown with the vat of poison in the foreground and the piles of corpses behind. Terpil had duped the BBC into publishing his threat to the CIA. The agency could no longer ignore him or his legal problems. Their two choices were to relocate him or kill him. Either way, what happened next was only logical. Even before the BBC documentary aired in the U.S., Terpil disappeared. The agency claimed he was kidnapped by three Syrians, one a reputed "free-lance intelligence agent." No one claimed responsibility for

the kidnapping, there were no ransom demands, Terpil has not been seen since. His partner, Edmond Wilson, was captured and convicted as charged amid several untimely deaths of CIA agents scheduled to testify at his trial. Terpil was convicted in absentia.

Frank Terpil may well provide yet another piece in the Jim Jones puzzle. According to the "Affidavit of Deborah Layton Blakey" and other sources, Jones often claimed to have connections with Idi Amin. Terpil did have a close relationship with the African dictator and since he supplied arms to both Jones and Amin, he may have been the conduit for their communications.

The CIA, through their arms dealer, Frank Terpil, supplied Blakey with a large quantity of weapons and explosives smuggled into Jonestown in the early stages amid the personal possessions and farm machinery of the Peoples Temple pioneers.

The mercenaries were shipped to Jonestown, trained, instructed and armed and then flown from the airstrip in Port Kaituma to Angola. What little air traffic control there is in Guyana is managed by the National Service that either ignored the unscheduled flights or assumed they were the comings and goings of the airport in Caracas, Venezuela. Though the mercenaries were kept in seclusion, the Guyanese residents do remember the two hundred khaki-clad Black Americans as they frequented Georgetown's bars and whorehouses while on leave from their assignment in the interior. By 1975, it was time for Blakey to disband his group and turn the encampment over to Jones for the second phase of the project. Prime Minister Forbes Burnham circulated rumors that the members of the Shalom Project were all criminals wanted by the

authorities in the United States. He claimed their agricultural project was a failure and a front for growing marijuana that was then smuggled into the U.S. by boat. The Shalom Project may have grown marijuana for whom the CIA's head of the Angolan Task Force would later describe as the "hemp-smoking" rebels they were supporting. It could also have been grown for profit. It would not have been the first time the CIA resorted to illegal activities to finance their covert operations. Coincidentally, the state-of-the-art technology in growing marijuana centers in Mendocino County, California, where Blakey did his internship before taking charge of the project. In any event, Prime Minister Burnham deported the members of the Shalom Project who, along with Blakey, left Guyana, not for America, but for Angola.

The Civil War in Angola escalated soon after Blakey and his troops arrived in Africa. It was widely reported that American Special Forces veterans had trained some of the mercenaries in secret camps in South America but only one account named Jonestown as one such training center. New Solidarity reported in their December 5, 1978 issue,

> ...Reverend Jim Jones and the Peoples Temple were involved in illegal channelling of mercenaries into Angola to fight against the Angolan government in 1975 and 76. The overall command was a mercenary deployment set-up and coordinated by Henry Kissinger and British Intelligence; the same forces behind the

> creation of Peoples Temple and its eventual establishment in Guyana.[38]

Attempts to contact the reporter who wrote the article have produced nothing but late night, threatening phone calls. It is strongly advised that anyone looking into this aspect of the story exercise extreme caution as, in some circles, Blakey's work in Jonestown is apparently a very touchy subject.

Blakey left Angola and returned to Jonestown in 1977 or 1978. Jones had since moved his congregation there to further develop the community that Blakey had rough hewn from Guyana's jungle interior. Blakey resumed his duties as the Peoples Temple sea captain and admiral of their fleet of ocean going ships. Most of the new Jonestown residents were civilians but Jones did retain several dozen Special Forces veterans as his security staff. Among them was Odell Rhodes who, like the other Jonestown guards, was allowed to escape the massacre.

Phil Blakey played one last role in the final hours of Jonestown. He had anchored one of the Temple's ships at the Port of Spain in Trinidad where he remained during the murder-suicide rite. When it was over, Jim Jones radioed Blakey to pick up both him and his guards at the mouth of the Waini Rivers about thirty miles north of Jonestown. The uncoded radio message was a diversion. The ship was impounded by the authorities who briefly detained Blakey for questioning while they searched for Jones at the mouth of the Waini River not realizing that was exactly what Jones wanted them to do as he escaped westward overland to Venezuela. Phil Blakey was released since he had

apparently not committed any crimes. His present whereabouts are unknown.

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Thomas Nutter Layton

As the eldest, Thomas was the first of the Layton children to leave home, departing in the Spring of 1962 to study archeology at the University of California in Davis. After four years in Davis, he graduated and enrolled at Harvard in a graduate program in anthropology. What with school and field studies after, Thomas was removed from the family and their involvement with Jim Jones. He was being held in reserve for, like the other Layton children, Thomas had also been given an assignment with the Peoples Temple. According to his own report,

> At that point in Tom's career, he was considering moving from archeology to cultural anthropology. One way to establish himself as a cultural anthropologist would be to write an ethnography. 'And what better candidate for the ethnography,' as Tom recalls the idea, 'than the strange, utopian, *interracial, and apparently vital Peoples Temple.'[39]

In early 1970, soon after Thomas left Harvard, he visited Jim Jones in Redwood Valley to pursue his interest in writing an ethnography of the Peoples Temple. According to Thomas, in this one and only

meeting, Jones was polite but stand-offish, making him feel unwelcome at the Temple, but he left the meeting still wanting to write about the group. For the next eleven years, Thomas gathered data for his research. What, if anything, happened to his ethnography is not known. Certainly, if it was finished, it would have been given to the CIA, classified top secret and never published. What Thomas did publish was a by-product of his research he co-authored with Min Yee entitled In My Father's House: The Story of The Layton Family and the Reverend Jim Jones. The book was a defense of his family's involvement and, by his own admission, was intended to pay some of his brother Larry's legal bills. In My Father's House is sufficiently accurate in relating the who, what, when, and where of the story to provide many useful references in this chapter. But like other books on Jonestown, the how and why of the story had to be discounted for reasons that vary from subjective viewpoints to family bias to deliberate cover-up. Even Thomas admits to falsifying information by changing the names of several characters for "considerations of privacy." In this case, privacy is protection.

There is one very odd thread that runs through Thomas' entire book. In dozens of instances he implies or outright reports that every member of the Layton family is a homosexual. His references are not restricted to general descriptions of the meek, passive men or the aggressive, arrogant women in the family. Thomas wrote far out of the basic story to give specific accounts of his accusations. He described his father as a man who was raised as a girl, complete with girl's clothes and bobbed hair, who matured with little or no interest in women. Of his mother, Lisa, he

wrote,

> Everyone was homosexual, she learned, so she admitted to Annalisa that she had probably been homosexual all her life. She asked Annalisa if she thought Tom was homosexual, adding, "Some of my best friends are, you know."[40]

He even published a letter Deborah had written to Phil Blakey that was never mailed, but apparently saved, in which she wrote,

> Does homosexuality bother you and make you feel incapable? I love you Phil. I am sorry if I sound crazy, but I must know for the sake of our relationship. My life depends on your honesty with me. God forgive me if I am a bitch.[41]

Though the concept of an entire family of homosexuals is contrary to the accepted theory that sexual preference is not a matter of heredity, the basic question is not whether the Layton family is homosexual but why Thomas would go so far to imply that they are. His treatment of the subject, though strange, is obviously deliberate and since his work was a defense of the Laytons' involvement in the Peoples Temple, his references to homosexuality might well be part of that defense. If the underlying conspiracy was uncovered,

the fault might be directed, not to the CIA, but to some secret homosexual society. Also, Lisa's Jewish cover was rather flimsy and if exposed as a fake, homosexuality would provide a second logical reason for her need to escape Nazi Germany. And then again, Thomas' repeated references may be based in fact.

Thomas' contribution was that of a once-removed chronicler and unblemished champion of the Layton family. He was last reported to be a professor of archeology at San Jose State University. He never married; heeding the advice of his father, who once told him, "He who takes a wife and raises a family gives hostages to fate."[42]

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Dr. Laurence Laird Layton

Dr. Layton enjoyed an international reputation as an accomplished scientist whose expertise was sought by such prestigious institutions as Oxford and Cambridge but his fame was based largely on his achievement prior to 1957 in the first half of his career. From 1957 until 1978, his work at the Department of Agriculture's Western Regional Research Laboratory produced few published results, as Dr. Layton was concentrating on the top secret Jonestown experiment that would be the culmination of his life's work in devising new ways to kill people.

The Jonestown experiment was conceived by Dr. Layton, staffed by Dr. Layton and financed by Dr. Layton. It was as much his project as it was Jim Jones'. Though it was essential for him to remain in the background for security reasons, Dr. Layton maintained contact with and even control of the experiment through his wife and children. Communi-

cations were sometimes quite unorthodox as was the case of Joe Ajax. Ajax, described by the family as an old friend and colleague from Dr. Layton's days as the Chief of Chemical Warfare, monitored Jonestown's radio communications throughout 1977 and 1978. On at least one occasion he reportedly linked two radio transmitters together for a high-powered illegal broadcast to Jonestown in order to speak with Lisa. Lisa asked Ajax if he remembered how she had once helped him recover from an illness by prescribing "an old German remedy." This and other such cryptic messages were forwarded on to Dr. Layton.

In the aftermath of Jonestown, the CIA produced a vast amount of media propaganda to mask Dr. Layton's role in the experiment. In the eastern press, the New York Times carried an in-depth, front page article entitled, "The Layton Family Tragedy: From Hitler's Germany to Jim Jones' commune" in which Dr. Layton was portrayed as an innocent victim of the crazed Jim Jones. The Laytons were described as having "a proud family tradition of Quaker nonviolence". Considering Dr. Layton's contributions to warfare and mass destruction, it is ludicrous to refer to his family as nonviolent, but such was the extreme effort necessary to conceal the extreme truth. On the West Coast, a similar article entitled, "How the Temple Shattered a Family", appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle, in which was written, "It is the story of a pacific Quaker family, reared in the scientific tradition of father Laurence, a noted molecular biologist and chemist." Dr. Layton was characterized as a broken man, bewildered by what had befallen his family. Of particular interest is his opening remarks to the Chronicle's reporter, in which he said, "I cry easily.

I wept every time I read about Patty Hearst. I thought, 'There but for the grace of God go I' and then it all happened to me."[43] The quotes from the San Francisco Chronicle are interesting as Dr. Layton was neither sensitive nor religious; he was a hardened, godless man who earned his living inventing new techniques to kill people en masse. His reference to Patty Hearst is significant when one considers evidence presented elsewhere in this work that strongly indicates that Jim Jones was instrumental in her kidnapping. It is possible that this was a threat to expose the CIA's kidnapping of Hearst in case the agency was contemplating terminating Dr. Layton as the ultimate means of covering up their sponsorship of Jonestown.

What motivated Dr. Layton to subject his wife and children to such a dangerous project that he obviously knew would end in disaster? There are several possible explanations. First, the Peoples Temple was good to the Laytons who lived a more affluent life under Jim Jones than they had known before. So it was not as if they had to sacrifice to participate. During Larry's ten year involvement, he never held a paying job because his father and the Temple supported him financially. Likewise Deborah never worked. Whereas Larry may have to serve a few years in jail for his part, Deborah emerged from her experience undaunted and presumably very wealthy. Also, the CIA often blackmails their operatives to force them to do things that they would not ordinarily do on their own. Whether sanctioned by CIA headquarters or not, the Laytons were blackmailed; at least by Jones. Finally, any attempt to justify Dr. Layton's actions must consider an affliction he shares

with most scientific specialists--tunnel vision. Dr. Layton was blinded by his straight-forward, head-strong pursuit of science.

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Lisa Philip Layton

Lisa was first introduced to Jim Jones in the late 1960's through her son Larry and her close friends, the Moores and later, through her daughter, Deborah. But, according to family reports, she did not join the Peoples Temple until early in 1973. Jim Jones claimed to know all about her life in Germany and her life with Dr. Layton and reportedly encouraged her to leave her husband, which she did on September 3rd, 1974. She moved into the posh Watergate Apartment complex on the Berkeley waterfront that was furnished and financed by her husband. Two months later she asked for a divorce. Jones provided her with a good lawyer who set out to strip as much wealth from Dr. Layton as legally possible. He had to sell the family's home in Berkeley and liquidate the bulk of his assets which he gave to Lisa who, in turn, gave them to Jim Jones. Following the Jonestown massacre, Dr. Layton said of his financial support of the project,

> Counting the automobiles, the stock, and the art, it must be $250,000 worth of things gone. I didn't give it to him (Jim Jones). I gave it to my children. Even my stethoscope disappeared with that crowd around here.

Lisa gave everything to Jones, even an etching signed by Albert Einstein; a memento from her ex-husband's days in the Manhattan Project. Her total financial contribution to the Jonestown project will never be known but it was more than a quarter of a million dollars as, even according to Dr. Layton, "...she had 'some secret accounts of her own' that apparently contained money from her father."[44] For years Hugo Philip had been sending Lisa money from Germany, which supports the theory that the Philips' family fortune was not lost during World War II. Not only was Hugo financially well off in Germany but he was able to send money to Lisa who by U.S. standards was herself wealthy.

Lisa arrived in Jonestown with her daughter, Deborah, on December 14, 1977, just eleven months before the massacre. She was well received and comfortably accommodated in the cabin of Jones' wife Marceline. Jones, himself, lived with his mistresses in a cabin on the other side of the community. Lisa then moved into what would become the guest house where visiting dignitaries, like Congressman Ryan, were lodged. At first she lived there alone but then invited an elderly Black woman to move in with her. The woman was dying of lung cancer and, as we will see, provided Lisa the means to escape.

Lisa's stay in Jonestown was at worst an adventuresome safari. Jones was well aware that Lisa was a Nazi who had left Germany under a fake Jewish cover. It was their ongoing private joke. Jones would encourage her to admit to being, what he termed, "A Jewish Nigger" and the two would share a laugh that no one ever quite understood. Lisa had few duties in Jonestown. She oversaw the experiment through the

medical center but all had been predetermined and there was little for her to do. She tutored Jones and a select group in the German language as was the premise of her initial introduction to Dr. Layton years earlier. She also helped Jones with his propaganda by writing a story about being a Jew in Nazi Germany. She read it to the Black congregation on several occasions, after which Jones would reinforce his prediction that the next group to suffer Nazi persecution would be the Black Americans and the only place on earth where they could avoid the second holocaust was in Jonestown, under his protection. It was wonderful theater.

Lisa spent most of 1978 writing farewell letters to her family; letters that survived, some to be published. The general Jonestown population was not permitted to correspond with family members in the States, which attests to Lisa's privileged position in the organization. In March, she wrote to Dr. Layton,

> I am working in our medical department part time. Having plenty of time to rest. We are expecting our X-ray equipment to arrive shortly. One of our older members here is an X-ray technician.[45]

Lisa's letters were very cryptic, the "older member" she referred to was actually their son Larry, the older of their two children in the Temple. Certainly Dr. Layton was well aware that Larry had just graduated from his training as an X-ray technician, after all, he had paid his son's tuition. Larry had just purchased a portable X-ray machine and was busy packing his bags

for Guyana. Both Lisa and Dr. Layton knew it was Larry who was bringing the equipment to Jonestown, yet Lisa would not mention his name and for good reason. The sole purpose of Larry's training and the machine was to help in Lisa's ultimate escape.

In May, Deborah left Jonestown, for the first leg of her feigned defection from the Peoples Temple. As they parted Lisa said tearfully to her daughter, "I'll probably never see you again".[46]

After Deborah fled Guyana on a flight to Washington, Lisa radioed a formal statement to the press in California in which she accused Deborah of stealing money from the Temple to support her drug addiction. She also said her ex-husband was anti-Semitic. More good theater. In one motion she helped Dr. Layton and Deborah to disassociate themselves from the Peoples Temple while reaffirming her old Jewish cover in preparation for the second great escape of her life.

The CIA kept in close communication with the Laytons during their stay in Jonestown through their legal agent Richard McCoy, a U.S. Embassy official in Guyana. It was McCoy who escorted Deborah to Washington, it was McCoy whom the State Department instructed to visit Lisa in Jonestown, ascertain her welfare and offer her a plane ticket back to the United States, if she so desired.

Lisa's escape plan began in San Francisco in August of 1977, one month after Jones had left for Guyana. She started to complain of chest pains and a chronic cough. Deborah took her to Kaiser Hospital where X-rays were taken and a bronchoscopy was performed. The tests for cancer were reportedly positive and Lisa was scheduled for surgery to have a

portion of her left lung removed. As an operating room technician, Deborah remained with her mother throughout her operation.

It was not chance that brought Lisa to Kaiser Hospital but the CIA's health insurance plan. In the past, the agency had security problems with the standard Blue Cross insurance as every time their agents filed a claim, the hospital personnel were alerted to the fact that this person was in the employ of the CIA. To tighten security, the agency changed their employee's health plan from Blue Cross to Kaiser with whom they arranged a system by which their agents could utilize the benefit without divulging their association with the CIA. There were tens of thousands of operatives covered by the plan so, considering the financial windfall Kaiser received under the agreement, it is not surprising that they would want to cooperate with the agency in any way possible.

Immediately upon her release from the hospital, Lisa moved in with Deborah at the Temple's headquarters in San Francisco, where she prepared to depart for Jonestown.

On March 28, Lisa wrote from Jonestown to her daughter, Annalisa, "A few weeks ago I caught on to the fact that my cancer has metastasized into the hyler lymph nodes, which also were removed (it said so in the report from Kaiser which I carried with me to give to Larry Schacht).[47] She wrote again on June 4, "It surely was good to see Larry. He and our portable X-ray equipment arrived just about the same time and he has been taking a lot of X- rays since his arrival. He surely knows what he is doing. ".[48] Larry surely did know what he was doing. He took X-rays of both Lisa and her terminally ill roommate and put Lisa's

name on her roommate's film. In early July, Lisa left Jonestown, carrying a phony report from Jonestown's Dr. Schacht and the misidentified X-rays from Larry to the hospital in Georgetown where she rested for one month, accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Larry's wife, Karen. It was widely accepted that the Jonestown medical clinic was far superior to the hospital in Georgetown that had little else to offer Lisa except, perhaps, to incorporate her false medical record into their files. While in the hospital Lisa received no medication, no treatment, no surgery, only rest. It was a pleasant one month vacation in which Karen read to Lisa and wrote memos to Jim Jones about her alleged deteriorating condition that conveniently survived the carnage.

Lisa returned to Jonestown in August and immediately initiated the next phase of her escape. Jones ordered his wife, Marceline, to secure a sputum specimen from Lisa's roommate which he labelled "Henderson" and sent to Jean Brown in San Francisco via Temple attorney Charles Garry. Brown forwarded the specimen to Jones' long time friend and business partner, Dr. Carlton Goodett, for analysis. Jones' radio code name was Henderson Hill, Mr. Hill or just Henderson. Dr. Goodett reported that Henderson suffered from "a fungus infection of the lungs." According to Temple Attorney Mark Lane,

> Jean Brown, Garry and others knew that the code name "Henderson" meant Jim Jones. Now they had proof that Jones was very ill and that he had taken steps, including the use of a code name,

> so that his followers would not be burdened with the news of his illness. In reality, he had planned the charade to give both of these impressions. He was satisfied with the effectiveness of his little scheme but angered by the inability of the doctor to diagnose terminal cancer correctly.[49]

Jones deliberately told Mark Lane that the specimen was falsely identified as his when it was really from Lisa Layton whom he claimed was dying of cancer. His true motives for this little charade are not important, but his confession to helping to falsify Lisa's medical records is important.

Other Temple members helped in the charade by informing Dr. Layton and others in California that Lisa suffered from terminal cancer. Annalisa helped by giving Congressman Ryan a letter he was to hand-deliver to Lisa, giving him the impression that the Laytons believed she was still living in Jonestown. When Ryan arrived, Lisa was not to be found. Eventually, Grace Stoen announced that Lisa had died on October 30, just eighteen days before the massacre. Presumably, she was buried in Jonestown. No attempt was made to identify or retrieve her body. No one had been informed of her death. Larry would later defend his participation in the assault team that killed Congressman Ryan as being a result of the drugs he was given to counteract the depression he felt ever since the death of his mother. Reportedly, Dr. Layton has never accepted that his ex-wife is dead, and rightfully so as she escaped.

As of this writing, Lisa Layton is alive. She may have escaped the carnage with Phil Blakey who departed Jonestown for Trinidad within a few days of her alleged death. Her present whereabouts are not known. She may be with Jim Jones who also escaped or perhaps with her father who, on last report, was still alive in Germany. If there is a retirement home for former Nazi spies, Lisa has certainly earned a place and a pension. The life of this matriarch of the Layton family is important as it bridges the gap between the Crystal Night and the White Night.

III FROM THE CRADLE TO THE COMPANY

Lynetta Putnam was born on April 16, 1902 in a small settlement on the Wabash River in Southwestern Indiana though this cannot be confirmed as all records of her birth have been lost. Little is known of Lynetta's early life. Reports are vague and sometimes contradictory but it is known that she was a breed apart from others of her generation. As her contemporaries enjoyed the frivolity of the Roaring Twenties, Lynetta pursued a college degree with a headstrong aggression that was her predominant trait. She attended Jonesboro Agricultural College in Arkansas, followed by two years at Lockyear Business college. Though she was better educated than most men of her time, Lynetta abandoned plans for a career in business for a short-lived stay in the field of anthropology. Not content to be an "armchair anthropologist" and determined to prove she was as capable as any male counterpart, she aspired to study primitive Black African tribes. She worked hard and her dream came true when, still in her mid-twenties, she traveled to a tiny African village. Had she pursued this career, Lynetta may have reached the

prominence of Margaret Mead or one of her other, more successful, colleagues; but Lynetta had yet another calling. As she lay sleeping in an African hut, a recurring dream beckoned her to return to the United States. In the dream, her deceased mother advised her to marry as she was destined to bear a son; a messiah who would right the wrongs of the world. Perhaps the dream was only a manifestation of some deep fear that she was growing too old to bear children but, regardless, Lynetta left Africa and returned to Indiana to marry a most unlikely mate, James Thurmond Jones, a semi-invalid, sixteen years her senior. He was forty-three, she was twenty-seven.

James T. Jones, a resident of the east Indiana hamlet of Crete, came from a family of Quakers. While serving in France during World War I, he was a casualty of chemical warfare. Mustard gas had scarred his lungs for life. He worked, when he was able, on farm, road and railroad crews but he spent most of his time alone in his house or at the local Veteran's Administration Hospital as even the slightest exertion would leave him breathless. By most accounts, he was an uneducated, ill-mannered, bad tempered loner and a known member of the Ku Klux Klan. His position in the KKK may have been of some significance as the organization's national headquarters was only seventy miles away in Indianapolis.

So the aggressive, well-educated anthropologist gave up her work in Africa to marry and help support a semi-invalid pensioner sixteen years her senior, whose only interest in society was his involvement in the racist Ku Klux Klan. It would appear that the marriage was a terrible mismatch. Actually, James and Lynetta shared only two things in common; their interest in the

Black race and their only son, born May 13, 1931, James Warren Jones. It would seem that the child's destiny was set at birth.

Crete, Indiana was no more than six dilapidated farmhouses surrounding a grain elevator owned by Lynetta's foster grandfather and surrogate father, Lewis Parker. The newlyweds farmed a small plot of land that was probably a gift from Parker whom Lynetta described as being "generous to a fault." Unfortunately, the produce they grew and James' disabled veteran's pension were not sufficient to support the family. It was the height of the Depression, Parker lost his extensive grain holdings and could no longer help support his granddaughter. Lynetta was forced to get a job but the nearest employment opportunities were five miles west in the small town of Lynn. James' father was also in Lynn as was the nearest school system; a consideration as "Little Jim" approached school age. James sold the land and the Joneses moved to Lynn, where the local townspeople met a not-so-typical family. No one in Lynn nor in the remaining residents of Crete would remember Lynetta's pregnancy or the event that was later described as the birth of the anti-Christ.

In Lynn, Big Jim spent most of his days in the pool hall or at home, listening to the Cincinnati Reds game on the radio or just sleeping. His nights were a mixture of KKK business and his duties as "Night Marshall"; a title that, along with a gun, had been bestowed upon him by the town fathers. Almost everyone avoided Big Jim. Lynetta was never accepted by the local women. She was the bread-winner in her family, not the bread-baker. She was too aggressive, too rough, nearly masculine in her dress and manner. She

enjoyed taunting the neighbor wives by rolling her own cigarettes and defiantly puffing as she passed the appalled spectators. Above all, she was known for her foul disposition and abusive language. Lynetta could swear better than any man in town. Little Jim was different too. His head of thick blue-black hair stood out in a community populated by blond Germans, most of whom worked in the town's predominant industry: casketmaking. There was talk that Lynetta was part American Indian or that the child's true father was a Black man. One surviving account contends that Lynetta was married, not at age twenty-seven, but age twenty nine. She turned twenty-nine one month before delivering Little Jim. Though just small town gossip, the accusations might have been serious in Lynn where it was the unwritten law that Blacks, Indians and Catholics were not welcomed. To this day, that part of the country is still extremely racist. A common sight along the highway are billboards proclaiming the righteousness of the Ku Klux Klan and the popular slogan, "Nigger don't let the sun set on you here." When the sun did set, it was the night marshall's job to enforce the unwritten law. Big Jim did his duty and Little Jim was twelve years old before he even saw a Black person.

Little Jim completed his first eleven years of education at the Washington Township School where his teachers remember him as a bright but devilish organizer with a foul mouth, no doubt inherited from his mother. Lynetta's example was not all bad. She had taught little Jim not only <u>how</u> to read but <u>to</u> read. By the third grade he was signing out books from the library that were intended for high school students. He was rarely seen without a book in his hand and it

was not just for show. Even in grammar school, it was said that he was more knowledgeable than some of his teachers. Medicine, psychology and Nazi Germany were his favorite subjects. Though his IQ score was well above average at 120, Jim's grades were not outstanding. School work bored him, while the world he discovered in books urged him on to bigger things. Even at this early age, he was more of an adult than a child.

Lynetta had worked in a variety of odd jobs before settling on a position in an auto/aircraft engine assembly plant twenty miles south in Richmond. Since she was gone for most of the day and Big Jim was absolutely no help, Little Jim was sent to a neighbor woman who babysat the child after school. It has been said that Jim was raised as a Methodist but neither Lynetta nor Big Jim attended any church. It was the neighbor woman, Mrs. Myrtle Kennedy, who instilled a fiery religious belief in the boy or at least that is what Jim would later say about his "second mother." Actually, Jim was never intrigued by Mrs. Kennedy's Bible stories as much as he was intrigued with the power religion exerted over her. He wondered why she donated her time to teach Bible classes at the Methodist Church or why her husband gave up his weekends to help maintain the church property. Jim learned his lessons, but he learned more about people than he did about the Bible. During this period he began to indiscriminately tour the local churches. He could be seen with the Methodists or the Quakers or the Nazarenes, or the Disciples of Christ or the Pentecostalists. The wife of the local Pentecostal minister befriended Little Jim and he was often seen at her home, reading the Bible and practicing what she saw

as his tremendous talent as a preacher. Jim's childhood was spent studying religion from every possible angle.

Little Jim conducted his first "pretend church" in the loft of a carriage house in his back yard. He would gather together the neighborhood children and officiate at services that were a combination science fair and revival. Jim sat, like a judge, in the only chair while the others gathered round the table to examine a slide in his microscope or the chicken to which he had tried to graft a duck's leg. Sometimes he preached from the Bible, sometimes he helped them with their homework or conducted funerals for their deceased pets, some of which he had killed just to create the services in which he would be in charge. A neighbor, at the time, later recalled Little Jim's "pretend church,"

> He would preach a good sermon. I remember working about two hundred feet from the Jones place. He would have about ten youngsters in there, and he would put them through their paces... line them up and make them march. He'd hit them with a stick and they'd scream and cry. I used to say, 'What's wrong with those other kids, putting up with it?' But they'd come back to play with him the next day. He had some kind of magnetism. I told my wife, 'You know he's either going

to do a lot of good or he's going
to end up like Hitler.'[50]

Hitler could hardly have escaped the attention of the German population of Lynn in the late thirties nor could he be a stranger to the impressionable young boy who studied Nazi Germany before the war. Little Jim often mimicked Hitler, slicking his hair to one side and awaiting the "Heil, Hitler" password that would admit a playmate into the loft. Other times, he wore a white, hooded robe, like his father's KKK outfit but, unlike his father, Little Jim would parade in his costume during the light of day. There has never been any evidence to suggest a local Nazi Party influence on either Big or Little Jim, but there is no doubt that Little Jim embraced the Nazi philosophy, at least from a distance. It was more than just play. He studied and understood the Nazis. Understanding world politics, even having an interest in the subject is extremely rare for a little boy and though he was an adult in many ways, Little Jim was only just a boy.

The Joneses never had much money. There was only Big Jim's pension and Lynetta's pay from the factory that had since shifted operations to fill defense contracts during World War II. Between the two incomes they were able to raise Little Jim whose childhood was at least indirectly financed by the War Department. Big Jim's brother, Bill, tried to help. He lived with the Joneses until he reportedly fell to his death from the G Street Bridge in Richmond. Years later, Lynetta would claim that Uncle Bill had been murdered.

Soon after the war, toward the end of Jim's Junior year in high school, Lynetta and Big Jim

separated. They never had much of a marriage. They had always slept in separate beds, some said due to Big Jim's coughing spells but moreover theirs was but a marriage of convenience held together and perhaps even prompted by the sake of the child Jim. Now that he was close to finishing school and capable of earning a living, there was no further need for the charade. Big Jim moved into a room at the Waldon Hotel in Lynn where he died three years later. Lynetta and son moved to Richmond where Jim enrolled as a senior at Richmond High School and accepted a full time position as an orderly at Reid Memorial Mental Hospital. After a year as both a full time student and orderly, Jim graduated in mid-semester and the announcement in the Richmond High Year Book attests to his interest in medicine, "Jim's six syllable medical vocabulary astounds us all." While working at Reid Memorial, Jim met Marceline Baldwin, a nurse four years older than he, who had graduated from a federally-funded program to work at the hospital. Marceline and her roommate, Evelyn Eadler, were often seen in the company of young Jones in Richmond's coffee shops and movie theaters. On June 12, 1949, soon after his graduation, Jim and Marceline were married in a double ceremony with Marceline's sister and her groom. Evelyn Eadler was the maid of honor. The brides' father, Walter Baldwin, was a respected Republican city council member and the wedding, held at the Methodist church where he was known as an elder, was attended by the mayor and the city fathers of Richmond. Immediately following the ceremony, without so much as a honeymoon evening, the newlyweds moved to Bloomington where Jim had enrolled in Indiana University as a business major. He had been rooming with a student who later remembered him as

"maladjusted;" an embarrassment who was generally ignored by the other students. Jim continued his studies while Marceline supported the couple, working nights in surgery in the hospital across the street from their one room apartment. She spent her days taking care of their home and studying for her credentials in nursing education. After completing three semesters on the Bloomington campus, Jones decided to change his major to the social services and move to Indianapolis to pursue a law degree. This was a critical point in Jim's (or any other young man's) life when thoughts of the future encouraged him to set a course. Instead of concentrating on one of his interests, Jim decided to pursue them all in a unique career. He would combine his interest in science, medicine, religion, business, social services and law to become a faith healing preacher. There were many such evangelists but none who were as intelligent, talented or knowledgeable as Jim Jones. It will never be known whether the sum total of his interests and experience dictated his career choice or the career choice had guided him through the various experiences on the way to a pre-determined goal. It suffices to say he was perfect for the job. Jones saw more than just the Cadillacs, flashy clothes, power, money, religious groupies and the other benefits of the occupation. With his background in science and medicine, he knew what the experts have since discovered; the power of the spirit to heal the body. Jones was well ahead of the times as this holistic approach to medicine would not be accepted until years later through the combined efforts of scientists and evangelists, such as President Carter's sister, Ruth Carter Stapleton. Most of Jones's faith healings were faked stage shows but

that should not discount his desire and ability to study the subject from a scientific point of view.

Ronnie Baldwin, Marceline's ten-year-old cousin, came to live with the Joneses in their small apartment behind the Shriner's Temple in Indianapolis. Ronnie had been remanded to a foster care home after the untimely death of his father. His mother, it was said, was "incapable" of caring for the boy. Ronnie would remain with the Joneses for about a year during which time Jim used the boy to create the image that he was a family man which helped to dispel some of the suspicion associated with being the only White face in a Black crowd. Since Marceline supported the family, Jim was free to attend classes, lectures and church services. He attended Black church services with young Ronnie who, after a year of being dragged from one Black church to another was only too glad to move back with his mother. Jones studied the various techniques of Black ministers and preachers while attending Butler University part time. It would take him ten years to earn a bachelor's degree in education.

Jones helped supplement Marceline's income by working part time as a night watchman. Like his father he carried a revolver and like his father he carried it to enforce law and order which, considering the place and time, carried with it an extreme prejudice against communists and Blacks. On one occasion, he and Ronnie, hand-in-hand, attended a lecture on communism that he promptly left after being told the meeting was under surveillance by the FBI. It was the McCarthy Era and there were many such communist witchhunts, especially in right-wing, KKK country like Indianapolis. Considering his later work, the incident raises a question as to whether Jones was afraid of being spied

on or afraid of being exposed as a spy. The incident, which occurred in 1952, may well be the first recorded report of Jim Jones' work for government intelligence.

In June of 1952, Jones officially entered the ministry when he accepted a position as student pastor at Somerset Methodist Church in a poor, White neighborhood of Indianapolis. He studied for the Methodist ministry and preached a doctrine of racial equality that alienated the exclusively White congregation but attracted new Black parishioners to the services. He had met many Black church-goers while touring the Negro houses of worship with young Ronnie. He invited all to come and hear him preach at Somerset. Many did and the conservative church elders asked Jones to resign. He did.

Meanwhile, Jones had been establishing a name for himself at church conventions in Columbus and Detroit. Even under the scrutiny of fellow preachers, he stole the show. He was a spell-binding orator with a particular talent to "discern"; a popular revivalist's trick. Jones would call out the names of various people in the audience and discern some secret about them. He would reveal their phone number or some physical complaint or past illness. The subject would step forward and the young preacher would pray for them and, with a slap on the forehead, they would "fall out"; a phenomenon that is a combination of emotional overload and a severe blow to the head. Some would rise immediately, brush themselves off, and return to their pew, while others would lie on the floor for hours, quietly or in convulsions.

Following the theatrics, the collection plate would be passed through the faithful. All the ministry know that discerning is a hoax but they admired Jones'

skill, his style of showmanship and extraordinary memory to say nothing of the professional detective work it required to gain the discerned information without the subject's knowledge. Jones was great. He could repeat social security, insurance policy, and driver's license numbers for dozens of people, all from memory. Never once in his career did he speak from notes. Perhaps his success was due in part to his access to government files.

While researching the discerned information, occasionally, Jones would discover that the subject had recently complained of some ailment. A prime example was the elderly, somewhat feeble, Black woman who had complained to a doctor about a sore throat. The information may have come from the doctor's office or the pharmacy or from Marceline at the local hospital but, in any event, Jones would call out her name during the services and discern something that impressed the congregation. He would then claim that through the divine intervention of the Holy Spirit he had a revelation that she had cancer of the throat. Religious fanaticism aside, the subject would tend to believe him, especially in the wake of her recent complaint and his uncanny knowledge of information contained in the most personal files. She would come forward and Jones or Marceline or some other Caucasian aide would force their fingers down the subject's throat until she choked and gagged. Through slight of hand they would emerge from the clutch with the "cancer"; a spoiled chicken liver dripping with blood from a concealed capsule. It was all very authentic, even the blood was real, having been drawn from Jones or an aide prior to the show. Cancer passings were common practice. In addition to throat cancer, there

was a rectal passing as well but, like the violence in a Greek play, it was performed off stage and left to the audience's imagination.

Jones worked his Black congregation into such a fury that each healing was an outburst of emotion that electrified the air. Of course the collection plate was circulated immediately. The money was counted in a back room while things calmed down on stage. An aide would whisper the total to Jones in the pulpit who would select another subject, pass another cancer and pass another collection plate. The series would continue, sometimes for several hours, until the total donations equalled the estimated total contents of their pockets.

Many of the faith healings were performed on and by the preacher's assistants in disguise, especially when Jones took his show on the road to Ohio where the locals were less likely to recognize the accomplice. The most convincing healings were those in which the subject was an innocent believer. Their spontaneous emotion was far more effective than anything that could be staged.

After being forced out of Somerset Methodist in 1954, Jones rented an abandoned church building in a poor neighborhood of Indianapolis. He dubbed his first business the "Community Unity" and, as the name implies, it was more of a social services office than a church. He had conducted services in the loft as a child and in borrowed churches, on street corners and in backyards since, but now he had a pulpit of his own. The Community Unity defies description. Even though some worshipped there on Sunday, it was not a church, it was not recognized by any denomination nor was Jones

an ordained minister; he would not be for another eight years. The Community Unity defies description.

No one would argue with the fact that Jones was a brilliant religious showman, whose talent in the pulpit could have been successful with any demographic, but Jones never tried to recruit wealthy Caucasians; he wanted an exclusively Black congregation. By almost all accounts, his congregation was both Black and White (and later Native American) but this multi-racial image is simply not true. His organization resembled the caste system of ancient Egypt. The capstone at the peak of the pyramid was the pharaoh, everything and everyone else existed to support him. The next lower level consisted of a group of priests, physicians and merchants who carried out the pharaoh's will and knew some of the state secrets. Below them was a larger group of slaves who comprised the broad foundation for this social structure modeled after the design of the pyramids. Jones, of course, was the pharaoh. Below him was a group of several dozen trusted aides; the middle management, the spies who collected the "discerned" information and the medical technicians who drew the blood and prepared the rancid chicken livers for the phony faith healings. They were all Caucasian. Below them was the largest group; the congregation, and they were all Black. Jones did use his White lieutenants to his advantage but the primary purpose of his work was to extort money from the Blacks. Everyone admired him; the Blacks for his self-proclaimed divinity and the Whites for his ability to convince the Blacks of his divinity and fleece their pockets at the same time. Everyone admired him and many of these early recruits would follow him across two continents to their bitter end.

One such early recruit was the Caucasian assistant pastor Jack Beam, an employee of a local pharmaceutical company. Beam was a tough, abrasive personality. He was Jones' second-in-command, body-guard, strongarm man and assistant in the faith healings. In the technique of interrogation known as "good cop -- bad cop," Beam was the bad cop; the threat of violence if the manipulated subject did not comply with the wishes of the good cop Jim Jones. Beam provided Jones with the ability to intimidate any Black parishioner who stepped out of line or strayed from the flock without tarnishing his own benevolent image. Virginia Morningstar later summarized the Blacks' generally accepted impressions of Beam, "I always felt as if he (Beam) was a hit man...I never felt he was legitimate."[51]

Most of the early followers were recruited from other churches. Jones would target a desirable congregation and arrange to bring a contingent of his followers to their services. As was the custom, Jones would give a guest sermon and the hosting minister would reciprocate the following Sunday when he would escort some of his congregation to services at the Community Unity. Many visiting parishioners left their previous church to return to the Community Unity which attests to Jones' superior talents. Many others were drawn to Jones through his weekly broadcasts on radio WPFB in Middletown, Ohio. During this period, he often looked east to Ohio for new followers. Perhaps it was the larger Black population or the predominant German population or the federal jurisdiction over his interstate business that made Ohio attractive, but regardless, it shows how Jones was reaching out for a select congregation rather than broadening his ministry

in order to attract more local Indianapolis residents. In 1954 and 55, Jones toured the small towns between Cincinnati and Columbus with a traveling revival show held in local Pentecostal churches or under the circusy atmosphere of a rented tent. He recruited a strong following in Xenia, Dayton and Hamilton and many followed him back across the state line to Indianapolis.

Jones rarely, if ever, mentioned the word "God," except in later years when he cursed what he called the "Impotent Sky God." His sermons were more apt to quote the newspaper than the Bible. His was a ministry of current events; a down-to-earth religion; more concerned with pleasing the federal government's requirements to receive financial support than pleasing God for some after-life reward. The Community Unity, like his subsequent churches, was more political and social than religious. Even according to Jones' own account it was not a church but a "movement." Meanwhile, the Jones household grew as fast as the congregation. A middle-aged woman, named Esther Mueller, moved in to help Marceline with the housework. She would cook and clean and remain their personal maid until her death in Guyana. An eighteen-year-old blonde girl, described only as "Goldie" was another addition to the family. Her relationship with Jim and Marceline has never been established beyond one report that the couple was helping her to start a career in nursing. In 1954, the Joneses adopted a pretty nine-year-old girl named Agnes whose mother had unexplainably given up her daughter to the young preacher and his wife.

By 1956, Jones had amassed sufficient funds to purchase a modest church building on Fifteenth and North New Jersey Streets in an inner-city neighborhood

of Indianapolis. He named his new headquarters the "Wings of Deliverance." Of course, Sunday was his busy day. At 8 AM he would broadcast a short sermon on radio WOWO in Fort Wayne. The regular service at the Wings of Deliverance was at 10:45 AM. The miracle service, which included the faith healings, was scheduled for 2:30 PM. the evangelistic service was held at 7:45 PM, followed by an evening sermon broadcast on WIBC in Indianapolis. The different services allowed Jones to reach more people than his little church could hold while the individual theme of each performance enabled him to attract and please a variety of believers.

Shortly after the Wings of Deliverance opened its doors, Jones organized a huge, five day religious convention that was held in an Indianapolis hall in June of 1956. Headlining the bill was the popular Southern author and faith healing evangelist, the Reverend Bill Branham and, of course the aspiring young preacher Jim Jones who sacrificed top billing for the sizable crowds that Branham would attract. The event was widely publicized and drew some eleven thousand to the opening ceremonies. As usual, Jones stole the show and the new parishioners he recruited into his flock were exceeded only by the dollars he put into his pocket. It was at this convention in the summer of 1956 that the Wings Of Deliverance became the Peoples Temple Full Gospel Church and the odyssey began.

Jones preached an anti-communism doctrine that reflected the philosophy of the McCarthy Era in general, and the KKK and American Nazi Party in particular. Though, in retrospect, it might seem a bit absurd, Jones' stated campaign was to fight communism through communalism. He made reference to the communal

lifestyle of Christ's apostles and quoted such passages from the Bible as, "And they sold their possessions and goods and imparted them to every man as every man had need." He established Jim/Lu/Mar; an Indiana corporation for profit owned by Jim, his mother, and his wife. The corporation's charter states that its purpose was to receive donations of real estate. Like many others, Esther Mueller donated her home and possessions in exchange for Jones' promise to provide her needs for life. Esther alone, contributed $27,000; a considerable sum in 1950 dollars.

So much money flowed into the Peoples Temple that, within a year, Jones purchased a second, more impressive church building on Tenth and North Delaware Streets in a nicer neighborhood of Indianapolis. The massive front steps, the three-story facade, the stained glass window and uptown address was a quantum leap forward in the young preacher's career especially since he did it all on his own, without help from any established denomination. The new Peoples Temple seated 400 and the adjacent brick parsonage was large enough to one day house forty. Jones had purchased the property from Rabbi Maurice Davis for fifty thousand dollars. He took possession of the building with a small down payment and a promise to pay the balance, interest-free, in one year's time. He did so 364 days later. Jones would purchase two other church properties in his career. Both the Peoples Temple in San Francisco and Los Angeles were, like the first in Indianapolis, former Jewish synagogues. This defies all probable odds and leaves one to wonder what made former synagogues so attractive to Jones. Perhaps it was the church-like atmosphere but with geometric designs in the stained glass instead of portrayals of

Christian Saints. Jones liked the eternal flame that was left by the previous tenants. He kept it lit in place of the traditional Christian cross. The Peoples Temple was not a Christian religion. There is convincing evidence that it was not even a religion, but it is unclear why Jones was attracted to former Jewish temples; an interesting pattern for a closet racist whose favorite subject was Nazi Germany.

In mid 1958, Jones set out to help the federal government solve a very serious problem. During the Korean War, American servicemen had fathered many children who had been abandoned both by their fathers (who returned to the States) and their mothers, many of whom were prostitutes. The illegitimate children had been remanded to special orphanages in Seoul. The government of South Korea expressed its discontent to Washington over the burden of supporting their children and warned the U.S. that the racially-mixed orphans would never be accepted in Korean society as Korean racial prejudices are extreme by American standards. They would probably die from neglect in the orphanage unless the U.S. took them in. The scenario would be repeated twenty years later in the wake of the Vietnam War but this was the first time Washington had to deal with it and individual adoption seemed the only solution. From his pulpit at the Peoples Temple, Jones encouraged his congregation to adopt these war babies and, to set a good example, he and Marceline traveled to the West Coast in October of 1958, to adopt two orphans sent from Seoul to California. The newest additions to the Jones family were four-year-old Stephanie and two-year-old Chioke who they renamed Lew Eric. During this, their first trip to California, Marceline conceived their only child. In May of the

following year, Marceline was eight months pregnant and stayed behind as Jim, Stephanie, and a contingent of supporters traveled to Cincinnati for one of their exchange services. On the way back home, Jones rode in one car while young Stephanie rode in another car with Mable Stewart, the Temple's nursing home supervisor, and four of her workers. All six would die in a car crash of undetermined cause. Jones would lament over the deaths for years to come. He would recall a premonition he had received earlier that evening which prompted him to lead the Cincinnati congregation in a chorus of,

> On up the road
> Far in the distance
> I saw a light shining in the night...
> Then I knew...

Biographers would later claim that Jones sabotaged the car to silence Mable Stewart and her assistants who had been questioning the untimely deaths of several senior parishioners Jones had placed in their care. The death of young Stephanie exempted Jones from any suspicion and, if he did actually sabotage the car, that was probably the reason he wanted his daughter to ride with Mable Stewart. Jones, if only in later years, was capable of murder. Three weeks after the accident, on June 1, 1959, Marceline gave birth to Stephan Gandhi Jones, named for Stephanie and the East Indian leader. Within the year, the Joneses would adopt another child; a Black baby boy about Stephanie's age who they named James Warren Jones Jr. Later they adopted Suzanne, another Korean War

orphan and Tim Tupper, a blue-eyed, blond who completed what Jones proudly called his "Rainbow Family."

Once he had attracted a sizable Black congregation, Jones knew that he had to do something spectacular to keep them in the fold and that nothing could bind a group together like the threat of a common enemy. Since none existed, he created one. Temple members began receiving late night phone calls and anonymous letters that warned the parishioners that their affiliation with the racially-integrated Peoples Temple had put them at odds with the powerful Klu Klux Klan and the Nazi Party. Several Temple services were interrupted while Jones emptied the building after allegedly receiving a bomb threat. All the threats were staged to create the image that some unseen "bad people" were threatening such "good people," led by Jim Jones (who went so far as to paint swastikas and racial insults on the homes of his Black followers). The fake threats served to bind the Black congregation together under the leadership of their new hero but the overall effect was to disguise what was essentially a Caucasian experiment in the control of Blacks.

By 1960, the Temple's social programs exceeded those offered by the city of Indianapolis. Jones had opened a free soup kitchen that served one hundred meals a day to the city's destitute. He established a youth center to educate and entertain idle teenagers and several nursing care homes for the elderly; at least those who had a house to donate and a pension to support them. The social programs provided good publicity and implied the Temple's sense of social conscience and wholesome community spirit when in reality the programs were profit-making businesses. Jones allocated only $25 a week to the soup kitchen.

Temple volunteers gleaned over-ripened, stale and discarded food from local businesses, turning the losses of local grocers into tax-deductible, charitable contributions. All food stores, restaurants included, throw away everything from bones and meat scraps to dented cans and bruised produce. The Temple offered the businessman a grossly inflated tax deduction for what would have been his loss. A good example might be a grocer who was stuck with a hundred dollars worth of bananas that had spoiled. The Temple allowed him to turn a hundred dollar loss into a five hundred dollar tax deduction while they used the free bananas to make pudding for the soup kitchen and the nursing homes that received most of the donated food. Meanwhile, Jones used the inflated needs of the free soup kitchen to exact hundreds of dollars from anyone who pitied the poor. The youth center often provided able-bodied slave laborers, but the most profitable program was the nursing home business. Elderly victims, hand-picked by Jones, would donate their houses, savings and pensions to Jim/Lu/Mar in exchange for the companionship, security and attention they needed in their later years. The major advantage to Jones was that most of the money was paid in advance for the long-term services that never equalled the cost and continued only as long as the patient lived. Many residents of Temple nursing homes would die prematurely under suspicious circumstances. Twenty-four such seniors lived in Jones' home that had been partially converted into a care facility managed by Marceline's parents. Walter Baldwin had taken an early retirement from politics to live with his daughter and son-in-law and run their business as the Joneses were getting ready to leave Indianapolis. The Baldwins would be semi-

involved in the Peoples Temple for the next eighteen years until, on the final day, they departed Jonestown as Congressman Ryan arrived.

It is easy to view Jones as a showman, a trickster and a crook but, despite his often brutal extortion tactics, he was not interested in personal financial gain. He never spent the money on himself. He did buy a used black limousine but that was expected, especially at funeral services. His clothes were old, he had no expensive habits like drinking or smoking, he led an austere life and reinvested all the profits into the Temple and his growing household. Jones did not desire money; he wanted power. In the end, his personal reward was not money but a bountiful sex life.

News of Jones' alleged good work spread and, in 1960, the Peoples Temple was accepted into the Christian Church, Disciples of Christ denomination; a distinction they would enjoy until the end. The affiliation with the Disciples of Christ would provide some capital and the much needed security of a well-established tax-exempt status.

By all accounts, Jones was truly brilliant. He was extremely intelligent, well-read, and highly skilled in perception and deception. Everyone respected his abilities. To the Blacks he was a White messiah whose miracles were evidence of his alleged close relationship with God. He was equally admired by his Caucasian assistants, not for his demi-divinity, but for this talent to attract, organize, control and deceive Black people; a rare ability for a White man. Sometime prior to 1960, Jones' work caught the attention of the Central Intelligence Agency. Always on the lookout for talented people to recruit, the

federal agency recognized Jones' power over Blacks and offered to help in his career in exchange for his services rendered. He may not have had a choice but, in any event, Jim Jones joined the CIA.

IV THREE COUNTRIES, THREE COMMISSIONS

In his first few years with the CIA, Jim Jones played a role in at least three of the agency's international projects; the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, the racial revolution in British Guiana and the military coup d'etat in Brazil.

During World War II, Fidel Castro was working as an actor in Hollywood, rehearsing his future part in world politics. He had about two dozen supporters back in Cuba who were looking to the United States for aid and assistance in overthrowing the progressively oppressive government of Fulgencio Batista. Castro returned to Cuba with the money and training he needed. Batista fled or abdicated-there is little difference. Castro assumed power as Premier and soon returned to the U.S., not to Hollywood as an aspiring actor, but to Washington, D.C. as a head of state. Much to nearly everyone's surprise, he did not ask for any U.S. support. He could have received millions of dollars to use as he saw fit. It was there for the asking; but Castro had a much different relationship with the controlling powers in the U.S. government. He was about to embark on one of the major world plays of the century; a CIA plot to deceive the Russians.

Cuba's economy was based on tourism and sugar cane. Castro nationalized the resort hotels and casinos and opened the luxurious facilities to Cuba's common man. He seized all foreign business interests, most of which were owned by Americans with reputed connections to organized crime. He then signed a contract to supply sugar to the Soviet Union. By 1959, the CIA was spreading rumors that Castro was a Communist.

Thousands of Cubans opposed Castro's rule and many fled the country to reorganize in Nicaragua and Florida to plot his overthrow. The CIA immediately moved in to take control of the situation by offering "U.S. support" to their cause. The CIA established an anti-Castro radio station on Swan Island in the Western Caribbean. Few listeners paid any attention to the broadcasts until Castro identified the station as a CIA operation. Swan Island is little more than a pile of bird droppings and a few palm trees that survived a recent hurricane. The island is claimed by Honduras and an American, Sumner Smith, who leased the property to station manager Horton H. Heath. Radio Swan encouraged the Cuban rebels and directed them into the hands of CIA operatives like Bernard Barker and Howard Hunt who established a string of safe houses from Miami to Key West where expatriated Cubans were trained and armed for a planned invasion of their homeland.

Regardless of the CIA's true motives for their part in what would be the Bay of Pigs invasion, it was to their advantage to recruit as many of Castro's enemies as possible and therein lay a problem, as many had remained in Cuba. To complete the ranks of the invasion force it became necessary to send agents into Cuba to ferret out these people and convince them to

join forces with their fellow Cubans under the direction and protection of the CIA. Such an extremely sensitive mission required a very special agent. They needed a man with no prior history with the agency, one with not only a cover to explain his presence in Cuba but his recruitment of Cubans to return to the United States. Above all, he must be a master of persuasion. The chosen candidate for the task was Jim Jones.

In 1960, Jones, along with his wife Marceline, flew to Cuba for his first international assignment with the CIA. First he met and was photographed with Fidel Castro, after which Castro took the Joneses on a tour of the interior to inspect the wreckage of a downed U.S. plane that Castro claimed was sent by the CIA to fire bomb Cuba's sugar cane fields. After photographing the plane and the charred remains of the pilot, Jones returned to Havana to set up headquarters in a resort hotel. According to his cover, Jones was a missionary who wanted to recruit forty Cuban families to return to Indianapolis with him in exchange for money and support. One example of his success was a Black man who, after thirteen hours of briefing, agreed to leave his home and join the Peoples Temple in Indiana. He moved into the parsonage where he lived until just prior to the scheduled invasion when he "disappeared," presumably to join the Cuban force in Miami.

Immediately following his inauguration as President in January of 1961, John F. Kennedy was briefed by CIA Director Allen Dulles on the agency's plan to invade Cuba. Kennedy was not told everything, only what he needed to know to decide whether to authorize or cancel the project. Dulles explained that

this was a legacy from a previous administration that could not be disbanded without considerable embarrassment, even violence, as this group of Cubans was actually a well-trained and equipped foreign army on U.S. soil. President Kennedy reluctantly agreed to Dulles' invasion plans and was quoted as saying, "If we have to get rid of these men, it is much better to dump them in Cuba than in the United States, especially if that is where they want to go."

In April of 1961, a flotilla of 1,500 Cuban exiles set sail from Florida for the return to their homeland and the overthrow of Castro's government. Grossly misinformed by the CIA and spurred on by Radio Swan, the ragged fleet landed at the Bay of Pigs, directly into an ambush set by 100,000 Cuban troops. The invasion was doomed to fail from the start. It was a deliberate suicide mission.

The CIA, which is typically silent about their covert operations, was quick to admit their sponsorship of the anti-Castro Cubans and their obvious failure at the Bay of Pigs. The agency then proceeded to circulate absurd rumors concerning their aborted plans to assassinate Castro by such exotic means as poisoned cigars, exploding seashells and fountain pen/hypodermics loaded with lethal bacteria. They even let leak a plan to discredit Castro and break his charismatic hold on Cuba by dusting him with thallium salts to make his beard fall out. Seriously, if the CIA really wanted to kill Castro, they had ample opportunity to do so. A bullet would have sufficed. The wild stories they circulated were just that; wild stories, intended to create the public opinion that Castro was an enemy of the CIA.

Understanding the complexity of this and other

CIA operations is as simple as separating the reality from the rhetoric. Basically, what the agency does is what they want to do; what they say they do is exactly 180 degrees from the truth and any information they leak to the public is intended to disguise their true motives. Speaking as an independent researcher who has the greatest admiration for the accomplishments of the CIA, the national security of the United States has been entrusted to a very competent organization that never fails to achieve its goals and the Bay of Pigs invasion was no exception.

In the late 1950's the CIA recognized that the Soviets were seeking a military foothold in the Western hemisphere and rather than allow the inevitable to occur uncontested, they took control of the situation and offered the Russians Cuba on a silver platter. Russia is ninety miles from the northwest corner of the U.S. and could not resist the overtures of Castro, whose country is ninety miles from the southeast corner of the U.S. Cuba was the perfect site for the military base they planned. They did not realize that it was too perfect and fell into one of the greatest deceits of the twentieth century. The CIA had fooled the Russians into putting all their efforts into Cuba, therefore defusing and controlling the situation while gaining direct access to Russia's military technology. It was a brilliantly staged plan. The entire world (including the Russians, the Americans and even President Kennedy) truly believed that Castro was the enemy of the United States. Everyone was dealing in rumor and rhetoric, no one could see the reality. The CIA had put Castro into power and then, with the help of agents like Jim Jones, had rounded up all his enemies and sent them and their cause to the grave at

the Bay of Pigs. Fidel Castro owes his success to the CIA, which sheds a new light on President Kennedy's Cuban Missile Crisis and the reported Cuban connections to his assassination.

Jim Jones' position in the preparation for the Bay of Pigs invasion was middle management at best but nevertheless important as it establishes his early association with the CIA that would enable this self-proclaimed preacher from Indianapolis to be received as a visiting dignitary by foreign heads of state. It was also the basis upon which he would build a reputation as an authority on U.S./Cuban relations. He maintained communications with Castro and later revisited Cuba several times. He would advise future presidents on dealings with Cuba and establish a U.S./Cuban trading company and, on one occasion, be the primary suspect in a crime that created a major international incident between the two countries.

Jones returned to Indianapolis to what must have been a very crowded house. There was Jones, his wife, their eight children, the Baldwins, two dozen nursing home patients, various Cuban exiles and even his mother Lynetta -- at least forty people -- all under the same roof. Lynetta had since found employment more suited to her personality; she was a correctional officer at the Indiana Women's Prison where she guarded the predominantly Black inmates.

The CIA does not pay its operatives very much money but they do help to insure their financial security as a disgruntled agent in need of money is a prime target for hire by a foreign power. In Cuba, Jones had proved his worth; he was a member of the team and so entitled to certain benefits. Soon after he returned to Indianapolis from his Cuban trip, Jones was

appointed Director of the Indianapolis Human Rights Commission by Superior Court Judge Mercer Mance. The job opening was not advertised and Jones was the only applicant. Previously, the position had been filled by a volunteer who worked without pay but Judge Mance elected to elevate the part-time job to a $7,000 a year salaried position; a salary first given to Jim Jones. Aside from a few well-publicized token efforts to integrate restaurants and movie theaters in Indianapolis, Jones' performance as Director of the Human Rights Commission was mediocre, at best. He did little more than secure the job and prevent someone else from being effective.

By May of 1961, Jones had a large interracial family, his own church, a wide following, public recognition as a humanitarian and a private reputation as one of the few Caucasians able to rally the support of Blacks. He had all this as he turned thirty years old. The CIA was so pleased with the young preacher's test mission in Cuba that, immediately following the Bay of Pigs invasion, they assigned him a second and third task. He was allowed to complete college and received a bachelors degree in education from Butler University in June, after which he was to go to South America and aid in the overthrow of two governments. The assignment required that he first travel to Hawaii to meet with a group of U.S. mercenaries headquartered there. The trip to Hawaii would be mostly business; briefings primarily, but it was also a respite and somewhat of a reward in recognition of his service in Cuba before he would once again risk his life for the CIA. The South American assignments required that he be absent from Indianapolis for two years and, in order to gracefully exit from his position in the community,

Jones staged a media manipulation. He informed the Indianapolis News that he was once again under attack from an unseen enemy. Columnist William Wildhack reported on August 11, 1961,

> The Rev. James W. Jones expected some unpleasant experiences when he agreed to serve as director of the city's Human Rights Commission. He was not wrong. Nearly every mail brought letters reviling him. Then he was harassed by telephone both at the office and at home. . .He has become the victim of a letter-writing campaign. His name is forged to letters making insulting statements about minority groups. The letters are mailed to Negroes and others known to be interested in the problem of racial relations...He is bewildered, not knowing how to fight this form of vilification.

Bewildered he was not. He had written the letters himself and faked the phone calls. As usual, his plan was brilliant and timely. Before the ink of Wildhack's story had dried, Jones was lounging on the beach in Hawaii. He had left Indianapolis and the newspaper article to explain why. He had left his Peoples Temple and their community projects in the hands of his assistants. He had left his position as head of the Human Rights Commission, only to lose the post through

neglect. He had left everything he had worked so hard to achieve in order to pursue something he called, "The Big Time." In Hawaii he signed over Power of Attorney to his mother in anticipation of a possibly dangerous mission. Once rested and rehearsed, Jones, Marceline, their rainbow family, bodyguard Jack Beam and wife Rheaviana flew from Hawaii to Georgetown, British Guiana where they would contact other CIA operatives who were gathering for the planned revolt.

The "failure" of the CIA's Bay of Pigs invasion had deceived President Kennedy into thinking Cuba was hopelessly lost to the Communists. Believing there was nothing more he could do about Castro, Kennedy directed an intense effort to avert yet another Communist take-over in the Western Hemisphere. From CIA reports, he learned of the Communists' plans to control the neighboring South American countries of British Guiana and Brazil. Of the two, it would first appear that Brazil should warrant most of Kennedy's attention due to its larger size and importance to the United States, but such was not the case. Intelligence reports did indicate that Brazil's president, Joao Goulart, was demanding constitutional changes that would transform his country into a Communistic state but the CIA believed there was an equally strong right wing faction in the Brazilian military to counter Goulart's efforts. So precariously were the Brazilian political scales balanced between the leftist government and the rightist military that the CIA could affect a military coup with only a slight push. Protecting Brazil from a Communist take-over would be relatively easy; it was British Guiana that presented the real problem as there was no right wing faction to counterbalance the Communist government of Cheddi Jagan's People's

Progressive Party that had assumed power in September of 1961. British Guiana was so important to Kennedy that he personally manned the British Guiana desk at the U.S. State Department. According to syndicated columnist Drew Pearson, who would later record Kennedy's activities in his column dated March 17, 1964:

> The United States permitted Cuba to go communist purely through default and diplomatic bungling. The problem now is to look ahead and make sure we don't make the same mistake again...In British Guiana, President Kennedy did look ahead.

In October of 1961, one month after he was elected Prime Minister, Jagan and his American wife Janet were invited to Washington where they met with Kennedy and various representatives of the British government. Since Guiana was a British colony at the time, all CIA activities had to first be cleared with British Intelligence. Following their meeting, Kennedy and England's Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, along with the intelligence organizations of both countries, agreed that they could not work with Jagan and immediately set out to support his only political opponent, the right wing racist, Forbes Burnham.

While Cheddi Jagan was meeting in Washington, Jim Jones arrived in British Guiana with the task of overthrowing his government. He wasted no time. On October 21, 1961, the Guiana Graphic published a photo of Jones and his family over the headline: "Church

Blamed in Reds Rise." In the article that followed, Jones blamed the affluent Guianese clergy for bleeding the wealth from the people which made communism appear attractive to them. The article served to help attract the anti-communist faction to a new hero, Jim Jones, whose assignment was to organize and aid their cause. Jones proceeded to recruit and train a group of Black Guianese rowdies who were to incite race riots and labor strikes intended to cripple Jagan's government. With his rainbow family and doctrine of racial integration, Jones had the perfect disguise for his work as an instigator of race riots. His Peoples Temple provided the necessary missionary cover as well as an excellent conduit to filter money from the U.S. to the Guianese rebels. Anonymous donations, given to his Indianapolis church, were forwarded to Jones, who distributed the money as he saw fit to finance the planned civil disturbances. He had told his Indianapolis congregation that his purpose in South America was to feed the poor. He did open his home to feed and house a number of Guianese but most of the recipients were the dissidents he had been instructed to organize.

Jones' immediate supervisor in the coup was Richard Welch, the CIA station chief in Georgetown. Jones reported to Welch, who in turn reported directly to President Kennedy. It was Welch who introduced Jones to the CIA's candidate, Forbes Burnham, immediately upon his arrival in Georgetown.

In February of 1962, Jones' rebels began their reign of terror by inciting race riots and labor strikes. Prime Minister Jagan was forced to declare a state of emergency and call in British troops to quell the disturbances. It was the beginning of the end of

Jagan's administration. The February riots also marked the successful completion of Jones' work in British Guiana.

In May of 1962, Kennedy invited Burnham to Washington to meet with U.S. and British representatives to finalize their plans for him to assume power in Guiana. Arthur Schlesinger wrote in a letter to Kennedy, "An independent British Guiana under Burnham (if Burnham will commit himself to a multiracial policy) would cause us many fewer problems than an independent British Guiana under Jagan." In the summer of 1963, Kennedy met with British Prime Minister Macmillan to schedule Jagan's final demise. Under the pretext of continued riots, strikes and other civil disturbances, Macmillan suspended Guiana's constitution in October. Jagan's government fell; making way for Burnham who, within a year, rose to power with a coalition government. In 1966, Burnham declared his country's independence from England and British Guiana became Guyana. Burnham never forgot the debt he owed to Jim Jones and soon after Guyana's independence day, he traveled to Ukiah, California to visit the preacher who had helped destroy his political opposition.

The Sunday Times (London) reported on April 16, 1967, that the CIA's activities in Guiana were undertaken with the full knowledge and cooperation of Prime Minister Macmillan and British Intelligence. The article contained the following synopsis,

> As coups go, it was not expensive: over five years, the CIA paid out over £ 250,000. For the colony, British Guiana, the result was about 170 dead, untold

> hundreds wounded, roughly Ł 10 million worth of damage to the economy and a legacy of racial bitterness.

Though the CIA's involvement in British Guiana is common knowledge, due in part to the more relaxed security of their English partners, Jim Jones' work for the agency is not, only three people knew: Burnham, Kennedy and Welch. Burnham owes more than just his political success to Jim Jones and the CIA as they guided him from total obscurity to a position as one of the ten richest Black men in the world. Burnham would never disclose the secret. It died with him in 1985 when he succumbed to undisclosed complications during throat surgery. President Kennedy's secret was assassinated with him, leaving Richard Welch as the only government official who might detail Jones' work for the agency in British Guiana. Welch was later transferred to the post of CIA station chief in Athens, Greece where, far away from any Guianese implications, in late December 1975, as Jones once again rose to prominence in Guyana, he too, was assassinated. Though the murder remains unsolved, a terrorist group called the November 17 Movement claimed responsibility.

The only other person who may have known of Jone's CIA work in South America was his old friend and agency operative Dan Mitrione. Born in Italy, Mitrione immigrated to the United States and joined the Richmond, Indiana police force in 1945. He first met Jim Jones in 1947 or 48. A cop on the beat (in what was then a small town of about 30,000) could not have overlooked the antics of a street corner preacher. In 1955, Mitrione became Richmond's police chief. In

1957, he joined the FBI and in 1960 he joined the CIA who sent him to Brazil under the State Department's International Cooperation Administration; the forerunner of the Agency for International Development (AID). Mitrione's job in Brazil was to train the military regime's police force in counterinsurgency tactics, interrogation and torture under the cover of a "Public Safety Adviser." He worked basically with the same faction as did Jones in organizing a vigilante police Death Squad which killed hundreds of "undesirables" without arrest or trial. In 1969, after seven years in Brazil and two in Washington, D.C., Mitrione was sent to Uruguay to help that country's oppressive, corrupt regime eliminate a group of middle-class professionals known as the Tupamaros. The Tumpamaros' only crime was to steal incriminating documents from government offices and send this proof of government corruption to the courts. Under Mitrione's direction, Uruguayan police imprisoned, tortured and killed hundreds of suspected members of Tupamaros to protect the interests of the Uruguayan, and presumably, the United States governments. When Mitrione stepped up the violence so did the Tupamaros and on July 31, 1970, they kidnapped him and held him as ransom for the release of 150 of their group held in Uruguayan prisons. The government refused and sometime in early August, Mitrione was killed. Uruguay then suspended the human rights clause in its constitution and Mitrione's Death Squad (with additional help from the CIA) exterminated the popular Tupamaros movement. Back in the United States, the White House eulogized the fallen agent as a "defenseless human being" and singer Frank Sinatra hosted a fund-raising benefit for his family. Dan Mitrione probably knew of Jones' work

in Brazil, he may even have been the one who recruited Jones into the CIA, but like the other witnesses, he was killed prior to the establishment of Jonestown.

Jones left Guiana for Brazil in February 1962 after reading a magazine article that would have a curious and profound effect on the rest of his life. The article, entitled "Nine Places to Hide," appeared in the January 1962 issue of Esquire, a conservative men's magazine published for distribution in the United States, England, and apparently Guyana. Esquire's managing editor, Harold Hayes, capitalizing on the then current bombshelter mentality, elected to include this guide to the nine places on earth most likely to survive a nuclear world war. Using a complex formula that took into account proximity to military and civilian targets, prevailing weather patterns, availability of radiation-free food and potential for post-war economic recovery, the article identified the following safe places: Belo Horizonte, Brazil; Eureka, California; Guadalajara, Mexico; Christchurch, New Zealand; the central valley of Chile; Mendoza, Argentina; Cork, Ireland; Melbourne, Australia and Tananarive, Madagascar. According to the article, many people had already relocated to these safe places in anticipation of World War III. The recent industrial development of Cork, Ireland was attributed to prosperous German businesses that had established branch operations in Cork "as insurance of company survival in the event of nuclear war." Jones reacted to the Esquire article as if it were a coded order from President Kennedy whose portrait graced the magazine's cover and there is some indication that that is exactly what it was. One clue was that the article closed by mentioning John Foster Dulles whose brother, Allen

Dulles, was then Director of the CIA. Esquire magazine had a reputation as a mouthpiece for U.S. government propaganda ever since World War II and it is entirely possible that they were printing coded communications for intelligence operatives in the field, who would only need to understand the cipher and subscribe to Esquire to receive their orders. In any event, Jones immediately moved his family to Belo Horizonte, Brazil, to begin the second half of his South American mission.

The rainbow family checked into a hotel room in the heart of Belo Horizonte where Jones was contacted by an American missionary, Ed Malmin. The Reverend Malmin and his family had been working in Brazil's western frontier for four years and had only recently moved to Belo Horizonte, perhaps in response to the Esquire article. Malmin welcomed his colleague to Brazil and helped him get settled into an upper class three bedroom house that Jones had rented in a suburban community called San Antonio. Jones' assignment in Brazil was to funnel money and advice to the dissident right-wing faction of the Brazilian military and to assure them that, after their planned coup d'etat, the United States government would recognize and aid their new regime. Unlike the English speaking Guianese, Brazilians speak Portuguese which presented an obstacle as Jones spoke only English. Malmin offered the services of his daughter, Bonnie, who had been working as a secretary/interpreter for another American missionary. Bonnie moved in with the Joneses. She would live in their house for about six months.

Bonnie Malmin was a beautiful, sixteen-year-old, buxom blonde, who later reported, "...my secret idol had always been movie star Brigitte Bardot; I had done my best to copy her saucy image...always thinking

about my appearance and trying to be sexy."[52] Bonnie's Aryan features set her apart from the dark-skinned Brazilian population, making her an object of desire to the military officers that she and Jones met with regularly. Jones was concerned that Bonnie might get pregnant. She assured him she would not but, "Nevertheless, Jim provided me with a male contraceptive to carry in my purse just in case. 'I believe you,' he said, 'but please promise me that you'll carry this in your purse wherever you go.'"[53]

To his congregation back in Indianapolis, Jones was a missionary trying to establish an orphanage in South America but he had no such religious cover in Brazil. According to Bonnie, religion was not even a subject in the Jones household. They had no Bible or other religious publications; they said no prayers -- not even grace before meals. Jones <u>did</u> place a classified ad in a local journal inviting people to come to his home for "spiritual guidance" but that was as close as he came to the traditional role of a missionary. According to neighbors, the Jones home was a beehive of activity both day and night. As in Guiana, most of the recipients of Jones' hospitality were the locals he was organizing to overthrow the government. He had taken a job as an investment salesman to help explain his financial dealings with the Brazilians. Each morning he would leave his house dressed in a suit; briefcase in hand. He returned in the late evening and never discussed his day's business. He was often seen in the company of a Brazilian woman who neighbors suspected was his housekeeper though his housekeeper was a much younger, local girl. He once visited the office of his employer, who later described his briefcase as being

full of money -- it probably was. According to Bonnie Malmin,

> From time to time Jim met with government officials, learning as much as he could about the country and its systems, trying to determine whether this would be a safe haven from the imminent nuclear horror. He spent his days reading and thinking, often sitting crosslegged on the bare floor of the living room pouring over the newspaper and calling to me to translate: "Bonnie -- tell me what this says. What does this headline say? Read this article to me."
>
> He was most attentive, of course, to anything about military hardware.[54]

It would appear that all was going well with Jones and his Brazilian operation, but such was not the case. Perhaps the operation was too complex for him to control or maybe it was because the Brazilian city-dwellers were far more sophisticated than the Guianese natives he had last worked with, but in any event, Jones made an awful mistake and was exposed in print as a CIA operative. A local newspaper reporter accused him of filtering money to military officers to finance a coup. In a published article, Jones refuted the charges by telling the reporter that his money came

from his pension as a retired U.S. military officer. In one breath he attempted to explain the source of his income and the reason he preferred to associate with the Brazilian armed forces. Jones had never served in the armed forces and his lie backfired. The newspaper printed that, despite the claims of the "flamboyant American," -- "We all know he's CIA."

Panic struck the Jones household. Bonnie Malmin reportedly attempted suicide but was rescued by her bodyguard. Plans were made to hide her at the ranch of a wealthy Brazilian banker until the danger had passed but, in the end, no place in Brazil was safe for Bonnie and she was shipped off to the United States where she enrolled in the Bethany Fellowship Missionary Training Center in Minneapolis. By her account, she would not see Jim Jones for another eight years.

Meanwhile, the Jones family fled the scandal and moved into a seventh floor apartment on the prestigious Copacabana Beach in Rio de Janeiro where Jones had accepted his first teaching position at the University of Sao Fernando. With his political activities greatly curtailed, he would sit out the balance of the Brazilian operation in relative seclusion, teaching and studying at the university.

The Jones family would reside on the Copacabana for about fourteen months which in itself contradicts Bonnie Malmin's contention that they lived a meager, rather Spartan life style in Brazil. Jones had sufficient resources to support himself, his family, various aides and servants and even some locals. Poor missionaries do not carry briefcases full of money nor do they take extended vacations on the expensive Copacabana Beach. To add to the paradox, Jones would appear to possess more personal wealth <u>after</u> his stay

in Brazil than he had prior to leaving on the South American trip. One account claims that he would return to the United States with over one hundred thousand dollars in cash; the money he needed to start his California church. If anything suffered financially, it was his Indianapolis Temple. In his absence membership dropped from over two thousand to only seventy-five and the church was reduced to near financial ruin. Despite the troubles back home, Jones was not about to leave Brazil. His assignment was not yet completed and besides, he was enjoying a well-deserved vacation. As an alternative to the dilemma of his need to be in two places at once, he sent Bonnie's father to Indianapolis after Rev. Malmin agreed to take over the Peoples Temple and repair some of the damage of neglect. In Indianapolis, Malmin arranged for a windfall of contributions from the Disciples of Christ to sustain his new pastorate until Jones returned. Also at about this time, Jones sent his bodyguard, Jack Beam, back to the States. Beam was ordered, not to Indiana, but to California where he would meet with the displaced Temple assistant pastor, Ross Case, to locate a site for the new Temple headquarters within the "safe zone" of Eureka.

While living in Brazil, Jones received his life assignment with the CIA's multi-million dollar MK ULTRA program. The MK ULTRA program was a series of studies in mind control (behavior modification) and obscure techniques of assassination that the agency had begun in the late 1940's from knowledge they had received from their Nazi German scientists. There were approximately 150 different MK ULTRA experiments being conducted in secret laboratories scattered throughout the world. Among the subjects studied were hypnosis,

sensory and sleep deprivation, electroshock, ESP, lobotomy, subliminal projection, sleep teaching, and methods to artificially induce cancer and heart failure. Every conceivable mind-altering drug was investigated and some new ones were developed. It was an MK ULTRA lab in Switzerland that first synthesized Lysergic Acid Diethylamid (the mind opening drug LSD) in their quest for better ways to extort information from captured foreign agents. The CIA left no stone unturned in their search for knowledge on how to control human behavior. They even conducted studies in psychic phenomenon, parapsychology, and occult sciences like witchcraft and other Black Arts.

By the time Jim Jones was brought into the program, MK ULTRA was fifteen years old and many of the laboratories had since filed their final reports with the agency before disbanding. The experiments, conducted in university research departments, mental hospitals, and prison medical clinics, represented the most authoritative source of information on their assigned subjects within the limits of a laboratory environment. The agency had compiled a library containing data that needed to be collated into a comprehensive science of behavior modification. The task was assigned to Jim Jones, who would require another fifteen years to complete his findings in a major field test known as Jonestown.

While in Rio, Jones was briefed on MK ULTRA and took advantage of the locale to study voodoo and the African religion, Macumba, as well as the faith-healing preacher, David Martins de Miranda, who exhibited extraordinary control over his followers who referred to their leader as "The Envoy of the Messiah." This modern-day John the Baptist imparted much of his

knowledge to the aspiring Jim Jones.

In October of 1963, Britain suspended the constitution of Guiana and the leftist government toppled.

In November of 1963, President Kennedy was assassinated, reputedly by Lee Harvey Oswald.

In December of 1963, the first of several military coups destroyed any hold the Communists might have had on the Brazilian government. Jones' work in South America was completed and he returned to Indianapolis.

Jones would later confide to one of his Temple aides that, while he was in Brazil, he killed a man by smothering him with a pillow as he slept. Though this particular murder can not be confirmed, what can be confirmed is that in his life, Jones was capable of murder. In the last days of Jonestown, he attempted to disguise his work in Brazil by dictating the following account to his chronicler,

> You know, I didn't just hand out food in Brazil, I'd given assistance to various people, underground people, given them tangible help so they could defend themselves, defend their lives, and I preached communism openly. Questions were asked at the places I visited, and AID officials questioned one Brazilian family extensively about my activities. AID must've played a significant role in CIA activities. I got out of there just in

> time. I remember leaving the airport wondering whether I wouldn't get in trouble for what I was doing revolutionary-wise there when I got back to the United States.

The account conveniently survived the carnage in Jonestown to stand as the autobiography of Jones' Brazilian trip. Unable to deny his involvement in the political struggle in Brazil, Jones elected to use one of CIA's standard covers and admit to his involvement but, at the same time, imply that he was working for the Communists who opposed the CIA. Jones was well aware that the best way to disguise a lie is to include it within an extraordinary revelation of the truth. He would use the technique many times in his public career.

Though there is no documented evidence that Jim Jones ever met Lee Harvey Oswald, the two men shared several things in common. As a U.S. Marine, Oswald had a CIA security clearance for his work at the U-2 spy plane base in Atsugi, Japan. Atsugi Naval Air Base was the CIA's Far East headquarters and the site of one of their MK ULTRA labs. Oswald was a test subject. He learned to speak Russian from sleep teaching recordings. Eventually, he left the Marines with a hardship discharge due to his mother's failing health. Without apparent means of support, he then purchased a ticket on a luxury steamship bound for Russia where he would live and work for about thirty months. While in Minsk, Oswald was hospitalized for three weeks during which time he met and married Marina Nikolaevna Prusakova; the daughter (some say niece) of Colonel

Ilya Vasilyevich Prusakova, a high ranking officer in the KGB (the Russian equivalent of the CIA). Oswald returned to the United States and, along with his Russian bride, settled in Dallas, Texas. His military discharge was changed to dishonorable but, at about the same time, the State Department granted him a large loan. Oswald associated with members of the China Lobby (a known CIA front operation) and the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. He applied for a passport and, despite his suspicious past, he received his visa in an unprecedented 24 hours. He then traveled to Mexico City where he was accompanied by two CIA agents assigned to him by their station chief Howard Hunt. Oswald was involved with a variety of characters, a few of whom are described in the following published article,

> ...Lee and Marina settled in Texas and soon took up with an odd assortment of friends, none more unusual than George De Mohrenschildt. Born a Russian count before the revolution, De Mohrenschildt thrived in a world of political shadows, appearing at various times to be working for Polish intelligence, the Nazis, the French Resistance, the British, the Americans, the Rockefellers -- a man of many masks. By 1962, he was calling himself a geologist and a friend to the Oswalds.

In April 1963, Oswald moved to New Orleans, where his social circle--in view of his alleged Marxist sympathies--was even stranger than in Dallas. There he met Carlos Bringuier, an anti-Castro Cuban exile with CIA connections. Oswald first sought to work for Bringuier, then appeared to be working against him. Eventually, the two engaged in a well-publicized street brawl and then a debate about Cuba on New Orleans radio. Joining Oswald and Bringuier in the debate was Ed Butler, a right-wing propagandist for the Information Council for the Americas (INCA), a group that later sold LP's of the debate as part of its anticommunist crusade. The president of INCA was Dr. Alton Ochsner, described as a consultant to the air force on "the medical side of subversive matters." The directorships of Bringuier's anti-Castro group and Ochsner's INCA included the owners of the Reily Coffee Company, where Oswald, the man being denounced by both organizations as a communist, had recently been on the payroll.

By far the strangest bird to intersect Oswald's orbit was David Ferrie. Eccentric in behavior, belief and appearance, Ferrie had been an Eastern Airlines pilot until he was arrested for a "crime against nature" with a sixteen-year-old boy. He was a priest in the Orthodox Old Catholic Church, a bizarre sect engaging in animal sacrifice and occult rituals. Ferrie had no hair on his body...and made a striking, if not shocking impression...Although the Oswald-Ferrie relationship, is well-proved, it is unclear when it began. The House Assassinations Committee suggested that the two young men may have met as early as 1956 in New Orleans, when young Lee was a cadet in a Civil Air Patrol squadron headed by Ferrie. By the time of the 1963 radio debate, Oswald and Ferrie were well acquainted. A right-winger who hated Kennedy, Ferrie was active in paramilitary operations against Castro and claimed to have flown in the CIA-sponsored Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961. Ferrie was also a hypnotist and fancied himself a biochemist. He

> claimed to have created drugs that caused cancer (something the CIA was also secretly developing) or caused heart attacks indistinguishable from natural death (another CIA endeavor), as well as aphrodisiacs and amnesia-inducing drugs... Many attributed his hairless condition to a chemistry experiment gone awry.[55]

Over twenty years later, researchers are left to wonder if Oswald was a "Manchurian Candidate," brainwashed by the CIA or the KGB to assassinate President Kennedy. Much has been published on Oswald's possible involvement in a conspiracy and the reality of the events occurring after the assassination underscores and even confirms the theory. George De Mohrenschildt, intelligence agent and friend of Oswald, died from an "apparent suicide" two hours after being interviewed by Edward Epstein for his book entitled, Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald. In a like manner, David Ferrie was murdered so soon after being interviewed by an investigative reporter, that the coroner placed the approximate time of death, not after, but during the interview. These two deaths were not the exception, but the rule. Of the thirty-one eyewitnesses to Kennedy's assassination who stepped forward to testify, eighteen were dead within three years -- six from gunfire, three from car accidents, three from heart attacks, two from suicides, one from a slit throat, one from a karate chop to the neck and two from reported natural causes. The Sunday Times (London) later reported that the mathematical odds of

such deaths occurring without there being a conspiracy were one hundred thousand trillion to one.

The life of Lee Harvey Oswald has never been cross-referenced with the life of Jim Jones and, though the connection is purely speculative, it is curious to note the number of things shared in common by these two men who had such a profound effect on Kennedy's last days. Both Jones and Oswald had been cleared for top secret work with the CIA. Though Jones was an experimenter and Oswald was a subject, both were involved in the agency's MK ULTRA program. Both men shared an expertise in the politics of Cuba and U.S./Cuban relations; long accepted as the reason Kennedy was killed. Finally, there is the case of attorney Mark Lane. Lane was legal counsel to Oswald's wife, Marina, following the assassination and later emerged as the foremost authority in the country on the CIA conspiracy to kill Kennedy. His book, Rush to Judgment, contradicted the findings of Allen Dulles, Gerald Ford and others on the Warren Commission who insisted that Oswald had acted alone. So convincing was his evidence that Lane succeeded in petitioning the government for a second official investigation; the House Select Committee on Assassinations scheduled their hearing for November 1978. As Lane prepared his testimony and supportive witnesses, he was contacted by Terri Buford of the Peoples Temple. Buford asked Lane to represent Jim Jones whom she claimed was being harassed by the CIA. Encouraged by a large retainer and the promise that Jones had information about the CIA that would be valuable in his research, Lane accepted the case and traveled to Jonestown in September 1978, to meet his new client. Upon his return to the United States in October, Lane announced

in a press conference that he was favorably impressed with Jones and Jonestown and agreed to represent the peoples Temple in a lawsuit they were initiating against various federal agencies, including the CIA. In November, Jones refused to allow Congressman Ryan's party to enter Jonestown until Mark Lane was present. Following Ryan's visit, Lane was in Jonestown as the massacre began. He was allowed to escape into the jungle. Only days later, he stood before the House Select Committee on Assassinations, still shaken from the experience in Jonestown. He was upset and disorganized. Actually, Lane had been totally discredited by his association with Jim Jones. Terri Buford, who reputedly defected from Jonestown only three weeks before the massacre, moved into Lane's Memphis home to help him write an account of his experience entitled The Strongest Poison. Attesting to Lane's investigative abilities, the book is well referenced and detailed, but Buford's influence served to suppress the truth. If Lane's career as an expert on CIA conspiracies was not already ruined, the media assault that followed certainly finished him. He was accused of, among other things, traveling to Switzerland with Buford to empty the Temple's bank accounts in her name. Whether Lane was duped or purchased does not really matter, the end result was the same. Jones had silenced the foremost critic of the CIA, while at the same time using that person to file a suit against the CIA to disassociate himself with the agency in those last few critical months of Jonestown. Ironically, Jones had used Lane to help masquerade his activities as well as the agency's activities.

Jim Jones and Lee Harvey Oswald. At best, it is only a side story and not significant, only thought-provoking. Jones probably never met Oswald but the two had enough in common to say that they prescribed to the same circles of interest, which adds some credence to Jones' claim that, while in Brazil, he accurately predicted the assassination of President Kennedy.

Jones returned to Indianapolis around Christmas of 1963 to resume control of his Peoples Temple from Ed Malmin. Malmin would remain with the Temple for about a two month transition period, after which he ordained Jones a minister in the service of the Disciples of Christ. It would be Jones' only religious title, one that he would maintain in good standing until the bitter cyanide end. His affiliation with the Disciples of Christ (that probably began when he studied for his teaching credentials at their Butler University) would help to legitimize his Peoples Temple. The Disciples of Christ boast a national membership of nearly two million, including such noteworthy people as presidents Lyndon Johnson and Ronald Reagan and FBI directors J. Edgar Hoover and Clarence Kelly. The Peoples Temple was the largest single contributor to the Disciples of Christ, having donated over one million dollars to the organization.

Following Jones' ordination on February 16, 1964, Ed Malmin totally dropped from the story, never to reappear. All of his actions can be justified, save one: How could this minister offer Jim Jones his teenage daughter? There is a plausible answer. First, Ed Malmin was not as he appeared to be. He had grown up on the West Side of Chicago during the Roaring Twenties as a tough, street-wise delinquent, whose gang members called him, "Halfpint," due in part to his

small, (5'-7", 140 lb.) frame, and in part to the bootlegged whiskey flask he always carried in his hip pocket. What he lacked in size, Halfpint made up in determination and a rowdy spirit that, combined with his admiration for the local Chicago gangsters, soon found him committed to a juvenile home for his racketeering. Eventually, he escaped from the home and traveled as a hobo around the country to emerge from this rather dubious background as a graduate of Aimee Semple McPherson's Los Angeles Theological Seminary and the Assemblies of God School, the Right Reverend Ed Malmin. Jones claimed that Ed Malmin, himself, had sexually molested his daughter, Bonnie, who never voiced any objection to Jones' allegations. But was she his daughter? An earlier doctor's report had confirmed that Malmin's wife, Judy, could not bear children. Her pregnancy and the birth of Bonnie was a "surprise" to everyone. Bonnie Malmin may well have been adopted.

According to the announcement in the Indianapolis Star, Jones planned to "represent the Church in Brazil following his ordination," but such was not the case. He remained in Indianapolis where he liquidated the assets of his Temple and his congregation for their move to the only "safe place" in the United States: Eureka, California. Jones' scouts had relayed an article that had appeared in the Humboldt Standard (Eureka) that, in response to the Esquire article, further defined their safe zone as a corridor extending from Eureka to Ukiah. Jones selected Ukiah and sent dossiers of his followers to the scouts who were to locate suitable housing and employment for the pilgrims.

Approximately one hundred and fifty Temple members migrated the two thousand miles to Ukiah in the spring and summer of 1965. Jones would follow, but not before issuing his farewell address to Indianapolis. After one of his Sunday morning broadcasts on WIBC radio, Jones informed Indianapolis News reporter William Wildhack that, once again, he was under attack by the KKK and the Nazis, who objected to a political comment he had aired on a previous program. Wildhack reported on April 17, 1965;

> The Rev. Mr. Jones has taken a prominent role here in the struggle for racial equality. He served as executive of the mayor's Human Rights Commission and he has adopted children of Negro, Korean and Japanese ancestry. He says some nasty remarks were made on the phone concerning his views on racial matters, but these seem secondary to the attacks on his theological views. One of the favorite tricks of the anonymous callers was to get one of the children on the phone and say: Did you know your father was an anti-Christ, a devil? During this period, the radio station received harrassing telephone calls, a fact confirmed by an employee involved. So, worried about the possible effect on his children and to save the

station the embarrassment, the
Rev. Mr. Jones voluntarily
stopped his broadcasts.

Good-bye, Indiana. Hello, California.

Before continuing on with Jones' career in California, it is best to complete the story of Bonnie Malmin while her contributions to Jones' Brazilian mission are still fresh in the reader's mind. In her second year of missionary training, she became Mrs. Bonnie Burnham when she married a tall, dark-haired student from Upstate New York whom she would identify only by his surname. In 1966, following another year of training and a year's internship in a small rural church in Western New York State, Bonnie Burnham and her husband left on a mission to Brazil where they reportedly worked in an orphanage in Sao Paulo. While in Brazil, Bonnie gave birth to two children. Stephan, the first, was named for Jones' natural son and Stephany, the younger, was named for Jones' adopted daughter who had been killed years earlier in an auto accident. Bonnie's Stephany also died, soon after birth. Though it had been years since Bonnie had seen Jim Jones, the naming of her children after his attests to the strong influence he still exerted on her life.

The Burnhams returned to the United States in 1970 and, after a brief stay in Costa Mesa, California (where Bonnie had grown up) they moved to Ukiah to join the Peoples Temple. They lived with Jones and his family until they acquired jobs and a place of their own. Burnham reportedly worked at the local Masonite factory with several other Temple members. Bonnie

worked as secretary and legal aide to Temple attorneys Gene Chaiken and Tim Stoen, and also assisted Jones in Temple services. She would follow the preacher as he walked among his congregation. She carried a tray that held a comb for his hair, a towel to wipe the perspiration from his forehead and a bottle of drinking water. It was Bonnie's responsibility to be certain the water had not been poisoned. As with all top Temple aides, the Burnhams contributed 25% of their income to Jones. Bonnie also helped to perpetuate Jones' propaganda, as evidenced by the following testimony she gave to the congregation,

> Until Black people are accepted without racism and bigotry in the United States, I will remain ashamed of Norwegian heritage and blond hair. Eleven o'clock on Sunday morning is still the most segregated hour of the week in America. Only in Peoples Temple do you find a real, living Christ-like example of what Jesus talked about, and I'm proud to be a part of it.[56]

Actually, there was considerable truth to Bonnie's statement but nowhere was that truth more evident than in the Peoples Temple where Bonnie and others of the exclusively Caucasian hierarchy ruled the predominantly Black congregation.

According to Bonnie, the Burnhams did not have a monogamous marriage,

> We decided to give each other permission to have affairs without letting that disturb our other reasons for staying together...If he found somebody he was interested in, he was free to check her out, and the same went for me.[57]

Around September of 1972, Bonnie picketed the San Francisco Examiner with Jones after the paper's religion columnist, Reverend Lester Kinsolving, penned a series of articles damning the Peoples Temple. After the demonstration, Jones asked Bonnie to seduce Kinsolving, gain his confidence and find out how much he knew about the Peoples Temple. According to Bonnie, she answered, "Sure, Jim -- if you think it'll do any good."[58]

And then there was the time that Jones announced in a meeting of the Temple's Planning Commission that the CIA had given him a video recording of one of Bonnie's sexual encounters. Bonnie contended that Jones had set up the affair and denied any knowledge that her performance had been taped. Clearly, Jones did arrange and tape Bonnie's sexual relationships. Such standard procedures in the Temple were usually used to blackmail the Temple member's unknowing partner.

Sometime during 1974, Bonnie left her husband and the Peoples Temple and moved to Santa Cruz, California, where she found employment as an insurance salesperson. She divorced the mysterious Mr. Burnham. It is odd that she never mentioned his first name, odder still that he is not mentioned in any other

account of the Peoples Temple. It is almost as if the intention was to allow him to remain anonymous, perhaps for good reason. The Burnhams' relationship had all the earmarks of a marriage of convenience, something that permeates the history of the Temple's hierarchy. During Bonnie's stay in Ukiah, Guyana's Prime Minister, Forbes Burnham, visited his old friend, Jim Jones, in the Temple. There remains only one vague reference to their secret meeting from Ukiah reporter Kathy Hunter, who interviewed Burnham during his stay. Could Bonnie's husband have been related to the Prime Minister?

In Santa Cruz, Bonnie dated several men (most noteworthy, a parapsychologist) and her promiscuity earned her the nickname, the "Blonde Bomber." For the next three years, Marceline Jones would spend weekends with Bonnie in Santa Cruz. It was her retreat. Bonnie also visited the Joneses in Ukiah and occasionally attended Temple services in San Francisco, where her only responsibility was to escort Mayor George Moscone.

In June of 1978, Bonnie married one Hank Thielmann to begin the last act of her play. Soon after the wedding, she was contacted by former Temple attorney and reputed defector, Tim Stoen, who offered her $1,200 from an unnamed donor to join the Concerned Relatives on Congressman Ryan's inspection tour of Jonestown. She agreed and became the only Concerned Relative who did not have a family member in Guyana.

During the trip to Guyana, Bonnie gravitated to the company of Tim Stoen and Congressman Ryan and was one of only two Concerned Relatives who accompanied Ryan to a dinner at the U.S. Ambassador's home. While the group waited in Georgetown for permission to enter Jonestown, Bonnie disassociated herself from their

efforts and set out on her own to get an appointment with Jones. She radioed her request from the Temple's Georgetown office. Jones' affirmative reply came only minutes after the Congressman's plane left for the jungle interior. Bonnie would remain safe in Georgetown during the massacre. Her last words to Ryan were a warning,

> Leo, promise me you won't spend the night in Jonestown. You don't know how Jim Jones' mind works. There's nothing he won't do to stop you. I know you're getting a late start in the day, but if you stay overnight, he could send some naked woman into your room and then flash the picture all across the States -- he'll do anything.[59]

Bonnie knew firsthand how Jones' mind worked as many a time she had been the "naked woman" in the picture.

Soon after news of the massacre reached Georgetown, Bonnie left Guyana with Tim Stoen on a U.S. Air Force C-130 Hercules transport plane sent by Stoen's brother to rescue them. She appeared again in South San Francisco at the funeral of Congressman Ryan. For reasons of security, the church selected for the services was rather small, too small to hold the hundreds of mourners who waited on the front lawn as secret service men searched the building for possible Temple assassins or explosives. Only a selected few were allowed to enter the church. After a private word with the secret service agent in charge, Bonnie was

among them. She waited on the front steps and grabbed George Moscone's arm as he passed. They entered together. In the vestibule, she whispered to the mayor that, if he remained silent, she and others would come to his aid and testify that he, too, had been duped by Jones. She gave him a hug and a polite kiss on the cheek. Moscone took his assigned seat in the middle of the group on the right, while Bonnie continued to her assigned seat in the second row on the left, amid the congressional delegation she had been sent to spy on. According to a local newspaper article,

> 'I don't understand it', the mayor reportedly confided to friends, 'but I'm scared.'
>
> He did not mention that he was frightened of anything or anyone in particular, only that recent events -- especially the murder of his longtime friend, Congressman Leo Ryan in Guyana -- were troubling him.
>
> At Ryan's funeral in South San Francisco last Wednesday, a woman stranger gripped Moscone's arm as he was entering the church and said something to the effect that she was going in with him.
>
> 'It was a harmless thing, but it scared the day-lights out of him,' a friend of the mayor said yesterday.[60]

Bonnie was no "stranger" to Moscone, nor was their encounter a "harmless thing." Certainly, Moscone had not forgotten his personal Temple "escort" but, due to what appears to be the true nature of their relationship, it is no surprise that he denied knowing her. Nor is it surprising that he was frightened by their encounter, he had every reason to be. Bonnie's was the "kiss of death;" Moscone had exactly five days to live before he, too, was assassinated.

Following the eulogy given by Joe Holsinger, Ryan's longtime friend and foremost advocate of the theory that Jonestown was a CIA MK ULTRA experiment, the group left for the Golden Gate National Cemetery in San Bruno. According to Bonnie, "I rode to the cemetery on one of the buses reserved for congressmen, thanks to having received a pass while sitting in their row."[61]

Ryan was buried with full military honors, next to the grave of Admiral Chester Nimitz, rather ironic as Nimitz was a friend and neighbor of the family of Ryan's co-assassin. Chip Carter, the President's son, presented a flag to Ryan's mother. Later that day, a private reception was held at the San Francisco Hilton Hotel. Somehow, Bonnie managed to be invited upstairs to the suite reserved for Ryan's family where she met and spoke with all thirty-five relatives. As with the congressmen, Bonnie's task was to ascertain whether any of Ryan's relatives were suspicious of a conspiracy in the death. She was still working for Jim Jones.

Bonnie then set out to defend her association with Jones by writing a book about her experiences in the Peoples Temple. The "Blonde Bomber" took a week's vacation at the Cenacle Retreat House in Warrenville, Illinois where, along with professional writer Dean

Merrill, she outlined The Broken God that was published in January, only two months after the demise of Jonestown. The religious retreat was the appropriate theatrical backdrop for her work which repeatedly quoted the Bible to explain the events of her life and her reactions to them. As far as the book could stretch the truth, it portrayed Bonnie as an innocent, religious woman who desired sympathy for her ordeal in the Temple. The Broken God is sufficiently accurate in detail to be used as a reference in this chapter but, like other firsthand accounts, the book omits the important aspects of the story.

Jones often claimed to be the reincarnation of various historic figures, including the Egyptian Pharaoh, Ikhnaton. Marceline Jones was supposed to have been Ikhnaton's wife, Nefertiti, and Bonnie one of their six daughters. She fancied herself as the one who married Ikhnaton's nephew and successor, the famous Tutankhamen. The Joneses were close to Bonnie, who was one of the few people to witness the public career from beginning to end. Her total contribution to the efforts of Jim Jones will probably never be appreciated. Bonnie Malmin Burnham Thielmann, by any name, hers is the life story of a Peoples Temple whore.

V A CALIFORNIA CONCENTRATION CAMP

About a hundred miles north of San Francisco lies a patchwork quilt of small horse farms and rolling vineyards known as Mendocino County. The county is known, internationally, for its production of fine wine grapes and nationally for its production of high-quality marijuana: the county's leading cash crop. Most of the region's sparse population is concentrated in the cultivated flat lands between the Coastal and Mayacamas mountain ranges in an area the native Pomo Indians named "Deep Valley" or Ukiah. Ukiah, the county seat, was a sleepy rural community of 10,000 in 1965 when the Reverend Jim Jones and his followers arrived in the heat of mid-summer. The Peoples Temple would remain headquartered in the Ukiah area for the next nine years, during which time they would infiltrate every aspect of county government, sway political elections, purchase a sizable portion of the real estate and businesses and, in short, become the ultimate power in Mendocino County; the only safe place in the United States.

The Temple's advance team had primed the local press for the pilgrims' arrival. George Hunter, the managing editor of the Ukiah Daily Journal, and his reporter wife Kathy were offered gifts intended to produce the favorable press coverage necessary if the Caucasian locals were to tolerate what would be their only Black neighbors. Kathy Hunter wrote the front page article that introduced the Peoples Temple to Ukiah in the July 26, 1965 edition of the Ukiah Daily Journal.

> Represented in the group and indicative of the substantial background of the membership are nurses, teachers, a pilot, a traffic engineer, an electronics man, salespeople and private businessmen. One of the newcomers has already purchased an apartment house, another has bought a Ukiah motel, and still another is negotiating the purchase of a rest home here.
>
> Far from being a closed, tightly knit group living in a communal existence, members of the church live their own lives as part of the community as a whole, held together only by their belief that all men--white, black, yellow, or red--are one brotherhood.[62]

As early as February of 1965, the Temple's advance team had initiated negotiations to purchase the Evangelical Free Church on the corner of Bush and Henry Streets in Ukiah. Jones would hold services in the building until November of 1965 when he withdrew his offer to purchase what was the only available church in town. The Temple reportedly broke off negotiations when their Indiana corporations lost their licenses because they failed to file the required annual reports. Actually, they had formed a new corporation, "The Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ of Redwood Valley" that could have easily purchased the church. The stated purpose of the new corporation, chartered on November 26, 1965, was to "further the word of God" but apparently not at the Evangelical Free Church building. Jones abandoned his first California headquarters after occupying it for five months, presumably rent-free.

Jones next acquired the free use of a classroom at the Ridgewood Range, a religious colony located about ten miles north of Ukiah. The Peoples Temple met in that classroom for about two years until late 1967 when the Christ's Church of the Golden Rule, who owned the building, ordered the Temple off their property, reportedly fearing that Jones was trying to take over their church. The Temple then met in a 4-H exhibition barn at the Mendocino County Fairgrounds until early 1968 when Jones moved the services to the house he had purchased for his family in Redwood Valley, a remote village about seven miles outside Ukiah. The group first met in Jones' two-car garage under conditions so crowded as to discourage outsiders from dropping in on Temple services. Ukiah is primarily middle-class conservative Caucasians. Even though the locals could

have provided sizable contributions, Jones did not recruit or even want their membership as they had no place in the experiment. There were Caucasian management personnel but few, if any, were from Mendocino County. Just about all of Jones' White lieutenants were hand-picked from Indiana and other parts of California. The only Blacks in Ukiah were those who Jones had brought from Indiana. Their numbers would increase as Jones succeeded in recruiting Blacks from the Oakland ghettos to relocate in Ukiah, live in Temple-owned housing, sign up for welfare with a Temple aide in the county office and provide the labor, the money and the subjects for the experiment being planned. Temple aide Edith Parks described the period when Jones was turning away the locals who were sampling the services of his new church in a letter to Virginia Morningstar, dated April 26, 1968 which began "burn this." Thankfully, she did not.

> . . . All work at something. They have to; rent is $90-$125 for small houses and groceries are so high. Most of them pay 25 percent tithes. It will take care of them all later some way. Jim is turning them away from church. 85 for Easter. 35 last Sunday. People are awakening and are worried but he says it is too risky! He sends them back to their own churches and tells them to pray and work where they are. There isn't time to re-educate new ones, even those who have

> been taught far ahead of our "type" of religion. A few have even been allowed to come and they jump in with both feet. You don't have to teach them anything. They know & they know who he is & what he is here for. He knows every thought, act or deed. In the message Sunday he said everything that is to happen in the future has been seen & met for all who will meet conditions they must. He knows just what will happen to each one, even how they will die . . .
>
> It will happen yet, right here, too. If only I could write it all but the American people have already been conditioned to go the way they are going and acting, so they will think we need the laws that will be put through Congress, each one taking away more of our rights! Just watch who is for them! Reagan is a full-fledged fascist.[63]

Edith Parks' letter was indicative of the prevailing attitude of the Temple's Caucasian aides. She was more political than religious and strangely cryptic in her communications. Why was it "too risky" to allow just anyone to join? Why was there not enough "time to re-educate new ones?" Had the life expectancy of the

Peoples Temple been set as early as 1968? Probably. By describing those who were allowed to join as knowing the truth about Jones and his mission, she reveals the extent of her own knowledge. Note her use of the third person "they". "They" must work. "They" pay tithes. Jones knew how "they" would die. Edith Parks and her family had joined the Peoples Temple in its early stages in Indianapolis and would play an important role in the final hours of Jonestown. Even though she was a lifetime member, she did not include herself in the ranks of the Black congregation. This "us and them" attitude, though contrary to the Temple's public doctrine of racial integration, was the true relationship between the Caucasian hierarchy and the Black parishioners.

Temple membership doubled to three hundred in the first three years in Ukiah but by 1968 they still had no permanent headquarters other than the cramped quarters of Jones' two-car garage. The church in town would first appear the logical solution but, even though it was affordable and accommodating, Jones let the deal fall through as the property was too public. Anyone in town might wander in off the streets. Likewise the exhibition barn at the fairgrounds was much too public. The Ridgewood Range provided the private classroom setting Jones needed to indoctrinate his Caucasian lieutenants but it would not serve as the Black church they were planning.

So it was with three hundred people in his garage that Jones set out to build his first California church in the summer of 1968. The first step was to submit a building permit to construct a forty-one foot swimming pool next to his Redwood Valley home. Immediately upon completion of the pool, a second

permit was issued to build a roof over the pool with the stated purpose of creating a youth center. When the roof was finished in October, Jones applied for and received a third permit to enclose the structure as a church. Possibly the only church in America built over a swimming pool. The word "church" is really not appropriate. There were no crosses or statues or pictures of deities or saints. The redwood structure was rustic and modern and not at all like a church. Only a star-shaped stained glass window, which was more Satanic than Christian, gave the impression that this was a house of worship. The rural setting of Jones' estate provided the privacy required to conduct his business in secret and stands as an example of the Temple's introverted personality. It was a closed group that did not attempt to recruit or even mingle with the locals. Though the location of the Redwood Valley Temple is understandably desirable, the roundabout method of construction used to build a church over a swimming pool is without apparent reason. The indoor pool was used for recreation, quasi-baptisms and occasionally punishment, but its role as the focal point of the Redwood Valley Temple has never been fully understood.

As in Indiana, Jones used the threat of an unseen enemy to bind his congregation together and, in this case, provide a logical reason for his plans to fence and fortify the Temple compound. In May of 1968, he placed a half-page ad in the Ukiah Daily Journal to answer allegations and threats he said were generated by the local John Birch Society after he had led his people in a march to protest the Vietnam War. Since the Ku Klux Klan was not active in Northern California, Jones selected the John Birch Society as representative

of the White supremacists who opposed the alleged socialistic politics of the Temple. Actually, Jones was close friends with Walter Heady, the society's local president. Heady often visited the Temple and was even allowed to address the congregation and present films. Jones often consulted Heady on political matters and the two men would maintain communication for years to come. Kathy Hunter, reporter, wife of the editor and co-owner of the Ukiah Daily Journal, reciprocated for the half-page ad by penning an article which appeared in the paper's June 3, 1968 edition under the headline, "Local Group Suffers Terror in the Night."

> A telephone rings in the middle of the night, but when it is answered the only sound is someone's breathing on the other end--then the click of a receiver.
>
> Or it rings and, in a measured voice--all the more chilling because of its utter lack of emotion--comes the threat: 'Get out of town if you don't want to get blown out of your classroom window.' Besides his duties to his parish and his many community services, Jones also teaches in Anderson Valley and Ukiah.[64]

Temple members continually complained to the authorities about night riders who shot out windows and threw dead dogs onto the Temple grounds. All the

which would help to explain the otherwise unexplainable end he had planned for the Peoples Temple. The two assaults in the summer of 1968 also served to explain to the locals why Jones was fortifying the Temple compound. A chain-link fence, complete with barbed wire, was installed around the perimeter and a guard tower built by the front gate. Armed guards patrolled the fence with German shepherds twenty-four hours a day. Mrs. Vera Rupe was one of the first neighbors to notice the security guards who made no attempt to conceal their weapons as they paced the fence or drilled in the parking lot. She and her husband filed a complaint with the police charging the Temple with possession of illegal submachine guns and harassment. They claimed the guards spied on them with binoculars and the search lights on the tower kept them awake at night. Jones had powerful allies in the sheriff's office who not only ignored the complaint, but issued no less than six concealed weapon permits to Temple guards. The armed guards, barbed wire, search lights and attack dogs made the compound look like a concentration camp and in many respects it was. The fortifications were intended not only to keep people out but also to keep people in.

Through his connections in government Jones arranged to be appointed to several positions of power in Mendocino. He first approached the superintendent of the Anderson Valley School District located in Boonville some fifty miles southwest of Redwood Valley. A deal was struck in which Jones would enroll sixteen Temple children in the school district in exchange for a position teaching social studies to sixth graders in Boonville. The district received thousands more in state aid and Jones received a paying job that was more

important to his plans than has been previously recognized. The meager salary Jones received from his teaching job could not have justified the cost of transporting sixteen children one hundred miles a day. He had several other reasons for teaching in Boonville. The Temple students were inner-city Blacks whose presence in the Ukiah School District was unique and disruptive. Jones defused a potentially difficult situation in his own back yard by transporting the Blacks fifty miles away in what might be the ultimate in forced busing. Mike Cartmell was the Caucasian leader of the displaced students and his instructions were to make certain that the Temple students did not socialize with the exclusively White Boonville children. It was segregation and not integration that would keep the peace in Boonville. Jones taught there for about two years until June of 1969 when he resigned and withdrew the Temple children. One report claims that he had a homosexual relationship with one of his students during this period. Jones counseled the boy after having been apparently responsible for his parents' divorce. The two would spend weekends in San Francisco where Jones demanded a minister's discount on the hotel room he registered under "The Rev. Jim Jones and Son." Though there were no eyewitnesses to such activities, what really matters here is not <u>how</u> Jones recruited his sixth graders but that he <u>was</u> recruiting them. The timetable was perfect. Some eight years later, as Jones was moving his Temple to South America, his sixth graders had just graduated from Santa Rosa Junior college. They went on to join the ranks of the guards and medical staff of the experiment.

Sixth graders are of particular interest to the CIA for it is at this level of education that the

federal government studies every student in the country in the only mandatory national examination: the I.Q. test. Many argue its validity but nevertheless the federal government has required the I.Q. test for decades. It was originally developed in the early nineteen hundreds as a means to evaluate the mental capacity of immigrants from southern Europe. The U.S. government was afraid that Italians would dilute the human stock of America and so they developed this entrance exam to exclude what they perceived as the mentally deficient. Unlike most tests that measure one's ability to regurgitate information, the I.Q. test measures one's potential to learn. It is a logical progression, designed to evaluate not what a person knows, but his ability to ascertain and solve problem situations common to all languages and cultures. At some point in time the federal government required school systems to administer the test to sixth graders and forward the forms to Washington where they are now computer corrected. The students and even their schools are often denied access to the test results. The I.Q. test is not given to further the education of the student or to help the schools. The I.Q. test is given to further the interests of the agencies of the federal government, like the CIA, whose business it is to track the talented.

A hundred miles was a long way to travel each day; could there have been a specific attraction in Boonville? Boonville is the only community in the United States to have developed its own language. Years earlier, this remote town had invented "Boontling" a truly American language that served to bind the community together as well as confuse and deceive outsiders. Boonville has a national reputation

for keeping to itself yet the Rev. Jim Jones broke the barriers and even recruited from its ranks. Perhaps it was he who was being tested under difficult circumstances; a test he apparently passed. In the end, Jones did retain the services of some of his sixth grade class. Some came to Jones because the CIA had assigned them. Some came because they were duped and some came because they were brainwashed in a painstakingly slow process that began in the sixth grade.

Jones used the same scenario to get a job teaching American history and government in Ukiah's fledgling adult education program. The evening classes were closed to all but the Temple hierarchy and remains as an example of how Jones used an existing system to his own ends. He would have taught his class anyway. With the arrangement, he received the free use of a classroom and even a salary for his efforts. Rather than draw from the CIA's labor pool, Jones would maintain ultimate security and actually create some of the operatives that would aid him in the experiment.

In 1967, Superior Court Judge Robert Winslow appointed Jones foreman of the Mendocino County Grand Jury. The following year, he was appointed to the Juvenile Justice Commission, an advisory board to the courts. Between the two positions he had the ability to bring charges for or against anyone in the county, especially considering his close relationship with Assistant District Attorney Tim Stoen.

In May of 1967, Jones formed the Legal Services Foundation of Mendocino County, a nonprofit group offering free legal services to the needy, most of whom were his followers who needed the services of an attorney to petition the courts for welfare support, to

transfer property, or to settle a divorce or child custody case. In August, Marceline Jones resigned her seat on the foundation's board of directors to make way for her husband to be appointed vice president. Also in August, the foundation acquired the free use of an office in Ukiah and their first directing attorney, the former Assistant District Attorney Tim Stoen. Tim Stoen always played an important role in the Peoples Temple as Jones' second-in-command and the Temple's legal counsel. Some say he remains so to this day, but most believe Stoen's claims that he defected from the Temple in 1976. However, back in April of 1969, Tim Stoen was on a mission for Jim Jones when he left the Legal Services Foundation to accept a position with the Legal Aid Society of Alameda County where he was assigned to the West Oakland Black ghetto. Stoen counseled Blacks who were on welfare and in trouble with the law; the perfect demographic for the experiment. Many were offered a fresh start in the country atmosphere of Redwood Valley. A Temple aide in the Mendocino County Welfare Department would register the recipient who would sign over his check to the Peoples Temple in exchange for the housing, food and camaraderie he enjoyed under its care. His time was then free to work as a volunteer in whatever project the Temple had undertaken. The test persons themselves would provide the money and the labor for the experiment in which they would die.

There was always something to do in the political department. Temple members wrote letters in support of or in opposition to nearly every political issue of the day in the local, state and national arenas. Temple aides had infiltrated every county government office. Many of the elected officials owed

their positions to Jones who controlled sixteen percent of the votes in Mendocino.

The Temple paid cash for the only shopping center in Redwood Valley and opened "Valley Enterprises" where propaganda was created and printed for public relations, recruitment and donations. The center also housed the Temple's bus garage as Jones had purchased eleven used Greyhound buses to transport his people. "More Things" on State Street in Ukiah was another Temple business that sold the personal possessions of the Temple members who donated, not only household articles and jewelry, but also their labor as sales clerks. "Relics and Things" was opened in 1976 on School and Henry Streets as a last-ditch effort to divest the congregation of any personal wealth before transporting them off to Guyana.

Patty Cartmell, the head of Jones' intelligence operations, founded the "Ukiah Answering Service;" a home-operated business that employed seven Temple members to monitor the phone messages of the county's professionals and the radio communications of the sheriff's department. It was one of Cartmell's more overt intelligence operations.

The Temple also operated a number of convalescent homes and a forty acre foster care ranch for boys that added many Social Security and welfare checks to its income. Over fifty of the Temple's seniors were convinced to cash in their life-insurance policies and donate the money to the Temple. Aides sold photographs of Jones as talismans. According to Birdie Marable, "I made $80 to $100 a meeting." The mailings from Valley Enterprises were generating about $800 per day in donations mailed to the Temple. At least thirty-two expensive real estate properties were

donated to the Temple, greatly adding to its wealth. One such San Francisco apartment house was in turn sold for $127,000. Jessie Boyd, an elderly Black member, gave twenty-five percent of her meager income to the Temple and still she was forced to bake and contribute seven or eight cakes a week. Later she recalled,

> I bought all the fixings myself,
> and the church would take it over
> to the Safeway or Albertson's and
> sell each one for five dollars.
>
> I can't tell you how much I may
> have given in little bits of
> cash.[65]

Other elderly women sewed quilts that the Temple sold for about fifty dollars each. Temple children, unskilled and underage, were taken to San Francisco and dropped off on a busy corner to beg for donations. At the end of the day, a bus would pick up the kids and the money canisters for the ride back to Redwood Valley. To avoid punishment, the child had to provide at least five dollars for every hour spent on the streets. The money, in small and large increments, continued to flow into the Temple at many times the rate necessary to offset its six hundred thousand dollar annual budget. Tim Stoen was concerned that bank or government officials might become suspicious and investigate the origin of such large sums of cash so he advised Jones to open no less than fifteen bank accounts to evenly distribute the wealth. He was quoted as saying, "I told him to move the money around.

It was stacking up and was going to cause big trouble."[66]

Members who worked in the private or public sector outside the Temple were required to donate between five and fifteen percent of their income. Jones raised this figure to twenty-five percent to help pay for a stockpile of food, medicine, weapons and ammunition he said they would need to survive the winter of the post-nuclear war he predicted was close at hand. He told the congregation that he had located the perfect site for their bomb shelter; a cave in the hills a few miles away. Perhaps some expressed skepticism about its existence but, in any event, Jones led a contingent of his followers to inspect the site. After a long walk, the group came upon a depression in the earth, surrounded by a fence and warning signs. At the center of the depression was a small hole in the ground, just large enough for a man to enter. An aide was lowered down into the hole but after one hundred and fifty feet of rope, he never found the bottom of what was apparently a bottomless pit. Jones still insisted that all would be safe in the cave but he neglected to tell his Black congregation the local lore about the grotto. It seems that many years earlier, a Black man had reportedly raped a White woman in a nearby stagecoach station and a group of White vigilants threw the accused down the hole to his certain death. Ever since that day, the cave was known to the locals as the "Nigger Hole." Jim Jones had an unusual sense of humor.

In exchange for their donations of money and labor, the Temple provided its members with at least the bare essentials of food and housing. Members lived in Temple communes that were no more than over-crowded

tenement houses. Each was charged rent that, when totaled and weighed against expenses, netted the Temple an additional eight to ten thousand dollars a month. The Temple also operated dormitories at Santa Rosa Junior college where as many as twenty-five Caucasian members were packed into a cardboard-partitioned, single family house. Student board at Santa Rosa added another twenty-eight thousand dollars to the coffer every year.

Feeding his flock was a monumental task that Jones lessened by milking government poverty programs. Each member applied for and received government food rations thanks in no small part to the Temple aides who had infiltrated such government funded programs. The surplus powdered milk incident is a prime example.

On March 5, 1971, Mrs. Eunice Mock, supervisor of the Mendocino County surplus commodities program, and a colleague were driving along a county road near Redwood Valley when they spotted two open pick-up trucks loaded with between fifty and eighty cases of USDA powdered milk. Mrs. Mock was the sole distributor of such commodities in Mendocino County and, since she had no knowledge of such a substantial order, she suspected fraud and followed the trucks until they pulled over to the side of the road. One of the truck drivers, Temple member James Bogue, approached Mock's car to ask why she was following them. When she asked about the cases of milk that were clearly stamped "USDA", Bogue said that it was for the poor and none of her business. She copied down the license numbers and drove off to file a complaint with the authorities who discovered that one of the trucks was registered to the Peoples Temple. When confronted, Bogue said that the milk was not from Mendocino but was intended for the

county's poor and that he was "incensed with the idea that the church was involved." His rebuttal did not satisfy the Department of Agriculture that dispatched two fraud investigators to speak with Jones in Redwood Valley. Jones denied that the truck was owned by the Temple. He also denied any knowledge of the milk in question and avoided further questioning by grabbing his chest as if in pain and retiring to his parsonage where he phoned Tim Stoen for help. Stoen was in the middle of an important county Board of Supervisors meeting but left abruptly when he received the message. He arrived at the Temple and immediately questioned the rights of the investigators and defended Bogue, Jones and the Temple. Reports vary slightly from one account to the next but apparently both the investigators and the Board of Supervisors questioned the priorities of the Assistant District Attorney who said that his church came first and the county second. He proved his point by having County Supervisor Al Barbero phone San Francisco Supervisor Dianne Feinstein to enlist her help in stopping the investigation. Feinstein was called because the powdered milk had originated in a San Francisco warehouse operated by the Community Health Alliance, a nonprofit, government-funded organization headed by Temple member Peter Holmes. Obviously, Holmes had been using his position to steal food from the government to feed the Peoples Temple; a practice that would have continued had it not been for the chance encounter with Mrs. Mock. As it was, the Temple returned the milk to San Francisco and the USDA continued its investigation for several weeks after which the Department of Health seized control of the warehouse and Peter Holmes resigned. No charges were

ever filed. Neither the theft nor the Temple's involvement was ever reported in the news.

Aside from the donations it received from the outside and the tithes it received from its members inside, the Temple was financed almost exclusively by agencies of the federal government through tax-funded jobs, poverty programs and give-aways. Many members were employed at the Mendocino State Mental Hospital or in the school system or the welfare office, all under the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Under the Department of Justice, there were Temple members in law enforcement, in the grand jury and the district attorney's office. Black members contributed their government checks from the Social Security Administration and the welfare division of HEW. The USDA provided food and the California Highway Patrol provided inexpensive, high-powered police cruisers that Jones purchased at auction and issued to his aides as company cars. Though they removed the CHP emblem from the car doors, they neglected, possibly intentionally, to repaint the familiar "black and whites."

Throughout his career, Jones received millions of dollars from the federal government, millions he used to finance the experiment in Jonestown. In the end, even the tractor that transported the assassins to the site of congressman Ryan's murder was "U.S. government surplus." Had Jones only mastered the system and taken advantage of its bureaucratic inefficiencies, or did he have inside help? A phone call from the Washington D.C. headquarters of a government agency to its state or local office, asking them to co-operate with the Peoples Temple, would have been sufficient for Jones to perpetrate the massive fraud. To this day, no federal agency has ever

expressed any remorse or responsibility for financing Jonestown or even any embarrassment at having been duped into doing so.

April 4, 1968 was a turning point. The assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. created a void in the Black leadership; a void Jim Jones rushed to fill. As stated, there were few, if any, Blacks in Mendocino County so Jones looked south to the ghettos of Oakland and San Francisco for his victims. Tim Stoen and other trusted aides had already been planted in key government positions in the Bay Area when Jones set out to recruit the Black subjects for the experiment. He held services in San Francisco and Oakland inner-city school auditoriums, churches, meeting halls and theaters attracting as many Black welfare recipients as possible. From the outside, Jones' rainbow family and multiracial Peoples Temple appeared to be the cutting edge of the integration movement but, from the inside, both the old and new Black recruits were segregated from the Caucasian leadership. This obvious inequality would be recognized and recorded only once when, a few years later in 1976, eight Black members would send a letter of resignation to Jim Jones, in which they complained,

> You said that the revolutionary focal point at present is in black people.... There is no potential in the white population according to you. Yet, where is the black leadership, where is the black staff and black attitude? Black people are being tapped for money, practically

> nothing else. How can there be sound trust from black people if there's only white nit-picking staff, hungrily taking advantage to castrate black men? Staff creates so much guilt that it breaks the black spirit of revolution (if the blacks have any). There's no revolutionary teaching taught the way it used to be. At one time you told us to read, yet now staff comes in to steal books from those who have them. All the staff concerns itself with is sex, sex, sex. What about socialism? How does 99 1/2 percent of People's Temple manage to know zero about socialism?[67]

Sex was just about the only reward that Jones and his aides received for their efforts. Caucasian aides enjoyed a higher standard of living than did the Black congregation but the Temple never paid in cash, only services and a prolific sex life was the favored remuneration. Sex was a common topic of Temple services as Jones was continually bragging about his superhuman abilities. His female aides gave absurd testimony as to the pleasures of Jones' "divine penis," but his sexual exploits were not confined to women as he had homosexual relationships with many of his male assistants who were then blackmailed into slavery. Jones was so promiscuous as to require an appointment secretary just to schedule his affairs. Patty Cartmell

and later Carolyn Layton, who Jones jokingly referred to as his "fucking secretary," would telephone a member to ask, "Father hates to do this but he has this tremendous urge and could you please...?" All of the chosen were Caucasian. Despite its interracial image, mixed marriages were not permitted in the Temple and there is no evidence to even suggest that Jones or his White aides ever had sex with a Black member. There is not a single case of a mulatto child being born to a Temple member.

All sexual relationships had to first be approved by the Temple's Relationship Committee, giving Jones additional control over the congregation that was often denied sex, even between married couples. Members who stepped out of line were often humiliated by requiring them to elaborate on their sexual experiences or strip naked and copulate in front of the entire congregation. Steve Addison, who was accused of having sex without prior approval was once called to the podium and ordered to perform cunnilingus on an overweight woman in the midst of her menstrual period. As Addison dropped to his knees to accept his punishment, Jones shouted, "Piss! Piss!" and the woman urinated in his face. "Throw up! Throw up!" he yelled, and the woman forced her fingers down her throat until she vomited on his head.

Sex was also used to reward and blackmail politicians both in California and later in Guyana where Jones would provide a number of Temple women to government officials who were then shown photographs of their encounter and reminded that if they refused to co-operate with the Temple their public careers would be ruined.

Jones claimed to be the only true heterosexual in the Temple and often called for a show of hands of all homosexuals. If a member did not raise his hand, he would be ridiculed for dishonesty. If he did raise his hand, he ran the risk of being singled out for praise. The subject was impossible to avoid. Many members were forced to sign confessions attesting to homosexuality or child molesting that were later used to blackmail the signatory.

The Peoples Temple was not a religion. Jim Jones did not believe in God who he said was powerless to effect any change on the earth. He claimed the Bible was "dotted through and through with fabrications, inconsistencies and incongruities which insult the normal intelligence of readers." He would throw the Bible on the floor, step on it, tear out the pages and talk about using them for toilet paper. Once he burned a Bible during a service just to show that there would be no reprisal from the "Impotent Sky God." He called it the "Black Book" which may be the only time in his public career that Jones used the word "black" in a derogatory manner as he went so far as to change "blackmail" to "whitemail" and "black market" to "white market" so as not to offend his congregation. Temple services had many of the trappings of a church, there was organ music and gospel singing but that is about as far as it went. Jones' sermons were mainly political, taking stories from the newspaper to prove his point that the Blacks were losing their rights as citizens. The Peoples Temple was not a church but a social experiment disguised as a church.

In 1970, Jones' old friend Prime Minister Forbes Burnham left the British Commonwealth, established diplomatic relations with Cuba and so lost

all U.S. aid. It was a critical year for Guyana and the prime minister called for help from his old CIA buddy. Jones first flew to Cuba, where he met with Fidel Castro after which he continued on to Georgetown, Guyana for his meeting with Burnham. What was accomplished on this trip is uncertain.

Jones was not the only Temple member who traveled. His fleet of eleven used Greyhound buses carried the congregation on weekly trips to San Francisco, Oakland, and Los Angeles where in a single weekend the Temple might receive as much as twenty thousand dollars in donations. As a show of strength, Jones always took his Redwood Valley congregation on such tours. The buses were said to have been overcrowded, with people riding in the overhead storage racks and down below in the baggage compartment. Members complained that the air conditioners and toilets did not work and that they were driven too long without food or rest. Jones had a special bus with air conditioning, a working bath and a private, bulletproof compartment. Each summer, members were given the opportunity to take a cross-country vacation and many boarded the Temple buses bound for national parks, monuments and other points of interest; sites never seen by these inner-city Blacks. The Temple's advance team arranged to rent auditoriums and leafletted the major cities to herald the group's arrival. Jones put on his usual show with its many collections all across the country. Such a trip was expected to net one to two hundred thousand dollars. The 1973 cross country trip was the most noteworthy. The buses stopped in Washington, D.C. where the Temple called on congressmen and succeeded in getting a description of the Peoples Temple entered in the Congressional Record. But the

highlight of the trip was the publicity Jones received when his Temple buses unloaded hundreds of members on the steps of the Capitol to pick up the litter around the grounds. The Washington Post recorded the publicity stunt in their editorial page, dated August 18, 1973 in which was written,

> The hands-down winners of anybody's tourist-of-the-year award have got to be the 660 wonderful members of the Peoples Temple... this spirited group of travelers fanned out from their 13 buses and spent about an hour cleaning up the [Capitol] grounds.

In addition to the summer vacations and the revival tours, the Temple buses also carried members to the voting polls and anywhere else Jones wanted to demonstrate his power. When a group of reporters in Fresno were tried for refusing to divulge their sources, Jones sent hundreds to rally in support of the "Fresno Four" as he called them. It was ironic that this manipulator of the media would defend the freedom of the press, but irony was his trademark. In 1976, the buses arrived at San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge where members disembarked to stage a demonstration in support of the proposed anti-suicide fences. Over the years, about six hundred people have jumped to their death from the bridge, two-thirds the number who would commit mass suicide in Jonestown; the same people who donated their energies in a public demonstration acknowledging the government's responsibility to help avert suicide.

In spite of all of his questionable and outright illegal activities in private, Jones enjoyed a respectable reputation in public. In 1975 he was chosen one of "The 100 Outstanding Clergyman in America" by the Foundation for Religion in American Life. In 1976, the Los Angeles Herald Examiner named him "Humanitarian of the Year" but the most impressive title came in January of 1977, when Jones was given the "Martin Luther King Humanitarian Award." He must have had a good laugh about that.

VI THE "H" FILE HOMICIDES

Jim Jones once boasted to his son-in-law and heir apparent, Michael Cartmell, that the Peoples Temple was shielded from any serious investigation or prosecution simply by the nature of the Temple's activities; activities that were so outrageously bizarre that no one outside the organization would ever believe them. In the six years between 1970 and 1976, Jones ordered the execution of six Temple members in a brutal series of murders that eventually led to the involvement and subsequent death of Leo Ryan; the only U.S. Congressman ever to be assassinated. Nowhere was Jones' security system more apparent or successful than in the "H" file homicides.

This story begins in the Temple's top secret file room where detailed dossiers were maintained on everyone who came in contact with the organization. Patty Cartmell, Michael's mother and long-time aide to Jones, was the organizational genius in charge of the sophisticated intelligence gathering and intricate filing system that rivaled the latest techniques of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Within the files, there was an information envelope on each of the members of the Temple. The contents of the envelopes disappeared when Jones moved his headquarters to San Francisco. All that remains are a few envelope labels, printed forms containing the member's photo, name, address, membership number and other such data, as well as a list of those documents the member had signed. There were five documents in all. The "information sheet" was basically the subject's autobiography. The "financial release" was a living will bequeathing all worldly possessions to the Peoples Temple. The "resignation" was just that, a resignation from the Temple so, if the member was ever implicated in any wrong-doing, Jones could date the document and disassociate himself from the accused. The two remaining documents, the "blank statement" and the "sheet of paper" are the subject of this chapter.

Before a member could be promoted to a position of trust within the Temple, Jones required that he or she sign a self-confession statement as a test of loyalty. The three basic confessions, dictated by Jones and signed by the member, attested to child molestation, homosexual acts or conspiracy to assassinate public officials. It wasn't long before the signer realized his confession might be used to blackmail him into Jones' service. This fear helped to blind the subject to the true danger, the "sheet of paper." Jones required his top aides to sign the lower right-hand corner of a blank sheet of paper. It appeared harmless enough in comparison with the self-confession letter, but it was deadly. Once the signed sheet of paper was on file, Jones would manipulate the aide into a situation where he at least appeared to be responsible for a capital crime. Jones would then

retrieve the blank statement, type in a confession to that crime and provide the aide with a photocopy. Mere suspicion was never sufficient to warrant an indictment, but suspicion along with a signed confession would certainly result in an indictment and conviction. In this manner, Jones was able to blackmail, or "whitemail," as he called it, his otherwise wavering followers into a life of slavish devotion; for if they ever fell from his good graces, he would provide the authorities with their signed confession to a crime they were already suspected of, and the result would certainly be a prison sentence. This was the Temple's baptism by blackmail.

The blackmailed aides would become the Temple hierarchy, the ruling elite and, for the most part, the only survivors of the massacre in Jonestown. Jones called them his "Angels;" an appropriate name as those outside the group assumed it was in reference to Jones' divinity, while those unfortunates inside the group knew it was an allusion to the angel of death. Though 80% of the Temple membership was Black, nearly 100% of the Angels were Caucasian. Their numbers are not known, but by 1978, Jones referred to them as "The One Hundred."

Inside each information envelope was the complete life story of the subject, including medical and career history, psychological profile, lists of relatives, associates and friends as well as personal preferences and habits. No agency of the federal government, not even all of them combined, had a more copious intelligence bank than did the Peoples Temple. The data was divided into two basic classifications: "direct" and "indirect." Direct data was any intelligence received firsthand from the subject either

voluntarily provided in his signed information sheet, or inadvertently provided in idle conversations with Cartmell's intelligence agents. Indirect data was any intelligence gathered without the subject's knowledge. Patty Cartmell and her assistants were skilled in burglary techniques and much information was gained through illegally entering a subject's home. More predominant, though less spectacular than breaking and entering, was the disabled car routine. Typically, two of Cartmell's female spies would knock on the subject's door, claim their car had broken down and ask to use the telephone. While in the house, they would make mental notes of the surroundings. One would ask to use the bathroom and, while locked inside, photograph the contents of the medicine cabinet. Later, the photo would be used to identify any prescription drugs and the doctor who prescribed them, so that a more detailed medical history could be acquired from the subject's physician. Other indirect data was gathered through surveillance, conversations with neighbors and distant relatives, as well as periodic studies in the contents of a subject's garbage can. In the early morning hours, Cartmell and her team would take garbage that had been set out near the street for removal back to the Temple or a motel room where it was spread out on a long table, closely examined, analyzed and inventoried. Reports were so detailed that it was not sufficient to note, say, an empty box of cookies. Cartmell's spies were expected to indicate the brand name of the cookies, the manufacturer's name and address, the list of ingredients, the price and the retail outlet where the product had been purchased. A typed garbage inventory, titled "indirect-garb," along with any personal correspondence and bills were then filed in

the subject's information envelope. Old telephone bills were of particular interest as they provided an accurate accounting of every long-distance phone call the subject had placed in the previous month.

On one occasion, Patty Cartmell was arrested for her clandestine intelligence gathering. Cartmell, an obese White woman, was disguised in plain dress and black stage make-up when the police caught her snooping around a house in a Black Los Angeles neighborhood. She later gave this account:

> Jack (Beam) and I were doing a stop/by on a house in Los Angeles. Jack was in the car and I was in the yard. The cops came, and Jack, the yellow-bellied coward, took off, leaving me holding the bag. I was arrested and taken in.... I didn't know what to do so I called Tim [Temple attorney, Tim Stoen] and told him I'd been arrested.[68]

According to Temple aide, Terry Buford:

> Stoen said that Jim came up with this brilliant idea that Patty should be told to say she was having an affair with a man and had put on this disguise; she was meeting him in a black neighbor-hood, and she didn't want her husband to find out. Stoen said

> the story was so incredible that
> the police believed it and
> released Patty.[69]

In addition to the information envelopes on Temple members, Patty Cartmell had amassed a very impressive file on California's politicians and public figures. The subject of one such study was Leo Ryan, whose Temple file was larger than most, as Jones' superiors had expressed particular interest in the career of this aspiring young Assemblyman. In 1968, Cartmell presented her completed file on Ryan to Jones for his review.

Leo J. Ryan was born on May 5, 1925 in Lincoln, Nebraska; the son of a newspaperman from whom he inherited a compelling interest in investigative journalism. After serving in the Navy during World War II, Ryan graduated from Creighton University in 1951 with a masters degree in Elizabethan Drama. Like many other navy veterans who first experienced California during the war, Ryan returned to the San Francisco Bay Area where he settled in the small community of South San Francisco and accepted a position teaching English at the local high school. Eventually, he would be appointed principal and superintendent of the South San Francisco High School. His first involvement in politics came in the mid-50's when he campaigned against the McCarthy Era communist witch-hunt and was elected to the city council where he served from 1956 until 1962. His career in municipal government was uneventful. Perhaps city politics was too small an arena for his abilities, but, in any event, Ryan longed for a more important and challenging role in

government. He found his opportunity in late 1960 when John Kennedy was elected president.

Ryan arranged for the South San Francisco Marching Band to perform at Kennedy's inauguration ceremony in Washington in early 1961, as token representatives of the new president's West Coast supporters. Ryan planned every aspect of the trip with his old friend and drinking buddy, Robert "Sammy" Houston. Sammy Houston, a descendant of the famous Texas general, was an Associated Press photographer whose son, Bob was a student of Ryan's and spokesperson for the high school's marching band. Bob had grown up in the adjacent community of San Bruno where he counted Ryan's children among his playmates who affectionately referred to this intelligent young man as "the professor." Leo Ryan, together with Sammy and Bob Houston and the school band, set out for the scheduled performance in Washington. Hotel rooms were at a premium during the inauguration so Ryan and Sammy Houston shared a room which gave them time together to put the finishing touches on their plan.

On inauguration day, Sammy shot some great photographs. One was of his son shaking hands with President Kennedy -- a memento Bob would cherish until his death in 1976. But the most important photo and, in retrospect, the sole purpose for the trip to Washington, was of Leo Ryan conducting the band as they marched past the reviewing stand and President Kennedy. The following day, through Houston's connections with the Associated Press, the photograph with Ryan in the foreground and Kennedy in the background appeared on the front page of nearly every newspaper in Northern California. Sammy Houston's photo had made Leo Ryan famous overnight. Immediately upon his return to

California, Ryan began to campaign for the office of mayor of South San Francisco, a position he was elected to in 1962. Also in 1962, Ryan was elected to the California Assembly. His political career had advanced from city councilman to state assemblyman in a few short months and he owed it all to Sammy Houston. It is important to note, as did Jim Jones in his evaluation of Ryan's file, that the Washington episode was staged from the start. Ryan was the school's principal and the faculty chaperone on the trip, but he had no musical training and no business conducting the band; especially in its brief moment in the limelight. Ryan's expertise lay, not in music, but in theatrics and his theatrics in Washington earned him a seat in the California Assembly.

Ryan's political career depended largely on staged publicity events intended to generate public awareness, support and votes. His colleagues viewed the theatrics as little more than cheap grand-standing but their criticism stemmed, not from distaste of his tactics, but from envy of his success. Ryan was a loner, a self-made man, an individual who rose to political importance without the aid of, or the debt to, an existing power structure. His singular attitude was best described in the inscription on a picture of a sailboat hung in his Sacramento office; "I know which way the wind is blowing but I must set my own course." Ryan was a member of the California Assembly and eventually the U.S. Congress, but in a larger sense he never really joined these legislative bodies. He remained an individual who marched to his own tune; something that would further alienate him from his fellow legislators.

Ryan quickly gained a reputation in the California Assembly as a formidable investigator who personally looked into every major issue of the day. Joe Holsinger, Ryan's chief aide, would later recall:

> Leo believed that more legislators should go check things out, rather than take someone's word for them. He felt it was his duty to check out the problems of the people he represented.[70]

In 1965, following the race riots in the Watts section of Los Angeles, Ryan moved into the home of a local Black family and worked, under an assumed name, as a substitute teacher at the predominantly Black Jefferson High School where he studied, firsthand, the cause of the social unrest. In 1970, when prison reform was a major issue in California, Ryan, again under an assumed name, was transported in handcuffs to the maximum security section of Folsom Prison, where he was interned for a week to study the issue of prison reform from the inside. He later wrote a play about his Folsom Prison experience, entitled "A Small Piece of Sky," but it was never produced. Also in 1970, Ryan was proclaimed "Man of the Year" by the International Wildlife Foundation for his trip to Newfoundland where he chained himself to baby seals to protest their slaughter.

Following each of his adventures, Ryan would receive excellent press coverage that helped keep him in the public eye and in office. Jones, who was also an expert in media manipulation, recognized Ryan's

tactics for what they were and found within those tactics his one weakness. Ryan clearly owed his political career to the Houstons and Jones knew that to control the rebel assemblyman he needed only to control Bob Houston, and this he set out to do in 1968.

Patty Cartmell provided Jones with an updated file on Bob Houston. Bob had continued his education at the University of California at Berkeley where he was student director of the school's marching band. He had married and he and his wife Phyllis had two daughters, Patricia and Judy Lynn. Jones surmised that recruiting Bob Houston was an easy matter of simply giving him what he wanted. Since his graduation from Berkeley there was a void in Bob's life; there were no more bands for him to conduct and he had lost his one love, music. Temple recruiters first contacted Phyllis and, when they had generated sufficient interest for her to approach her husband about joining the Peoples Temple, Jim Jones was well prepared. He offered Bob the position of music director of the Temple's very professional band and chorus. Bob accepted. Knowing that he shared his father's interest in photography, Jones also appointed him staff photographer and assistant pastor, just to add to the honor he bestowed upon him. In time, Jones' hold on Bob Houston would increase to a death grip, but it suffices to say that by 1969 Houston was a lifetime member of the Peoples Temple. His dossier was placed in an information envelope and filed under "H." Thus began a masterplan that would require eight years to conclude. A few months later, Jones ordered the first of the "H" file homicides.

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VICTIM NUMBER ONE

Maxine Bernice Harpe
Died: March 28, 1970
Hung by the neck

Maxine Harpe grew up in the small Northern California town of Willits where she married her high school sweetheart, had three children and settled down to a quiet life in Talmadge, that is until 1969, when Jim Jones targetted her for assassination. In a little more than a year, Jones and his aides would destroy Maxine's marriage, family, career, and love affair. They would steal her children and her life savings and drive her to the brink of suicide.

Temple strongarm man and Mendocino County Welfare worker, Jim Randolph, initiated a love affair with Maxine intended to break up her marriage and bring her into the congregation. Every relationship pursued by Jim Randolph, or any other Temple member, required the prior approval of the Temple's Relationship Committee and Jim Jones, who not only issued binding judgments on proposed relationships, but also proposed many himself. Maxine quickly fell in love with Randolph; attesting to Jones' ability to pair villain with victim. Spurred by Randolph's encouragement, Maxine left her husband and moved into a Temple communal house with her three children and Temple member Mary Candoo. During this difficult transition period, Maxine was counseled and encouraged by her welfare caseworker, Linda Sharon Amos, a high ranking Temple aide who claimed to have once been a member of

Charles Manson's gang. Amos helped Maxine secure a job as a dental assistant at the Mendocino State Mental Hospital in Talmadge.

Linda Amos and Jim Randolph were only two of the estimated fifty Temple members who had infiltrated government agencies in Mendocino County, but their function in the Welfare Department was one of particular importance to Jim Jones. Together with their colleagues, Amos and Randolph were able to license several Temple operated foster care homes and protect several additional homes that were unlicensed and illegal.

Jones convinced his congregation that their children would have a richer life experience living apart from their parents. Families were disbanded and the children, who were now eligible for welfare assistance, were placed in Temple foster homes. The children's welfare support checks were signed over to the Temple and provided a substantial portion of Jones' government subsidy. The Temple welfare activities were not restricted to simple fraud; many Black children were taken from the ghettos of San Francisco and Oakland using tactics that bordered on kidnapping.

The illegal use of the Mendocino County Welfare Department appeared to escape the attention of the department's director, Dennis Denny. Though it was impossible to ignore the Temple foster care homes and the Temple welfare case workers, Denny never seemed to make the connection. Carrie Minkler was one of the few case workers in the Welfare Department who was not a member of the Peoples Temple. Ms. Minkler, now retired, recalls working with Amos, Randolph and other Temple members;

> You didn't open your mouth. You didn't mention the Peoples Temple in our department. Even the walls had ears. There wasn't anything that went on in our office that Jim Jones didn't know the next day...Peoples Temple workers went through other workers' case files. The CIA could have used them. The atmosphere was really tense.[71]

It didn't take long to surround Maxine. She had a Temple lover, a Temple house with a Temple roommate, a Temple social worker, a Temple job with Temple co-workers, even the attorney representing her in the divorce case was Temple attorney Tim Stoen. The Temple was also Maxine's religion and recreation. By March of 1970, every aspect of her life depended upon the Peoples Temple as Jim Jones pulled the plug on her life support system.

Three weeks before her death, Maxine received a check for $2,493.81; her share of the divorce settlement. She signed the check over to Randolph, who deposited $2,000.00 in his personal checking account and $493.81 in his savings account, as per Jones' instructions. Once her life savings were safely in Temple hands, everything bad happened to Maxine at once.

Jones ordered Randolph to end his relationship with Maxine and she was heartbroken. She was fired from her job. She had no means of support; Randolph had all her money and wouldn't give it back. She went to Linda Amos for financial assistance from the Welfare

Department, but Amos not only denied her request but, in addition, judged her a "mental depressant" and threatened to place her children in a Temple foster care home as she was unfit to be a parent. Her roommate, Mary Candoo, would certainly parrot Amos' accusations.

Maxine realized she was under siege by a well organized attacker and sought help from her attorney, Tim Stoen, but, of course, her protest fell on deaf ears. She then turned to the one man who seemed to be at the center of her problem. She confronted Jones the day before her death. Jones was furious and thoroughly humiliated Maxine in front of Randolph and other Temple members who remember him saying, "Why don't you just kill yourself? Get it over with!.... At least Judas had the guts to kill himself."[72] Others recall Jones predicting, "That bitch (Maxine) is going to die,"[73] just one day before she did.

Everywhere she turned, Maxine felt an ever increasing hostility. After the March 27th confrontation with Jones, she was so afraid the Temple would take a more physical approach to their harassment that she made a special request to bring home a houseful of Temple children, whose presence, she hoped, would discourage a physical assault. She was wrong.

On March 28th at 1:30 AM, one of the children spending the night at Maxine's house wandered into the garage to find Maxine dead; hung by an electrical extension cord from the roof rafters. A hastily scribbled suicide note on a torn grocery bag instructed the children to phone the Temple in Redwood Valley and wait in the house until they arrived.

Jim Jones, Jim Randolph, Patty Cartmell and Jack Beam arrived at Maxine's house sometime before

dawn. Jones waited outside in the car while the others put on surgical gloves and entered the house to remove any evidence of Maxine's involvement with the People's Temple. They untied the body, lowered it to the garage floor and disrobed it to remove a red prayer cloth that belted the waist. Temple members often wore these blessed prayer cloths in concealed places on their person. The body was then redressed and rehung, carefully re-staging the scene for the police investigator. The aides then ransacked the house to locate and remove anything that might associate Maxine with the Temple. They completed their work at approximately 8:30 AM, instructed the children to phone the police, and left.

Jones was safe in his Redwood Valley parsonage at 8:57 AM when Deputy Sheriff-Coroner, Bruce Cochran, arrived at the death scene in Talmadge. Twenty minutes later, Randolph, Cartmell and Beam returned to the house and informed Deputy Cochran that the children had phoned them but that they really didn't know why as they had never met the dead woman. Cartmell convinced Deputy Cochran that she should remove the children from such a gruesome scene, and consequently, he never got the opportunity to question the only eyewitnesses. One of the children, nine year old Tommy Ijames, would later recall the event:

> The children called the church before they called the police, and they came very early in the morning. They came in there and took all the pictures of Jim Jones out...(prayer) cloths they took from her, pulled her down

> off the (rafter) and took them off her waist, anything that had to do with the church... Jim (Jones), he stayed in the car and didn't come out... They pulled her down and they took the clothes off her... They were taking all the... little pamphlets of Jim Jones, and then (after the coroner arrived) they acted like they didn't know her...[74]

The Temple death squad had left Maxine's house twenty minutes before the coroner arrived and returned twenty minutes after he arrived. They allowed him just enough time to assume that he was the first adult on the scene, but not enough time to question the children, who were quickly transported away. Such impeccable timing was typical of Temple operations. Like the other agencies in Mendocino County, Jones had spies in the Sheriff's office who informed him of their every move.

Deputy Cochran's subsequent investigation proceeded exactly as Jones had planned. It was Cochran's job to be suspicious and he was. There was the unusual placement of a trunk under Maxine's feet and the unexplained presence of children and adults, all of whom were members of the Peoples Temple. But eventually his investigation was to center on Maxine's financial transactions just prior to her death. Cochran contacted Jim Randolph's boss, Welfare Director, Dennis Denny, questioning the legality of a welfare worker depositing a welfare recipient's check

in his personal account; especially when that same welfare worker was present at the scene of the recipient's apparent suicide just three weeks later. Denny defended Randolph's actions and assured Cochran that there was no reason to suspect foul play or improper conduct, but Cochran was not satisfied. He pressured Randolph for a deposition regarding his role in Maxine's finances and reluctantly he complied. In a sworn statement, Randolph told the police that a few weeks after receiving the money, he transferred $2,000.00 from his savings account to Temple treasurer, Eva Pugh, to set up a trust fund for Maxine's children. He held the remaining $493.81 until three days after Maxine's death when he added that to the fund as well. If Randolph's statement is to be believed it would seem that he helped establish a fund for Maxine's children before her death. Randolph completed the deposition but refused to sign it until Assistant District Attorney (and Peoples Temple attorney) Tim Stoen had the opportunity to review the statement. Randolph stalled, Stoen stalled, and the statement was never signed.

It was Tim Stoen who finally convinced Cochran to drop the investigation when he informed him that he (Stoen) was co-trustee of the children's fund, along with, of all people, Cochran's boss, Sheriff Reno Bartolmei. Also, to disguise their true involvement, the Peoples Temple had contributed an additional $470.00 to the fund, that together with the initial money and the accumulated bank interest, totaled $3,000.00 for the three children. Linda Amos, Maxine's welfare case worker, buttressed Stoen's statements with her volunteered testimony as to Maxine's depressed state of mind just prior to what certainly must have

been her suicide. Cochran's investigation quickly lost momentum. Maxine's death was declared a suicide. The case was closed and, despite future pleas from ex-Temple members and the press, it was never reopened.

Richard Taylor, a local Baptist minister who knew Maxine Harpe, was not satisfied with the superficial investigation into what he believed as murder. Aware that the Temple controlled most of Mendocino County, Taylor presented his arguments in a long letter he sent to the state attorney general's office in which he asked the state to investigate Jim Jones' role in Maxine Harpe's death. Taylor was invited to present his evidence to a deputy in the attorney general's office but when he appeared to testify in Sacramento, his notes on Jones were confiscated and he was told that there would be no investigation due to "insufficient evidence." Immediately upon his return to Ukiah, Taylor and his wife were deluged with threatening phone calls that they believed "originated from the People's Temple." Intimidated and frightened, the minister dropped all attempts to prove that Jim Jones had ordered Maxine Harpe's death.

Randolph may have avoided signing a statement for the police but he did not avoid signing a blank statement for Jim Jones. It wasn't long before he realized his mistake when Jones presented him with a copy of his previously signed blank statement which was now a typed confession to the murder of Maxine Harpe. Only then did he understand why Jones had instructed him to deposit Maxine's money in his personal bank account and why he insisted Randolph be present at the scene of the crime. The police already suspected him, and their suspicion, along with the signed confession,

would certainly convict him of murder; especially since the foreman of the Mendocino Grand Jury, who would bring down the indictment, was none other than Jim Jones. Randolph was promoted to the Angels and his only way out was a lifetime sentence in prison. To further implicate him in Maxine's death, Jones called him in front of a closed meeting of the Temple's Planning Commission and, with a dozen witnesses present, he accused Randolph of killing Maxine. He shouted, "You know you did it (killed Maxine)!"[75] But for all of Jones' badgering, Randolph said nothing in his own defense.

Rumors of the Temple's involvement in the death of Maxine Harpe continued to circulate in the press. Two and a half years later, Lester Kinsolving penned a series of articles in the San Francisco Examiner, in which he accused Temple attorney Tim Stoen of wrongdoing in his counseling of Maxine just prior to her alleged suicide. Stoen refuted the charges in a statement that appeared in the Ukiah Daily Journal, dated September 21, 1972, in which he said:

> The woman referred to (who was not, incidentally, a member of my church) was somebody I did not know, had never talked with, and certainly had never counseled.[76]

Stoen could not have forgotten that he represented Maxine in her divorce or that he was a custodian of the fund for her children or was instrumental in suppressing the coroner's investigation into her death. He must have felt extremely threatened to publicly report such a blatant, bold-faced lie.

Jones profited from Maxine's death in several ways. He gained a new Angel; a competent, intelligent slave, Jim Randolph. He received the $3,000.00 trust fund and the three children who, following their mother's funeral, were placed in Temple foster homes and enrolled in the welfare system. Their welfare support checks were signed over to the Temple that profited at least $10,000.00 from overcharging the welfare system and under-caring for the children.

In 1977, a special prosecution unit of the San Francisco District Attorney's Office, looking into allegations of illegal activities in the Peoples Temple, cited what their subsequent report termed "Welfare Diversion," but rather than pursue the investigation, the DA's office referred the matter to the city's Department of Social Services and the City Comptroller's Office with the recommendation that any evidence that surfaced should be submitted to the DA's welfare fraud expert, Don Didler. Didler, following the lead of Mendocino County's Welfare Director, Dennis Denny, did absolutely nothing. Together, Didler and Denny were very effective in protecting the Temple's federal welfare subsidy.

In retrospect, Maxine Harpe's story was a study in microcosm of the events that would occur some eight years later in Jonestown, Guyana. In both cases, the victims were systematically stripped of all self-esteem and lured into a total dependence on Jim Jones, who, at the proper time, denied them everything. Suicide appeared to be the best, if not the only, alternative. It will never be known whether Maxine's death was a suicide or a murder. She may or may not have actually wrapped the wire around her neck, just as the residents of Jonestown may or may not have voluntarily taken

poison; regardless, there is no doubt that Jim Jones killed them all.

In the final analysis, the most important aspect of Maxine's death was the reason Jones had singled her out for assassination in the first place. The episode played an important part in his master plan, as Maxine Harpe's identification envelope was the first in the Peoples Temple "H" file.

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VICTIM NUMBER TWO

Rory Hithe
Died: November 8, 1973
Shot to death during an argument

Rory Hithe was member of the Peoples Temple and an official of the Western Addition Project Area Committee; a neighborhood action group in a section of San Francisco that Jim Jones had targetted for political infiltration and control. During a heated argument about San Francisco's anti-poverty politics, Rory Hithe was shot and killed by Temple guard Chris Lewis, in full view of a room of witnesses; most of whom were also members of the Peoples Temple.

Jim Jones had ordered Lewis to kill Rory Hithe, whose death, like Maxine Harpe's, was a Peoples Temple affair. The motive for the killing is unclear. It has been suggested that Hithe's death resulted from a conflict with Jones over Western Addition neighborhood politics, but this theory does not take into account that, at the time, Jones was powerful enough to replace Hithe on the Committee with another follower who was in closer agreement. Murder for neighborhood politics was

not warranted. There had to be another motive. In November of 1973, Rory Hithe's Temple information envelope was the next dossier filed under "H."

Perhaps more interesting than the story of Rory Hithe, is the story of his assassin, Chris Lewis. There is no doubt that Lewis killed Hithe, there is only the question of whether or not it was in self-defense. The fact that a loaded gun was within reach during the argument, in itself suggests premeditation. Lewis was arrested and charged with murder and assault. Hithe's sister, also a Temple member, was wounded in the attack, hence the assault charge.

Chris Lewis joined the Peoples Temple in 1969 after Jones allegedly cured him of heroin addiction. He was a tough, ghetto-wise brawler who had served time in prison for burglary and grand theft. His primary function in the Temple was to train Cartmell's agents in techniques of breaking and entering and to act as liaison with San Francisco's underworld fencing operations. Jones encouraged his congregation to donate not only their property and money, but also their personal possessions to the Temple, which needed to liquidate the furniture, clothing and jewelry they acquired. Throughout their history, the Temple operated no less than six thrift shops, first in Ukiah, then in San Francisco and eventually in Guyana. The Temple stores were very profitable. The clerks were volunteers, the merchandise was donated and the business was a tax exempt charity. Nearly every dollar taken in was pure profit. But the stores could not sell all the items the Temple acquired. A $10,000 diamond ring, for example, not only looks out of place in the window of a thrift shop and would probably never sell, it might raise questions as to its origin. Also

many of the donated items had been previously stolen and might be listed on police hot sheets. An expensive typewriter, with the serial numbers ground away, could not be offered to the public. Cartmell's agents conducted many burglaries, primarily intended to gather information, but, on occasion, they would steal an expensive item just to disguise the true nature of the break-in. All of this questionable merchandise had to be liquidated and fencing was the most expedient alternative. With his underworld connections, Chris Lewis was just the man for the job.

Jones called a special meeting of the Temple Planning Commission to discuss Lewis' arrest. Witnesses recall him saying:

> I have always allowed Chris certain latitude in his actions and his living situation, because he has contacts that are very helpful in some areas of my work, areas that few of you are aware of. I cannot allow him to go to jail. We need to maintain his contacts. And more important, I do not fully trust Chris. If he were left in jail it is very probable that he would tell everything he knows about our group. His testimony would be harmful to our welfare. It is imperative that we keep him out of jail at all costs.[77]

Jim Jones and his attorney, Tim Stoen, immediately went to work on Lewis' defense. Jones paid the $20,000 fee to hire famed San Francisco criminal lawyer James Martin MacInnis to represent Lewis. He later told the Planning Commission that the total cost for defending Lewis was $36,000. Perhaps he was exaggerating or perhaps he used the extra money to buy the court. In any event, Lewis was acquitted of all charges on the grounds that he had killed Rory Hithe in self-defense.

Lewis was released from jail but was not free, as he soon found out when Jones presented him with his signed blank statement that now read as a confession to murder and perjury. Once blackmailed, the newest member of the Angels of Death could then be trusted and Jones appointed Lewis to his elite staff of personal bodyguards.

Jones informed him that he had discovered, through his connections with the Mafia in San Francisco, that there was an open contract out on Lewis's life. If this was true, it was probably a result of a Temple activity as Lewis worked exclusively for Jim Jones. Jones hid Lewis and his wife, Dorothy, in a Redwood Valley trailer owned by Temple photographer Elmer Mertle and his wife, Deanna (a.k.a. Al and Jeannie Mills). After only one month in the trailer, Lewis complained to Jones that, "The country life may be okay for some folks, but for a city dude like me it's worse than prison."[78] Jones then moved the Lewises out of California until it was safe for Chris to return to his duties in San Francisco.

Lewis was always considered to be one of Jones' favorite aides but, on one occasion, he was called in front of the Planning Commission in Redwood Valley and

reprimanded for an incident with the San Francisco police. Jones said:

> I understand that you were picked up by a policeman for speeding, and you later bragged to Gene [presumably Temple attorney, Eugene Chaikin] that you used a phony name on the ticket. What are you trying to do to this church, Chris?

Lewis defended himself:

> It's true that I used a phony name. In some of the work I do in San Francisco, it's necessary for me to use different names, but they're all legal. I go to the Driver's License Bureau and make a statement that my real name is Chris Lewis but I am using a different name, and they issue me a driver's license with the name I choose. It's very legitimate, and can't get me or the church into difficulty.[79]

In spite of his eloquent defense, Jones punished Lewis by ordering him to disrobe in front of the congregation and swim an unreported, but presumably punishing, number of laps in the Temple's indoor swimming pool.

In late 1977, Lewis once again got into trouble with the authorities when a San Francisco policeman

stopped his car on a traffic violation and discovered a loaded handgun under his front seat. Possession of a firearm by a convicted felon is illegal, and according to his last attorney, Steve Alkind, Lewis faced an almost certain jail term. While out on bail, Lewis and his wife traveled to Guyana to seek Jones' help in raising money for his defense.

The Lewises were received as long-lost friends in Guyana. Jones assured them that, when the need arose, he would provide the capital that would, once again, pay for Chris' acquittal. But in truth, Jones had no intention of helping Lewis again. Jonestown and the Peoples Temple were scheduled for destruction in less than a year and, though Lewis was still valuable to Jones, his usefulness would soon be outlived, and did not warrant an additional investment. Lewis may have sensed this as he did not want to leave the jungle sanctuary. Jones had to convince him that it was in everyone's best interest that he return to San Francisco and face the charges. As a last resort, Jones literally pushed the Lewises out of Jonestown by hosting a farewell party in their honor. It was a gala banquet with music and dancing, and the following morning, after everyone had said their good-byes, the Lewises felt compelled to return to San Francisco where Chris worked harder than ever, as Jones had promised him that income he generated for the Temple would help finance his defense.

Eventually, Lewis needed to pay his attorney, so in early December, he radioed Jonestown for the money. He was told that Jones was not available at the moment, but would return his call as soon as possible. Jones never radioed back. Lewis tried again and again, but each time he failed to contact his patron.

On December 10, 1977, just a few days after his last radio message to Jonestown, Chris Lewis was murdered outside the Temple's thrift shop in the Hunter's Point section of San Francisco. Two gunmen simultaneously fired two shots each into Lewis's back and ran. The police found Lewis dead with four holes in his back and $1,000 cash in his pocket. The gunmen were never identified and the murder remains unsolved.

When news of Lewis's death reached Jonestown, Jones staged quite a show of grief. He blamed the enemies of the Peoples Temple and went so far as to circulate rumors that he had a difficult time restraining Lewis's Temple friends from taking revenge on the outsiders who had murdered him. While Jones shed his crocodile tears, his wife, Marceline, was using Lewis's death to threaten Wade and Mabel Medlock, two uncooperative Temple members. The Medlocks, an elderly Black couple, had signed their Los Angeles properties over to the Temple but they refused repeated requests that they move to Guyana. Two weeks after Lewis was murdered, Marceline Jones ordered the Medlocks to move to Jonestown and once again they refused. Marceline responded, "What happened to Chris Lewis will happen to you."[80] The threat was repeated a few days later in a phone call from Temple assistant pastor, Hugh Fortsyn, who warned, "You know what happened to Chris Lewis? You better watch it."[81]

On May 25, 1978, the Medlocks filed a formal complaint with the Los Angeles District Attorney's Office, charging the Peoples Temple with extorting $135,000 worth of real estate from them. They insisted that they had signed the papers under duress in the presence of Jim Jones and Temple guard, Jim McElvane. They also reported hearing a rumor that it was Jim

McElvane and Jim Crokes who had murdered Chris Lewis. There is no indication that the police even tried to question McElvane, Crokes or anyone else in the Temple regarding Lewis's death.

Jim Jones had previously perfected the "two man assassination technique." The two assassins of Chris Lewis had, on the count of three, both fired two bullets so that neither man could ever be certain which one fired the fatal shot -- they were equally responsible. As they later discovered, Jim Jones could then blackmail two new Angels for one murder. In this case, two Jims for one crime.

The story of Chris Lewis took place as a direct or indirect result of one incident, the killing of Rory Hithe; a murder without apparent motive until one considers the Temple's "H" file.

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VICTIM NUMBER THREE

Truth Hart
Died: July 16, 1974
Congestive Heart Failure

Truth Hart had traded all her worldly possessions for the right to live out her later years in Heaven with God. "Heaven" was the communal estate of the Peace Mission in Philadelphia. "God" was the Black preacher, George Baker, who was self-ordained "Father Divine" in 1919. Father Divine had become one of the foremost authorities on not only shepherding a Negro flock, but on shearing them as well. Through extortion, he was able to build his Peace Mission into a multi-million dollar business. His contributions to

the science of mind control may well earn Father Divine a place in history as the "Father of the Twentieth Century Cult Figures in America."

Starting in the late 1950's, Jones made periodic pilgrimages to Philadelphia to seek the advice of his mentor in building a Negro church empire. In 1965, as Jones prepared to move to California, much to the surprise of the Peace Mission followers, Father Divine died. Jones seized the opportunity to steal as many sheep from the mission flock as possible. Temple workers began an intense letter-writing campaign, intended to convince the Peace Missioners that Jim Jones had inherited their deceased leader's divinity. Jones made several attempts to persuade Divine's widow -- an attractive blue-eyed blonde in her late thirties -- to name him heir to the Peace Mission's throne, but Mother Divine considered Jones' request an insult to her late husband's memory. She would not be moved.

Most of Divine's followers were elderly Black women. Though they may have had a moderate income from Social Security, financially speaking, their inclusion in the Peoples Temple would be more of a liability than an asset. They did they offer Jones something he needed; Black bodies without a will of their own. In July of 1971, Jones and two hundred and sixty Temple members arrived at the Peace Mission's headquarters in Philadelphia in a determined effort to convert the congregation. Temple aide Grace Grech Stoen later recalled her role in canvassing the Mission's neighborhood with an open invitation to anyone in range of her loudspeaker:

> ...I was really good, too...We went around to the Divine Mission

> from one of their churches or hotels and gave a speech saying, 'If you want to go, the busses will be leaving at such-and-such a time,' and talking about Jim Jones's work and stuff like that.[82]

The Temple assault team had limited success in convincing the Peace Missioners to board the Temple busses for their new "heaven" in California. At least fifteen new recruits did accept the invitation and among them were Truth Hart and her friend, Mary Love.

As outlined elsewhere, one of Jones' life goals was to perfect techniques of assassination that mimicked disease or natural cause. His (and the CIA's) two main areas of study were induced cancer and induced heart failure. Truth Hart would fall victim to both.

Truth was received with some degree of importance in Redwood Valley as Jones assigned her to live in the luxurious showplace home of attorney Tim Stoen and his wife, Grace who later recalled Truth as, "a little weird woman" who would get especially excited about certain foods. "Food was very precious to her."[83]

Soon after her arrival at the Stoen's house, Truth contracted intestinal cancer, a disease that even the medical novice can see might have been a direct result of something she had eaten, or, in Truth's case, something she had been given to eat. Once the cancer was confirmed, Truth was cured, not by the faith healing powers of Jim Jones, but by surgery. After the operation, she was assigned to Birdie Marable's rest home; a Temple operated facility in Ukiah where she

fully recovered only to succumb to the second half of the experiment.

Jones asked Temple nurse Faith Freestone Worley if there was a drug that could induce a fatal heart attack. Faith identified Phytonadione, the generic name for vitamin K_1, commonly referred to by its trade name, Mephyton. Phytonadione is used to treat a deficiency of prothrombin; a natural chemical that permits the blood to clot. An overdose might produce blood clots that would eventually lodge in the heart and trigger a massive coronary; but there were problems. The drug does not accumulate in the body so one massive dosage was necessary. Also, it had only been effective in killing subjects with pre-existing heart conditions; healthy subjects often survived the ordeal.

Faith was ordered to develop a catalyst that, when added to Phytonadione, would produce a pulmonary embolism pill (or "PEP," as they code named it), that would have a 100% kill rate. With his extensive medical knowledge and reference resources, Jones certainly did not need Faith to develop the PEP, but her involvement was calculated to set her up for blackmail. During one closed meeting on the subject, Jones allowed Faith to see him write "Phytonadione" and "Truth Hart" on a small slip of paper before he dramatically burned it. She was also allowed to overhear a rumor that the drug she had recommended was being given to Truth without her knowledge. Faith soon realized that she was being implicated in a plot to kill Truth Hart.

Truth Hart was deeply religious and venerated the Bible. Jones used her faith to alienate her to the point where she wanted to leave the Temple. He would

single her out and preface the profanity, obscenity and blasphemy in his sermons with: "Close your ears, Truth, here comes another one."[84] Truth's only response was: "I don't see how you can bring such terrible things out of your mouth."[85] What began as innocent teasing, escalated to a full scale attack. Jones succeeded in making Truth feel so uncomfortable that she expressed a desire to leave the Temple. It was important that the "H" file victims express their discontent with the Temple just prior to their death as Jones would later use the deaths as an example to the congregation of what would happen to them if they also decided to leave the Peoples Temple and the protection of the "Father." A few days before Truth's death, Faith Worley, Sally Stapleton and other aides heard Jones predict: "That woman (Truth) will die soon."[86]

Birdie Marable, entrusted with the care of Truth's life, presented an obstacle to her death. The Temple's fleet of Greyhound busses were about to depart on their annual cross-country trip and Jones insisted that Birdie join the vacation party. At first she declined but later she accepted when Jones and others convinced her that she needed a vacation and that everything would be fine at the rest home, as Mary Love would assume responsibilities in her absence.

On the evening of July 15th, 1974, Mary Love treated her old friend, Truth, to a condemned prisoner's last meal; an exquisite gourmet dinner laced with a massive dosage of PEP. Mary monitored Truth's condition throughout the night. Come morning, Truth was very weak but still alive. The PEP had not been as effective as Jones had hoped. Mary had been well prepared with a contingency plan. She started tormenting Truth; pinching her and forcing her to take

alternately hot and cold baths to put an undue strain on her heart. She then placed her back in bed, gave her a final pill, and Truth Hart, age 66, died immediately.

Temple nurse Judith Ijames reported the death at 11 AM on July 16th. Mary Love was quick to point out to the investigating coroner that Truth had died of a heart attack. She also reported that she had been concerned about Truth's deteriorating condition and was phoning a local physician when she heard Truth call out. Mary then dropped the phone and ran to her room, but was too late; Truth Hart had died. An autopsy was performed but no tests were made for toxins in Truth's stomach or bloodstream. Based upon the autopsy report and Mary Love's statements, the coroner determined the cause of death was "congestive heart failure due to rheumatic heart disease." The death certificate was signed by Sheriff Reno Bartolmei, the same man listed as custodian of the fund for Maxine Harpe's children.

Birdie Marable was informed of Truth's death during her bus trip. She was so upset at the news that she phoned Jim Jones, who would only say, "It's better this way, Birdie."[87] The Temple bus was Birdie's only way back to California so she remained with the tour, but immediately upon her return she resigned from the Temple and her position at the rest home to begin a campaign to expose the Temple's mistreatment of senior citizens placed in their care. She reported several incriminating incidents to the Ukiah Daily Journal but, like everything else in Mendocino County, Jones controlled the press and Temple spies who worked at the newspaper suppressed Birdie's story.

Birdie Marable was not the only one who threatened to incriminate the Temple in Truth Hart's

death. Janie Brown and Ella Mae Hoskins, two elderly residents of Birdie's rest home, had actually witnessed the events of July 16th. At first they were afraid to speak out, lest they suffer the fate of their friend, but six months later, Janie Brown (the braver of the two) could no longer remain silent. During an open Temple meeting, Jones warned his congregation that what happened to Truth would happen to them if they wanted to leave the Temple. Janie, in a fit of anger, stood up and shouted at the pulpit, "I don't care what anybody says about Truth Hart; I know what really happened."[88] A few days later, on January 29, 1975, Janie Brown died. Her death was not reported to the authorities. Neither the sheriff nor the coroner signed the death certificate. No cause of death was listed. The Temple would continue to collect Janie Brown's Welfare and Social Security benefits for years to come.

Ella Mae Hoskins remained silent until October 14, 1975, when Birdie Marable convinced her to make a statement to the police to document what she had witnessed. The sheriff's department refused to take Ella Mae's statement but finally gave in five weeks later when Birdie and others staged a protest demonstration outside the sheriff's office demanding that action be taken. Ella Mae swore in an interview with investigator Jan Kespohl on November 21, 1975, that on the morning in question, Mary Love (who had since changed her name to Mary Black):

> ...was pinching Truth and hurting her. She made Truth get up and take a bath and Truth was awful sick. Then Mary Black gave Truth

> a pill, and I was standing at the doorway watching. She then gave Truth some water to drink and went back into the kitchen, and Truth was dead before Mary got back into the kitchen.[89]

Despite the rather incriminating evidence, the sheriff's department refused to reopen the investigation into Truth Hart's death. No one, not even Mary Black, was questioned. As far as the sheriff was concerned, the case was closed and regardless of any new evidence, the case would remain closed.

In spite of her open criticism of the Peoples Temple and her inevitable inclusion in the Temple's "H" file, Ella Mae Hoskins survived. She even survived the mass death in Jonestown, as Jones never invited her to move to Guyana. Following the carnage, Ella Mae was interviewed by Doug Wead, contributing author of People's Temple - People's Tomb, who asked her about Truth's death, "Was this just a family legend that grew with time or were the residents of the home immediately suspicious of the death?" Ella Mae, then over eighty years old, responded in a clear voice, "We all believed it was murder immediately!"[90]

In the final analysis, Jones had been very selective in casting the characters in this stage play. Truth Hart was the perfect guinea pig for his experiments with the Pulmonary Embolism Pill. She had no next of kin, no one to mourn her passing or claim her body. Not even Jones, who had spent much time and money to recruit, relocate and support Truth in life, would have anything to do with her in death. She was buried, at the county's expense, in potter's field and

quickly forgotten by all but a few. Of course, Jones blackmailed Faith Worley and Mary Love, presenting them with a photocopy of their signed confessions to the murder of Truth Hart. Faith, who could now be trusted, was promoted into the ranks of the Angels. For the duration, she was a top aide, Jones' personal nurse, and the Temple's expert on poisons. Four years and four months later, Faith was once again called upon to lend her expertise to the cause when Jones ordered her to help Dr. Larry Schacht prepare and distribute the Fla-Vor-Aid/cyanide/Valium mixture that killed most of the nine hundred victims in Jonestown. The first to form a line in front of Faith and her vat of poison were the mothers holding babies. Faith used squeeze bottles to squirt the poison directly down the infants' throats so they could not spit out the bitter tasting potion. The next in line were the adults who volunteered to die. Faith handed each a paper cup of death. Many residents resisted only to be wrestled to the ground and dragged, kicking and screaming, to the feet of Faith who injected them with a hypodermic needle. Others tried to run but were shot by the outer ring of guards surrounding the pavilion, and were carried, some dead, some half-dead, to Faith, who injected them as well. By legal definition, Faith Worley murdered most of the Jonestown victims. The guards were the only accomplices and Jones, who, at the time was broadcasting encouraging remarks on the public address system, might not have even been prosecuted. Faith murdered Jonestown. Her body was never accurately identified in the aftermath, her passport was not among those found there. Faith Worley's fate has yet to be determined.

Jones was also very clever to have selected Mary Love as a co-assassin. If something had gone wrong, if the police believed Ella Mae Hoskin's statement, Jones could always have taken the position that Mary Love did kill Truth, but that it stemmed from a long-term animosity that had its roots in the Peace Mission in Philadelphia. When Mary was presented with a copy of her signed confession, she attempted to outwit Jones by changing her name from Mary Love to Mary Black. She discovered, as did others who tried a similar defense, that this tactic simply did not work. She was blackmailed for life.

There was another excellent rationale for selecting the major characters of this play, as will be evident later in this chapter, but despite the apparently logical casting, it is extremely uncanny that Grace, Faith and Love killed Truth.

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VICTIM NUMBER FOUR

John William Head
Died: October 19, 1975
Multiple head lacerations suffered in a fall

John Head was a twenty-two year old resident of Redwood Valley whose encounter with the Peoples Temple was both short and sad. John was being treated for depression by the Temple staff at the Mendocino State Hospital in Talmadge, a few miles south of Redwood Valley. It may have been an administrator, a physician, a nurse, a dentist, a barber or even a cleaning woman who first befriended John; it does not

matter. Somehow his life was condensed into a manila envelope and presented to Jim Jones.

John told his new Temple friend that he had recently received a $10,000 insurance settlement from a motorcycle accident in which he was the innocent victim. His new friend convinced John to use the money to invest in silver. John purchased $10,000 worth of silver bullion from the Shamaz Trading Company in Ukiah and stored his "nest egg" in safety deposit boxes at the local branch of the Bank of America. If it were not for John's silver, he might be alive today.

His new friend also persuaded John to quit his job at a masonite factory in Ukiah. After several months of unemployment, John was faced with the reality that he needed to liquidate some of his silver nest egg to support himself. He was exactly where Jim Jones wanted him to be -- everything was precisely on schedule.

Harold Cordell was a charter member of the Peoples Temple, having joined forces with Jim Jones in 1953. He was a high ranking Temple guard and strongarm man who chauffeured Jones in his bulletproof bus. He was also a volunteer deputy sheriff and had been issued a concealed weapons permit by Sheriff Reno Bartolmei. Cordell was a mean, tough, dangerous man who had very little trouble controlling John Head.

On September 27th, 1975, Cordell and an unidentified Temple guard, escorted the heavily sedated John Head arm-in-arm into the Bank of America to withdraw his silver. Cordell had persuaded John that since he needed to liquidate his nest egg that it was wiser to donate the bullion to the Temple, that in turn would consider him a member in good standing and provide all his needs for life. The Temple also

offered a sense of purpose and belonging that was lacking in John's life at the time.

On September 28th, John informed his parents that he had joined the Peoples Temple and had been assigned to their Los Angeles facility. Ignoring his mother's objections, John left the following day for Los Angeles. He would never see his family again.

On October 18th, John placed a collect call to a former neighbor in Redwood Valley from the pay phone across the street from the Los Angeles Temple. He explained that he was unhappy in the Temple and wanted to leave, but was too embarrassed to admit his mistake to his family. The neighbor offered John a place in his home but John said he had no money for the trip to Redwood Valley and besides, "they" would not let him leave.

On October 19, 1975, at 11:15 AM, three weeks after John had donated his life's savings to Jim Jones, he died of multiple head wounds suffered when he was thrown from the roof of a three-story warehouse at 212 North Vignes Street in Los Angeles. Allegedly, John's head hit the pavement with such force that he literally bounced twenty feet in the air. He died instantly.

The police and the coroner treated John's death as a routine suicide. His eyeglasses and footprints were found on the roof above his body and, with his history of mental depression, the authorities considered John a typical "jumper." Case closed.

The autopsy report revealed the presence of alcohol and phenobarbitol in John's bloodstream. This, in itself, is a deadly combination. According to his family, John neither drank nor had a prescription for phenobarbitol and since he depended totally on the

Temple for his needs, they must have given him the drugs.

John's parents will never accept that their son committed suicide. According to his mother, Ruth Head, "We don't think he did this on his own and nobody that knew him thinks that."[91] Maternal instincts aside, Mrs. Head presented the Los Angeles police with hard evidence to support her contention that her son had been murdered by the Peoples Temple. There was the question of the $10,000 donation just three weeks earlier and the phone call just the day before. If they wouldn't let John leave, as he had told his former neighbor, then how could he have slipped away that fatal Sunday morning? Why did he walk the four miles from the Temple to the deserted warehouse district of North Vignes Street? These questions were never addressed by the police. Perhaps the police ignored the questionable circumstances surrounding John's death because the most incriminating evidence pointed to their own involvement. The initial police report listed John Head as jumping from a bridge over the Los Angeles River between First and Temple Streets. How could the police have accurately identified John and falsely identified the scene of his death by several city blocks? And what irony in their mistake, First and Temple!

Jones was wise to have John Head killed in Los Angeles, several hundred miles from his family in Redwood Valley. The Heads found communications with the L.A.P.D. difficult, if not impossible. One year later, their complaints were heard by the district attorney's office of San Francisco, who, in their subsequent report on the criminal activities of the Peoples Temple, stated: "One alleged victim, John

William Head, died in Los Angeles, and the complaining witness, Head's mother, was referred to Los Angeles authorities."[92] The coroner's inquest that followed ignored the evidence of Temple involvement and merely confirmed the original findings that John Head committed suicide. The case was closed again.

A signature of Jim Jones' work was the consistently logical planning of his operations that, once understood, can be easily anticipated. Though there are no eyewitness accounts of the events of October 19th, it is logical to assume that this is what really happened:

Harold Cordell was in town for the day, having driven the bulletproof Greyhound bus that carried Jones and his top aides to the Sunday morning services at the Los Angeles Temple. While Jones was preaching to his Los Angeles congregation, Cordell and the unidentified co-assassin walked the heavily drugged John Head to the edge of the warehouse roof just as they had walked him into the Bank of America three weeks earlier. Each man grabbed an arm and a leg, and, on the count of three, threw John, head first, over the edge. Then, as Jones had instructed, they phoned the L.A.P.D. to report the suicide at First and Temple streets. It is possible that Jones had planned the incident at the First and Temple Street bridge but, when the time came there were bystanders at the bridge and the trio walked up North Vignes Street to find a less conspicuous location. But, more than likely, the First and Temple Street report can be attributed to Jones' sadistic and quite consistent sense of humor. The assassins thought it was funny, they laughed at the irony of it all, that is, until Jones presented them with their signed confessions to the murder of John Head, and reminded

them that their call to the L.A.P.D. had undoubtedly been recorded and a voice print comparison plus the signed confessions would certainly send them to prison for the rest of their lives. Two additional Angels were then baptized into the ranks of the blackmailed.

Following Head's death, Cordell was promoted into the inner circle of top Temple aides. Since he traveled everywhere with Jones, he was assigned as one of the several cosmetic doubles who impersonated the Reverend in situations he considered to be potentially dangerous. Cordell went on to complete his twenty-five year association with Jim Jones by playing a significant role in the final hours of Jonestown. He was among the so called "Jonestown defectors" who accepted Congressman Ryan's offer of safe passage back to the United States. Among the sixteen defectors who boarded the dump truck with Ryan for his fatal trip to Port Kaituma airstrip were true defectors as well as planted Temple spies like Cordell, Larry Layton and Patty Parks, whose it job was to insure that the targetted victims were killed.

The first shots were fired low, intended to down but not to kill. Patty Parks was killed only because she was bent over when the shooting started, apparently a mistake. Cordell was so close to the action that Park's brains splattered in his lap, yet he survived the ordeal without a scratch. He was lucky because he was on the winning side of the assault at the airstrip that was intended to kill Ryan and others but spare the loyal Temple members. Harold Cordell had done his duty and he was spared as were most of his family like his son Mark, who was in Georgetown at the time with Jones' sons, Jimmy, Tim and Stephan, for a

conveniently scheduled basketball tournament with the Guyanese national team.

According to Temple aide, Annie Moore, Jones bragged to his Angels about killing John Head but it was never clear to her whether he took credit for predicting or perpetuating the murder. Jones did have good cause to be proud of the operation, as it netted the Temple $10,000 in silver bullion, two more Angels, another example to maintain control over his congregation and the fourth death in the "H" file; all from a basic plan that took less than a month to execute.

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VICTIM NUMBER FIVE

Azrie Hood
Disappeared: presumed dead
Date unknown, cause unknown

During one of the Temple's cross country bus trips, Birdie Marable met and recruited Azrie Hood, an elderly resident of Marshall, Texas. Azrie joined the Peoples Temple but remained in Texas where she corresponded with Birdie, Ross Case and other Temple members in California, and sent them more in donations than she could afford.

Soon after Azrie joined the Temple, she began to suspect that she was being watched and followed. She was not paranoid; "they" really were out to get her. Patty Cartmell's intelligence agents were busily compiling data for Azrie's identification envelope, an envelope they filed under "H."

Azrie phoned Birdie Marable in a panic to report that she was certain that her telephone had been tapped. Birdie offered to send Azrie the airfare for the proposed flight from Shreveport, Louisiana to her sanctuary in California. Birdie told Azrie that she would pick her up at the San Francisco airport for the last leg of the journey to Redwood Valley. Azrie declined the offer of money and told Birdie that she would pay her own way to California but needed to wait for the first of the month when her social security check was scheduled to arrive.

Within hours of that fatal phone call, Azrie Hood disappeared, never to be seen again. There is little question that she is dead, or that the Peoples Temple killed her.

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VICTIM NUMBER SIX

Bob Houston
Died: October 5, 1976
Crushed under the wheels of a train car

It took Jones five years to gain sufficient control over Bob and Phyllis Houston to force an end to their relationship. They were divorced in 1974. As was typical in such situations, Jones brought Phyllis into his harem of mistresses. She was assigned to work with Patty Cartmell's intelligence team through her new job as radio dispatcher for the Mendocino County Sheriff's Office. Phyllis routinely reported the Sheriff's activities to Cartmell, but if those activities involved a Temple member, she reported

directly and immediately to Jim Jones. Phyllis died in Jonestown.

Though contrary to the socially accepted norm, Jones saw to it that Bob Houston was awarded custody of his two daughters. He also ordered Houston to marry a Temple aide, Joyce Shaw, which he reluctantly agreed to do. Houston was having difficulty adjusting to this transition period as he felt that he had relinquished control of his life. His morale was at a low ebb and so, once again, Jones played on this frustrated musician's love of music to maintain control over him. Jones formed a production company with the stated purpose of recording and commercially distributing the music of the Peoples Temple "under the direction of Bob Houston." The record company was never much more than a shell and served only to regenerate Houston's interest in the Temple.

Bob and his new wife, Joyce, were transferred to the San Francisco Temple where they managed a dilapidated tenement house as a foster care home for twenty-four welfare children, including Bob's two daughters. Joyce, who had worked as an eligibility caseworker in the Mendocino County Welfare Office and had authored the first edition of the Temple's "Living Word" magazine, was then employed as a psychological tester at the University of California, presumably on the Berkeley campus. Bob had two jobs in addition to his responsibilities at the foster care home. During the day, he worked as a probation officer at the San Francisco Youth Guidance Center. His position at the Youth Center was very valuable in targetting welfare recipients as potential candidates for his and other Temple-operated foster care homes. At night, Bob worked as a switchman at the Southern Pacific Railroad

yard in Oakland. He never really understood why Jones had insisted he accept the job at the railroad yard.

Bob Houston proved to be one of Jones' busiest and most profitable followers. Whether he realized it or not, his work at the San Francisco Youth Guidance Center helped to secure subjects and financing for Jones' experiment in mind control. He directed the Temple's music department and managed one of their foster care homes. Between his two full time jobs, Bob was able to contribute $2,000 a month to the Temple's coffer. Jones must have felt some reluctance when it came time to order his execution.

Jones, in typical form, began to openly criticize Bob Houston several months before his death. He claimed that Houston was "too smart for his own good" because he allegedly questioned Temple policy, but any excuse would have sufficed to justify the harassment. The major attack occurred on July 16, 1976 when Joyce Houston, following Jones' instructions, bought a bus ticket and left San Francisco, her husband Bob and (allegedly) the Peoples Temple. All at once, Bob was solely responsible for two full time jobs and two dozen children; and if that was not enough to break him, Jim Jones was. Jones told his congregation that Bob was responsible for Joyce leaving the Temple and that he deserved to be punished. All the zombies agreed, and Bob was called on the floor for several boxing matches. A boxing match was a clever means to legally beat an adult parishioner senseless. The victim (in this case, Bob Houston) would be issued a pair of boxing gloves and ordered into a ring with a larger opponent whom Jones had selected. It was considered cowardly for the accused to defend himself. He was expected to stand unguarded and accept his

punishment. The beatings were so brutal as to require a fresh opponent every round. Temple nurses stood by to treat the victim's wounds with the most painful of antiseptics. The fights always fell short of death when Jones shouted, "Stop!" Victims were expected to say, "Thank you, Father," for their rightfully deserved punishment. The boxing matches were clever in that, if anyone ever questioned the practice, Jones could provide scores of witnesses to the "sporting event" who would testify that both contestants wore gloves and that, though it was unfortunate, one of them had to lose the fight.

Despite the break up of his marriage, his overwhelming work load and Jones' harassment, Bob Houston did not waver from his appointed schedule; that is not until Joyce telephoned him on October 2nd. Joyce had phoned Bob to tell him something terrible about Jim Jones but no one knows exactly what she said. She may have told Bob that Jones had deliberately destroyed his two marriages or that he was using him to control Congressman Ryan or that he intended to kill Bob and eventually everyone in the Peoples Temple. She may even have told him that Jones was a CIA agent. Whatever she reported was so effective that, the following day, Bob wrote Jones a letter of resignation. The next day, October 4th, Bob and Jones had a violent argument regarding his letter. On October 5th, Bob Houston was killed; crushed by a train car at the Southern Pacific yard. His lantern was found on a nearby flatcar; his work gloves were neatly folded on the car's coupler. The police declared Bob's death accidental despite the fact that nearly everyone who knew him suspected foul play for one reason or another. His co-workers at the railroad yard reported to the

investigators that it was extremely odd that Bob was not wearing his work gloves at the time of his death. The only other time they had ever seen him remove his gloves at work was to shake hands with a friend. Their observations were accurate. Bob was not a switchman; he was a musician who would have taken extra care to protect his hands from the harsh, dirty work in the railroad yard. His co-workers surmised that Bob had removed his gloves to greet someone who had come to visit him at work. Since he died before putting them back on, they concluded that his visitor(s) had witnessed his death. Of course, no witnesses stepped forward to testify.

Rumor was that Jim Jones had ordered Bob Houston's death. The day after the accident, Jones' aide and mistress, Maria Katsaris, informed Temple members in Los Angeles:

> Did you hear what happened to Bob Houston? He threatened to leave the church and wrote a letter to Jim. He was killed. Smashed between two trains.[93]

Weeks later, in a sermon, Jones warned his congregation, "Bob Houston wrote a hateful letter to the church. See what happened to him?"[94]

Accusations of the Temple's responsibility in Bob Houston's death continued to circulate for months before settling in the San Francisco District Attorney's Office. Jones responded to this threat of exposure by ordering Joyce Houston to file a wrongful death lawsuit against Southern Pacific Railroad. Unable to deny the unusual circumstances surrounding

Bob's death, Jones chose to advocate the foul play theory but direct the blame towards Southern Pacific. The mere filing of the lawsuit was sufficient to accomplish the desired results. With the suit pending, the District Attorney took a wait and see attitude and the investigation was stalled indefinitely.

It is crucial to understand what Joyce Houston knew at the time. She knew that Jones had been attacking her late husband for months prior to his demise. She knew she had warned Bob about Jones on October 2nd, and that he had resigned from the Temple on October 3rd, argued with Jones on October 4th and was killed on October 5th under extremely suspicious circumstances that she apparently felt warranted a wrongful death action. It is only logical that this alleged Temple defector would file suit against the Peoples Temple, however she filed against Southern Pacific because Jones had ordered her to do so. She had never left Jones' control, he still planned her every action. Joyce helped stage her own husband's death; the sixth and final homicide in the "H" file.

Sammy Houston immediately suspected that Jim Jones was as instrumental in his son's death as he had been in his life yet he remained silent for over a year. He confided his suspicions only to Associated Press colleague Tim Reiterman out of fear that the Temple would retaliate if he went public with his accusations. Actually, Sammy was preoccupied with fighting a losing battle with cancer of the larynx. He did not speak out because he had lost the ability to speak. In November of 1977, following the failure of the San Francisco D.A.'s investigation, Sammy wrote to his old friend, Leo Ryan, asking for help.

Congressman Ryan and his top aide, Joe Holsinger, visited the Houstons' San Bruno home, where, with the help of a chalkboard and his wife, Nadyne, Sammy presented his case against the Peoples Temple. He asked Ryan to look into the death of his son but of more importance to Sammy was the welfare of his two granddaughters who were still in the hands of the Peoples Temple. Following Bob's death, Jones had sent the girls to New York City for a "vacation." While in New York, the two were transferred to a flight to Guyana and transported to their new home in Jonestown. Sammy had heard rumors of child molesting in the jungle sanctuary and was legitimately concerned for his pretty twelve and thirteen year old granddaughters. He asked Ryan to visit the girls in Jonestown and, if at all possible, escort them back to the United States. As Joe Holsinger later recalled, Ryan accepted the challenge; promising his old friend, "Sammy, I will do everything I can to get your grandchildren back."[95]

Everything was proceeding exactly to Jones' masterplan.

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RYAN REVISITED

Leo Ryan's political career had progressed steadily since the late 1960's when he first came to the attention of Jim Jones. Republican Congressman Paul McCloskey had challenged Richard Nixon for the presidential nomination and was gerrymandered south, leaving the reapportioned 11th Congressional District (Ryan's home district) without an incumbent. Ryan seized the opportunity and campaigned for the vacant post. He ran unopposed in the primary and won the general election with 61% of the vote; an impressive

victory considering that Ryan was the first Democrat to represent the area in over thirty years.

When newly elected Congressman Ryan set out for Washington, D.C., he brought with him his singular style of personal investigation. Though his style did not change between the California Assembly and the United States Congress, the subject of his investigations did. In California, Ryan had pursued a wide variety of issues, but in Washington he would focus his work on one main topic: the domestic operations of the Central Intelligence Agency. His interest in the CIA became the dominant factor in Ryan's life in Washington and his death in Guyana.

Congressman Ryan's concern over the CIA's domestic spy operations was legitimate and well founded. It had been reported that there were more intelligence agents illegally operating in Ryan's San Mateo county and the adjacent Santa Clara County than in all other parts of the United States combined; Washington, D.C. included. The area, dubbed Silicon Valley, had evolved to become the center of high technology in the U.S. and boasted the highest concentration of military and industrial secrets in the world. Consequentially, hundreds of foreign intelligence agents were drawn to the area. Only some fit the stereotyped image of an enemy spy seeking military secrets. Most foreign agents in Silicon Valley were sent by friendly countries to steal, not military, but industrial and technological secrets. To combat the assault, the CIA sent thousands of counter intelligence agents into Silicon Valley to ferret out the foreign agents and guard what they considered the national security and economic future of the United States. The

end result was that Ryan's home district was thoroughly infested with spies; "theirs" and "ours".

Ryan, who was a member of the Government Information and Individual Rights Subcommittee, accurately perceived the CIA's presence in California as a threat to the rights of the citizenry. The main problem was that many CIA operatives were violating the law in the pursuit of their work. Innocent citizens were being hurt in the name of national security, and Ryan was concerned.

There were several factors that encouraged the CIA agents in California to break the law. First, the agency did not issue detailed instructions to its operatives, only general objectives, and too often the methods to achieve those objectives were left to the discretion of the individual agent. Many agents believed that their secretive work in U.S. security was above the law and their higher purpose gave them license to break the law. Some thought their work was special, others thought that <u>they</u> were special. This egotistical attitude remains a problem to this day. Also, there were agents who used their cover and contacts to further criminal activities they would have pursued even if they were not employed by the agency. This group was the inevitable criminal element found everywhere. Though their percentage was low, the collective damage they inflicted was high. The last type of criminal agent was the scientist or businessman who, quite often, had been blackmailed into working for the CIA. The agency had long since concluded that they did not want the majority of people who applied for employment. The applicants were, for the most part, law and order right wingers with inflated egos and Wyatt Earp complexes. The CIA, whose middle name is

"intelligence", needed a higher caliber employee, and therein lay the problem. The more intelligent a person, the less likely he was to join the CIA. The talented people needed to be recruited. They were pressed into service, coerced into service, and even blackmailed into service using the same brutal tactics that Jim Jones used to blackmail his Angels. These were frustrated agents who often resented the CIA's control of their lives, but within their dilemma was an advantage; a certain degree of immunity from prosecution that many took full advantage of out of pure spite.

But, unquestionably, the major factor that encouraged the illegal activities of CIA agents stationed in Leo Ryan's home district was their very assignment in that district, as domestic operations were strictly prohibited by the agency's charter. It was not until years later, when such activities were under threat of exposure, that the CIA persuaded President Ronald Reagan to amend their charter to sanction what they had been doing for years. But at the time, the CIA was illegally operating in California. It is ludicrous to assume that the individual agents in California would obey the law in pursuit of their work when their work, in itself, was a violation of the law. It suffices to say that by 1972, when Leo Ryan was first elected to Congress, the CIA operations in his home district were massive, illegal, threatening, and very much out of control.

Immediately upon arriving in Washington, as if it were the primary reason he had campaigned for Congress, Ryan drafted an amendment intended to stop, or at least control, the CIA's illegal operations in Silicon Valley and elsewhere within the United States.

The Hughes-Ryan Amendment to the National Assistance Act would be the only major piece of legislation Ryan would introduce in his six years in Congress. The amendment transferred responsibility for overseeing the CIA from the Armed Forces Committee, which often turned a blind eye to the agency's activities, to the International Relations Committee of both houses of Congress.

The CIA fought Congressman Ryan and his amendment tooth and nail (or, more aptly, cloak and dagger) and would have successfully defeated the legislation if it were not for Ryan's impeccable timing. He introduced the bill at the height of the Watergate scandal when the public was shocked to learn of the crimes of Howard Hunt and other agency operatives in the United States. Despite the agency's strong objections, the Hughes-Ryan Amendment passed into law, earning Leo Ryan two distinctions; a seat on the International Relations CIA Oversight committee, and a very prominent position on the CIA's list of enemies.

As if Ryan were not already in serious trouble with the agency, he proceeded to taunt them further by demanding to be informed of all their domestic operations. The official position of the CIA was that such operations did not exist, but top agency officials and Ryan knew better. Unable to hide their illegal work from the foremost investigator in Congress, the CIA admitted to Ryan that they were operating in California but they fed him token reports of their projects; all of which they justified as necessary to safeguard the national security. Surprisingly, Ryan agreed that the reported operations were necessary and made no attempt to expose them to the public. But

during the course of his investigations, he uncovered evidence to support the contention that the CIA had sponsored several cults that practiced mind control on their members. The cults were not a matter of national security but experiments in the control of people for power and profit; a clear violation of human rights. Ryan set out to expose these CIA cults in what might be compared to a blind man kicking a sleeping crocodile. The agency did not cooperate with Ryan's demands for information, for if they had, they would have told him about Jim Jones, and they did not.

Ryan discovered that the CIA cults, like their business fronts, were difficult to identify and monitor, as they were designed to be financially self-sufficient. The agency could then account for every dollar of their congressional budget without divulging their profit making operations or the projects those profits helped to finance.

The first cult Ryan investigated was the Unification Church, whose leader, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, was alleged to have strong ties with the CIA in Korea. Ryan lacked hard evidence and, apparently, the ability to convince the other members of his committee that there was a conspiracy and so his colleagues successfully stopped the investigation. In his frustration at the failure of his efforts, Ryan was quoted as saying, "Well, <u>something</u> has to be done about those people."[96]

The next alleged CIA cult to come to Ryan's attention was the Symbionese Liberation Army; the revolutionary group who kidnapped and brainwashed millionaire heiress, Patricia Hearst.

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Patricia Hearst

Kidnapped: February 4, 1974

The kidnapping of Patricia Hearst is presented here because it was the first public arena that Congressman Leo Ryan shared with the CIA and Jim Jones.

Donald David DeFreeze was a small time thief and paid informant for the Los Angeles Police Department. Following her ordeal, Patty Hearst described DeFreeze:

> I think he was a paid informant. His crimes were average crimes, they weren't anything spectacular or revolutionary. He was a two-bit crook. He got caught on an earlier charge and started informing to keep from going to jail.[97]

In midsummer 1970, prison reform was a major issue in California politics. As Leo Ryan checked into Folsom Prison for his undercover research in prison problems, Donald DeFreeze was convicted of armed robbery and sentenced to a six-to-fourteen year term at Vacaville State Prison in spite of, or perhaps because of, his relationship with the Los Angeles Police Department. Almost immediately, DeFreeze infiltrated and gained control of the Black Culture Association; a prison reform group begun two years earlier with the stated purpose of educating Black inmates, upgrading their skills and self-esteem, and providing society with a more responsible citizen upon their release. By

1972, he was described as the "most dynamic member of the association."[98] It is interesting to note that in the prison reform movement in California, Donald DeFreeze was the most outspoken inmate, Leo Ryan was the most outspoken politician and Jim Jones was the most outspoken civic leader. Under the direction of DeFreeze, the Black Culture Association quickly changed form with the addition of several new middle management members. Thero M. Wheeler, a Black inmate at Vacaville, was one of the first to be brought into the association by DeFreeze. Wheeler was a member of the revolutionary Venceremos Organization; a now disbanded CIA controlled group, "many of whose members spent time cutting cane in Cuba to support the Castro government."[99] Next to join the association was a group of Caucasians from outside the prison system. Willie Wolf and Russell Little led this final assault on the association and, with their White comrades, successfully purged the association of its charter Black membership. As one former Black member recalls:

> They (the young whites) called me a pig and a Central Intelligence agent. They made me so mad I finally quit.[100]

With the Black members ousted from the Black Cultural Association, DeFreeze and his lieutenants were left with a shell of an organization that would evolve into the Symbionese Liberation Army. He had successfully destroyed the only effective Black inmate organization in California.

In November 1972, DeFreeze was transferred from Vacaville to Soledad Prison. In March of 1973, he

replaced a senior prison trustee in a boiler room job. He escaped from prison his first day at work. The following day the old trustee was back at his post in the boiler room with no reason given for his absence. Prison officials were quick to point out that DeFreeze had "outside help" in his escape. True, he had help, but the evidence would suggest that the help came, not from outside, but from inside the prison system.

Five months later, in August 1973, Thero Wheeler escaped from Vacaville Prison to join Donald DeFreeze, Willie Wolf, Russell Little, Joseph Remiro, Angela Atwood and the other SLA members to begin their odyssey.

It was common knowledge around Santa Rosa Junior College that, once a week, the Peoples Temple students trained in the tactics of guerrilla warfare. They were seen in the open fields on the outskirts of town doing calisthentics, marching in formation and drilling with broomstick rifles. They "shot" passing cars which they pretended were tanks. They learned survival tactics and how to navigate using maps, compassses and the stars. They read books on military tactics and terrorism. The training was very professional.

These Temple college students would become the armed guards of Jonestown. Their purpose was in Guyana, not in California where Jones found it too risky to deploy them. If any were caught in illegal acts it would certainly reflect on the Temple, as hundreds of Santa Rosa students could testify that the Temple had trained them. The problem arose that Jones' superiors had given him a task that required a small militia for a project in California. He had one but couldn't use it. Donald DeFreeze solved his problem.

According to the New York Times, by the summer of 1973, the SLA was offering its services to leftist organizations in the San Francisco Bay Area that advocated revolution.

> There are indications that, well before November, the group's leadership sounded out other radical organizations, offering to act as the guerrilla arm for those who sought revolution.[101]

History will probably record that it was during this period that Donald DeFreeze first met Jim Jones, but this researcher believes that since both men were operatives of the CIA their initial meeting occurred sometime before the summer of 1973. In any event, DeFreeze offered his services and Jones accepted.

Jones confided to members of the Temple as well as left-wing organizations outside the Temple that he agreed with and supported the goals of the SLA. He went so far as to reprint the SLA's declaration for distribution among his followers and circulated the report that his bodyguard, Chris Lewis, had given SLA leaders sanctuary after their prison break. Three weeks after the SLA made news by kidnapping Patty Hearst, the San Francisco Police Department's Intelligence and Antiterrorist Divisions and the FBI started an investigation into allegations that Jim Jones was the mastermind behind the revolutionary group. One Temple member, described only as a Black woman in her mid fifties, told police investigators that she had seen SLA leaders Donald DeFreeze and Nancy Ling Perry, as well as Patty Hearst's boyfriend,

Stephen Weed, at Temple services in Ukiah. Her report was never made public but Jones felt it was enough of a threat of exposure that he ordered Tim Stoen to write two letters to the SFPD in which Stoen said, "As an assistant district attorney, I can attest that Rev. Jones consistently . . . attacks scathingly the B.L.A. (Black Liberation Army--of which Rory Hithe is said to have been a member), the S.L.A. and other groups." Stoen went on to say that the Temple had totally disassociated itself from Chris Lewis, who was under suspicion for harboring SLA fugitives, citing that Lewis had left the Temple and San Francisco but neglecting to say that Jones had merely sent him to Guyana until the crisis passed.

In August 1973, The Peoples Temple hierarchy held a top-secret meeting in an open cow pasture at a Temple operated ranch in Redwood Valley. They often conducted their critical meetings out-of-doors for fear that the Temple's buildings had been bugged by electronic surveillance devices. Tim Stoen presided and told Patty Cartmell, Terry Buford, Sandy Bradshaw and the others that, although Jim Jones would not attend, that he would be informed of the results of the meeting. Stoen said, "We want to be able to say that we were acting independently and Jim had not been advised of our actions."[102] There were two items on his agenda; Marcus Foster and Patricia Hearst.

For several years, the Temple has been stealing Black welfare children from the ghettoes of Oakland and assigning them to Temple foster care homes. The welfare fraud scam was central to the Jonestown plan as it provided both the necessary federal funding as well as the guinea pigs for the experiment. The project was being threatened by the one man in a position to view

the mass exodus of school aged Black children from Oakland to the Peoples Temple, Oakland school superintendent, Marcus Foster. Foster had uncovered too much and was beginning to talk about Jim Jones. Everyone at the cow pasture meeting agreed that he needed to be silenced.

The second item on the agenda has been described as a contingency plan in the event that Jim Jones was arrested. The group decided that the best course of action was to kidnap a public figure as ransom for their leader's release. Several potential victims were discussed but the group settled on Patricia Hearst. She was sufficiently famous to warrant public attention. Her family was wealthy enough to pay a large ransom, if necessary. But more important, her father, William Randolph Hearst, was the publisher and editor of the San Francisco Examiner, a newspaper that Jones had declared war with just eleven months earlier. In September of 1972, the Examiner's religious columnist, the Reverend Lester Kinsolving, penned a series of damaging articles on the Peoples Temple. Only four of the eight installments were published as several hundred Temple followers stopped the expose by picketing the newspaper's office with placards and Bibles. Now, almost one year later, the Examiner threatened to print another expose. Jones surmised that the only way to control the Examiner was to control William Randolph Hearst and the only way to control Hearst was to control his daughter, Patty. Lester Kinsolving presented another problem. Patty Cartmell's intelligence agents burglarized his home looking for information. They even went so far as to tunnel under his house so they could overhear conversations from the crawl space beneath the floors.

Ultimately, Lester Kinsolving, the first man to warn about the dangers in the Peoples Temple, was totally discredited:

> In 1976, Lester Kinsolving, an Episcopalian priest whose syndicated columns appeared in twenty newspapers and who was host of four radio shows, lost his credentials as a journalist after the National Council of Churches complained that he acted as an agent for the South African government.[103]

On November 6, 1973, Marcus Foster was assassinated by an unidentified gunman. The Symbionese Liberation Army claimed responsibility in a communique'. At first the authorities did not believe the SLA even existed, that is until a second communique described how Foster had been shot with a cyanide-tipped bullet; a fact the police had deliberately kept secret. For the first time they took the SLA seriously.

In January, Russell Little and Joseph Remiro were stopped by the police on a traffic violation and arrested for murder when the officers discovered SLA literature in their van. That evening, the SLA's headquarters in Concord, California was burned by a fire of undetermined origin. No one was injured but the incident foretold their ultimate demise eighteen months later in Los Angeles.

On the evening of February 4, 1974, three SLA soldiers kidnapped Patty Hearst from her Berkeley

apartment. For the next fifty-seven days, they held her bound and blindfolded in a small closet while DeFreeze made his ransom demands. At first it was thought that he would propose a prisoner exchange; Patty in exchange for the release of Remiro and Little, but, in a surprise move, DeFreeze demanded that the Hearst family feed the poor of California as ransom for Patty.

On February 14th, two days after the SLA's first communique on Patty's abduction, Jim Jones and four top Temple aides, Tim Stoen, Karen Layton, Michael Prokes and Annie Moore offered themselves, in a published article in the Press Democrat, as hostages in exchange for the newspaper heiress. Jones knew that ultimately someone would make the Peoples Temple/SLA/ Patty Hearst connection so, in an effort to set the record wrong, he publicly confirmed his involvement but at the same time implied his innocence. It was his typical defense. There was no risk to Jones in his Valentine's Day offer as he controlled the SLA and besides the publicity was helpful in building his humanitarian image. To complete the deceit, he offered $2,000 as the first contribution to the Patty Hearst ransom fund that, apparently, he tried to have established, but that never existed. The Hearsts returned the Temple's check but not before Jones' generosity was widely reported in the local media.

DeFreeze first demanded that the Hearsts give a $70 box of food to every Californian with a welfare, social security pension, food stamp, disabled veteran or Medicare card, as well as anyone with papers from probation, parole, jail or bail. The Hearsts refused this proposal as it would have cost $230 million; the total assets of the family and the Hearst foundation

they controlled. DeFreeze must have been quite accurately informed to arrive at the seventy dollar per person figure.

DeFreeze countered that the Hearsts should do something to feed the poor of California as a demonstration of good faith before negotiations for Patty's release could begin. William Randolph Hearst offered an immediate $2 million food giveaway in San Francisco with an additional $4 million program to follow his daughter's release. In a press conference, Hearst said:

> Arrangements have been made for $2 million to be delivered to tax exempt charitable organizations approved by the Attorney General of California and capable of making the distribution for the benefit of the poor and needy.[104]

Hearst enlisted two unlikely characters to administer the food giveaway program: Ludlow Kramer, Washington state's secretary and Peggy Maze, director of "Neighbors in Need", a Seattle-based group formed to subsidize unemployed aerospace workers who had lost their jobs during a massive lay-off at Boeing. A steering committee was formed to oversee the food distribution. Heading the committee was Cecil Williams, the Black pastor of San Francisco's Glide Memorial Church who was receiving the SLA's communiques and American Indian Movement (AIM) leader, Dennis Banks. Both men were very close to Jim Jones. Williams and Jones were good friends who shared a common profession, style and neighborhood while Banks

owed Jones a large debt. A year earlier, Jones had paid the nineteen thousand dollar bail that released Bank's wife, Ka-Mook, after federal authorities arrested her for her part in the Wounded Knee Indian uprising. At the SLA's insistence, the Western Addition Project Area Committee chaired the coalition. The WAPAC had been under Jones' control ever since Lewis killed Hithe.

Though Jones was the self-proclaimed spokesman for San Francisco's poor Blacks, headed an organization that was best qualified to administer the food giveaway and had close contacts with the program, his name was noticeably missing from the press reports.

The Peoples Temple combined forces with Peggy Maze's "Neighbors in Need" program to form the "People in Need" food giveaway that represented the ransom of Patty Hearst and a windfall profit for Jim Jones.

Jones reminded his congregation that <u>they</u> were the poor of San Francisco and deserved their fair share of the free food. Through his contacts within the program, he was able to provide his followers with advanced information as to exactly where the food would be handed out. Temple busses transported hundreds of parishioners to the random distribution points just prior to their opening. On one occasion, Temple guards hijacked a delivery truck en route to a distribution point and stole the entire contents of the truck.

No one, not the local press that covered the story or the bystanders who witnessed it, realized that most of the recipients of the food giveaway were members of the Peoples Temple. Since the poor were not required to sign for the food or even produce identification, Temple members could return for a second, third, or even fourth box of food which was

then brought to the Geary Street headquarters where they were told that it would be stored for their future consumption. Actually, the free food was reloaded onto trucks, sent back to the distribution points, redistributed and recounted. In this way, Jones made one dollar's worth of food appear as two, three or four dollar's worth on the auditor's accounting ledger. It is not known whether Jones' scam worked for or against the interests of the Hearst family. He could have provided the means by which they appeared to satisfy the dollar amounts promised at a fraction of the cost or he may have just monopolized the program to receive the full published value of the giveaway. In either event, by the completion of the five week program, most of the food and/or the money designated to purchase the food, ended up in the Peoples Temple. Critics, some of whom were on the steering committee, protested against what they claimed was the poor organization and internal theft that plagued the program but no mention was made of the Peoples Temple. Jones, who would later claim to be the reincarnation of Jesus Christ, must have seen the irony in comparing the People in Need program with the Biblical story of the loaves and fishes.

President Ronald Reagan, then governor of California, provided a humorous footnote to this story. At first, he told San Francisco's poor not to accept the free food lest they support the terrorist's demands. Whether intentional or not, Reagan was very instrumental in helping Jones' people to monopolize the program at least in the beginning but eventually hunger was a stronger influence than the governor and the city's poor ignored his plea and took their place in any free food line that they were lucky enough to

encounter. Reagan's response, in a speech to congressional aides in Washington, was to wish that the recipients of the People in Need food giveaway might well suffer an "epidemic of botulism."

When the last of the alleged $2 million dollars worth of groceries was handed out, Patty announced, in a tape recorded message to the press, that she had voluntarily joined the ranks of the SLA to fight the "corporate ruling class," a calculated statement that accurately describes the Hearst family. Soon after the announcement, as if to verify her commitment, DeFreeze ordered Patty and the others to rob a San Francisco branch of Hibernia Bank; which they did in full view of the bank's cameras. Patty was, once again, on the front pages, but this time she held an automatic weapon in her hands. Ironically, Hibernia Bank was managed by the father of Trish Tobin, Patty's closest friend before the kidnapping.

DeFreeze then moved the group to a safe house in a poor neighborhood in Los Angeles where most of the SLA reportedly died in a shoot-out with the FBI and the local police.

On May 16th, DeFreeze, as if he knew something was about to happen, ordered Patty, Bill Harris and his wife, Emily, on a mission to steal some heavy winter clothes. Patty remained in the van across the street while the Harrises entered the sporting goods store. Bill Harris emerged with the shoplifted merchandise and the store detective on his heels. The two wrestled to the sidewalk and Patty opened fire with the automatic weapon that DeFreeze had issued her. No one was injured and the three escaped in a hijacked vehicle for an exciting ride to the Anaheim motel room where they were to rendezvous with DeFreeze and the others. But

when they checked into the room and turned on the television to watch for news reports of their shoot-out at the sporting goods store, they witnessed instead live media coverage of the attack and total destruction of the SLA's hideout. To say that the FBI and the LAPD overreacted is an understatement. In reality--they went wild! Thousands of rounds of ammunition perforated the small wood-frame house, tear gas and fire bombs were projected through the windows and the structure burnt to the ground. Obviously, they wanted to kill everyone inside, and their "take no prisoners" tactic raises some serious questions as, supposedly, they had no indication that Patty was not inside the house at the time. DeFreeze reportedly died in the fire started by the same Los Angeles Police Department that, just a few months earlier, had employed him as an informant.

Apparently, DeFreeze had advance knowledge of the police raid on the SLA hideout. Sending Patty out in public was very risky. With her picture on the front page of nearly every newspaper, anyone on the street could have recognized her and jeopardized the entire SLA organization. Since he had ordered Patty and the Harrises to steal winter clothing, he knew they would be leaving L.A. for a colder climate. The automatic weapons he issued seemed grossly out of proportion to the crime of shoplifting as did the motel room rendezvous, the cost of which could not have been justified by the value of the stolen merchandise. Actually, DeFreeze accomplished exactly what he wanted: Patty was safely out of the house, armed and on her way out of California.

Patty and the Harrises spent what has been termed as the "missing year" hiding out in the hills of

Pennsylvania and Upstate New York while the entire country pondered their fate. A humorous sign in an Upstate New York barroom claimed, "Patty Hearst peeked in the window here." She monopolized the headlines for an unprecedented eighteen months. Hers was the most widely covered story of the decade. Everyone was on the lookout for the fugitive heiress.

Eventually, the group joined forces with Steven Soliah and others who surfaced in Sacramento, California to rob the Crocker National Bank in Carmichael. Patty and Steven Soliah drove the getaway cars. During the holdup, an innocent bystander, a forty-two year old mother of four, was shot and killed. Patty was now wanted for murder. The group fled to San Francisco where, on September 18, 1975, the police, acting on an anonymous tip, located and arrested Patty Hearst.

In her subsequent trial, defense attorney F. Lee Bailey argued that his client was really three Patty Hearsts: the one before the kidnapping, the one during the kidnapping, and the one that, now deprogrammed, was standing trial. In later years, when asked why so many psychiatrists were so fascinated with her, Patty responded:

> Because for the first time they were getting a victim of coercive persuasion and sensory deprivation where it wasn't the result of the Chinese or something -- it was domestic terrorists. They don't get to see a whole lot of that.[105]

Despite her defense, Patty was convicted and sentenced to a seven year prison term; a harsh punishment considering that her accomplice, Steven Soliah, who had played an equivalent role in the Carmichael bank robbery, was acquitted on all charges.

Patty was still very much in the news and Jim Jones was still very much in the prison reform movement in California. He had assigned his aide, Jann Gurvich, the Temple's paralegal and political science teacher, the task of monitoring the trial of the "San Quentin Six," the Black Panther defendants who were represented by attorney Charles Garry. (Jones would later hire Garry as the Temple's attorney.) In an autobiography, dictated in Jonestown just prior to her death, Gurvich recounted her assignment:

> Actually, the picture of the terrible and barbarous San Quentin Six defendants that was carefully staged by the California Department of Corrections and Marin County officials began shaping up long before I walked into the courtroom. There was the Patty Hearst trial, which was going on in San Francisco just across the Bay. The Flee (F. Lee Bailey) and Patty were getting daily press coverage (actually minute-by-minute, change-of-clothes-by-change-of-clothes coverage). The Six were ignored.[106]

After serving two of her seven years, Patty's sentence was commuted by an executive order from President Carter. She settled in the San Francisco Bay Area and later married her bodyguard, ex-San Francisco policeman Bernie Shaw.

To follow the Hearst kidnapping full circle, Jones reassigned Gurvich to the Los Angeles law offices of Leonard Weinglass where, in the summer of 1976, she worked closely with the attorney on the defense of Emily Harris who had been charged with kidnapping.

Almost from the beginning, conspiratorialists theorized that the CIA had masterminded the Hearst kidnapping as a distraction from the major news of the day which was the agency's participation in the Watergate break-in and cover-up. Patty would later say:

> I think I was very much a distraction from what was going on in Washington. At the time, there was Watergate and we were losing a President quickly...[107]

If the CIA kidnapped Patty Hearst as a media diversion, it could not have been better planned, executed, or scheduled. She was the perfect victim since her father controlled the largest privately owned news media conglomerate in the United States. No one could have commanded more national media attention than could Patty Hearst. The major incidents in the story were so systematically timed as to guarantee continual front-page coverage for the same year and a half in which the headlines would have read "CIA" if it were not for "Patty Hearst." In truth, the Patty Hearst

story did monopolize the news and help suppress stories on the CIA's domestic operations. The only question remaining is whether or not the agency planned it that way. If the CIA engineered the kidnapping they probably also engineered the ransom payment either with or without the knowledge of the Hearst family. The agency could have offered the family a $100,000 solution to their $2 million problem. Though the problem was covert, the solution may have been overt through agent Jim Jones who was working either for himself, the CIA, the Hearsts, or all three.

If Congressman Ryan had proof that the CIA sponsored the SLA, he never stated so publicly. Instead, he recognized the plan for what it was, a media manipulation and, rather than expose the truth, he proceeded to use it for his own political gain. Since the Hearst family resided in his home district, Ryan began to refer to himself as "Patty Hearst's Congressman," a title that insured him much publicity. In the end, Ryan came to Patty's rescue when he personally organized the congressional petition that was the deciding factor in President Carter's executive order commuting her sentence. Patty Hearst in prison; Jim Jones put her there, Leo Ryan got her out -- first encounter.

Ryan's kindness did not go unnoticed. In 1980, Patty Hearst made a rare public appearance to announce plans to raise funds for a proposed child care center to be dedicated to the assassinated congressman. Though she recognizes her alliance with Ryan, she does not recognize that the bond is primarily due to the common enemy they shared in the CIA and Jim Jones.

As a postscript to the Patty Hearst story, it is interesting to consider the possible ramifications

of the largest independent news network in the United States being controlled in the 1990's by someone the CIA had brainwashed.

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"Curtain"

It took eight years to write the script, cast the characters, rehearse the parts and stage the play. The protagonist, Leo Ryan, had failed to prove the CIA conspiracy in the Unification Church and the Symbionese Liberation Army, but he had been sufficiently educated in such operations to be well prepared for Jim Jones and his Peoples Temple. According to Ryan's top aide, Joe Holsinger:

> By the time he (Ryan) was asked to look into the Peoples Temple, he had some idea of what these groups might be doing.[108]

In answer to Sammy Houston's request for help, Ryan initiated a detailed investigation into the Temple's illegal activities, with particular attention to the more serious accusations of murder. In addition to Sammy's testimony, Ryan was deluged with reports of brainwashings, beatings, blackmailings and murders from ex-Temple members and relatives of current members, all of whom were, oddly enough, Caucasian. They came to Ryan because he was the only Northern California Congressman on the International Relations Committee and the only public official who seemed to care about the welfare of the residents in Jonestown. Most were members of the "Concerned Relatives" group; a division of the Human Freedom Center. Elmer and Deanna Mertle,

two ex-Temple members, had started the Human Freedom Center to help other ex-cult members to readjust to life in mainstream society. Elmer Mertle had been one of the few Caucasians active in the struggle for Black civil rights in the sixties and seventies. He authored a column in a Black publication and even walked by Martin Luther King's side in his now famous march in Selma, Alabama. Following a divorce from his first wife, Elmer met Deanna at a meeting of "Parents Without Partners." The minister who married them recommended the Peoples Temple and the newlyweds joined the Redwood Valley congregation where they were considered middle management. By 1975, the Mertles became disillusioned with Jones and left the Temple to open the Human Freedom Center. Deanna was quoted as saying, "I can only compare Jones to Hitler."[109] Like Mary Love, the Mertles changed their names (to Al and Jeannie Mills) in order to avoid possible embarrassment or even prosecution resulting from the self-confession letters they had signed for Jones. Following the mass suicide, Tim Stoen encouraged Jeannie Mills to write a book about her experiences with the Peoples Temple. Six Years with God was published in late 1979. A few short months later, in February 1980, unidentified gunmen broke into the Mills' home and shot Al, Jeannie, and their teenaged daughter, execution-style, in the head. Al and Jeannie died instantly, while their daughter died two days later when her doctor declared her "neurologically dead" and disconnected her life-support systems. The murders remain unsolved.

Some of the members of the Concerned Relatives were just that -- concerned relatives; but some were agents of Jim Jones who were sent to infiltrate the group to monitor and help control its progress. One

such Temple spy was Tim Stoen. Grace Grech Stoen had since left the Temple and her husband to file a lawsuit against Jones over the custody of her only child, John Victor Stoen, whom Jones had nicknamed John-John after President Kennedy's son. Tim Stoen represented Jones at first but then reportedly defected from the Temple to join his wife in the lawsuit. Jones countered by accusing the Stoens of being CIA operatives. The entire episode was a sham. The Stoen's marriage was never anything more than a change of name and a paper on file. The Temple had raised John-John; the Stoens cared nothing for the boy. Jones had introduced Tim and Grace, married them and even fathered their only child according to Tim Stoen's signed affidavit in which the attorney swore:

> I, Timothy Oliver Stoen, hereby acknowledge that in April 1971 I entreated my beloved Pastor, James W. Jones, to sire a child by my wife, Grace Lucy (Grech) Stoen...The child, John Victor Stoen, was born on January 25, 1972... I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct.[110]

The document was witnessed by Jones' wife, Marceline. "Entreated" is almost humorous. It has been alleged that Tim Stoen was a homosexual who had been blackmailed into the service of the CIA and that he and his wife shared a common lover in Jim Jones. In a letter to the Agency for International Development, the Peoples Temple charged that,

> The Stoens instigated his (Jones') relationship with Grace, over Tim's pleas to protect his reputation from embarrassment of threatened exposure of his transvestite patterns.

This may be true, but moreover there is strong evidence to support the theory that Stoen was a CIA operative, at least the East Germans thought so. In the early 1960's, Stoen was arrested in Berlin on a charge of espionage after he was caught photographing sensitive military installations near the Berlin Wall. He was accused of being a CIA spy and held for nine days before being deported to the United States where he lectured against communism and joined forces with Jones. Just about the time Stoen was being arrested in Germany, Jones was close to arrest in Brazil, where a local newspaper reporter, observing his role in the brewing military coup, publicly accused him of working for the CIA. The life experience of Tim Stoen and Jim Jones had more than just the Peoples Temple and a disputed son in common. Stoen's career in the Peoples Temple prospered to the point where, in 1976, Governor Jerry Brown appointed him to serve on the California Advisory Council, the Legal Services Corporation through which he administered the federal legal aid programs. Eventually, the child custody suit provided him and his estranged wife with the means to gracefully resign their responsibilities in the Temple's hierarchy before being incriminated in the pending tragedy. It also gave them a logical reason for joining the Concerned Relatives and an additional child custody

case to encourage Congressman Ryan to investigate Jonestown. Nothing ever came of their lawsuit; John-John died in the massacre. The Stoens remained together only as long as necessary to show their solidarity and imply their innocence. As of last report, Tim is practicing law in San Francisco's financial district. Grace married Temple aide Walter Jones (no blood relation to Jim Jones). Little is known of Walter Jones' work in the Peoples Temple or his obviously successful defection from the cult but after the massacre he was quoted as saying that he knew that "Jones took those people down there to kill them." There was some speculation that Walter and Grace planned to relocate to the Syracuse, New York area, but this has never been confirmed. In the end, the Stoens escaped as did most of Jones Caucasian Angels.

The Concerned Relatives provided Congressman Ryan with a wealth of incriminating evidence against Jim Jones, including detailed accounts of the aforementioned six murders. Ryan, in turn, sought the help of the State and Justice Departments but no one in Washington would cooperate with his requests for information on the Peoples Temple. On September 15, 1975, he met with Viron Vaky, the State Department's Assistant Secretary of the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs. According to the House Committee report on Ryan's assassination, "What he had earlier considered merely the 'possibility' of going to Guyana appears to have become firm in his mind at that meeting." In subsequent meetings, the State Department told Ryan that Jonestown had been visited at least three times to date by staff members of the U.S. Embassy in Guyana (CIA operatives by definition) and that they had found no indication of foul play. Eventually, the State

Department sent a form letter to Ryan and the Concerned Relatives, in which they stated,

> It is the opinion of these officers, reinforced by conversations with local officials who deal with the People's Temple, that it is improbable that anyone is being held in bondage. In general, the people appear to be healthy, adequately fed and housed, and satisfied with their lives on what is a large farm. Many do hard physical labor, but there is no evidence of people being forced to work beyond their capacity or against their will.[111]

Originally, Congressman Edward Derwinski (R, Illinois) was scheduled to accompany Ryan on the official congressional junket to Jonestown but at the last moment Derwinski canceled, citing a conflict of schedule. He had promised to visit his daughter at college. He may have been warned not to go to Guyana. Following the assassination, even conservative observers felt the CIA had deliberately failed to warn Ryan of the potential dangers in Jonestown because they hated him so for his sponsorship of the Hughes-Ryan Amendment. In any event, Ryan and his aides amassed a file on the Temple members that Jones had reportedly ordered executed. The summary of that file read something like this:

Temple Victim	Date of Death	Cause of Death
1. Harpe, Maxine Bernice Caucasian female	3/28/70	Hung by the neck from the rafters of her garage.
2. Hithe, Rory Black Male	11/8/73	Shot to death in an argument with Temple guard Chris Lewis.
3. Hart, Truth Black Female	7/16/74	Congestive heart failure.
4. Head, John William Male Caucasian	10/19/75	Multiple head lacerations suffered in a fall.
5. Hood, Azrie Black Female	unknown	Disappeared; presumed dead, cause unknown.
6. Houston, Bob Caucasian Male	10/5/76	Crushed by a traincar at the Southern Pacific RR yard.

Ryan was extremely busy shuttling between Washington, D.C, and California, planning his reelection campaign, organizing the petition to release Patty Hearst and polishing his latest literary work, a spy novel about a terrorist group that planted a hydrogen bomb in Washington. Even with this busy schedule, Ryan found time to review the "H" file summary.

His first reaction was how peculiar it was that all the reported Temple victims had surnames that begin with the letter "H." Actually, an aide had discovered it when he went to file the reports of the Temple murders. The mathematical odds of such a phenomenon occurring coincidentally are staggering. Ryan noticed something else about the victims. They had been killed in alphabetical order in so far as each victim was the next in the Temple's "H" file at the time of his or her death. Rory Hithe may have been killed before John Head but, at the time, Head was not a member of the Temple nor included in their files. Also, Jones, who claimed that there was no racism, sexism, or ageism in Jonestown, certainly showed no such prejudices in his selection of the six victims: three were Black, three were Caucasian; three were men, three were women; three were young, three were elderly. Chronologically, the six murders were fairly evenly spaced over a six and a half year period. Each of the victims had been killed in a different way so as not to set a pattern or modus operandi that might incriminate Jones or his Temple. At first, Ryan thought it was only a coincidence that his old friend, Bob Houston, had been crushed by a traincar stenciled with the RR company name "HOUSTON," but then he discovered the bizarre truth. John Head died from "head" lacerations, Truth Hart died from "heart" failure, Rory Hithe, within the vernacular was "hit" by gunfire, Azrie Hood (as in concealment) had disappeared, but Maxine Harp's death did not seem to fit the pattern, that is until Ryan consulted a dictionary:

HARP/'harp/n: an instrument
having wire of graded length

> stretched across an open trian-
> gular wooden frame...

The extension cord noose was the "wire," the garage rafters the "open triangular wooden frame." Maxine Harpe's death did exemplify a harp.

Ryan had decoded a logical sequence that established a common perpetrator in the six deaths; Jim Jones. He knew if Jones were to continue the progression his next victims would be Judy and Patricia Houston, the very children Sammy Houston had asked him to protect. Ryan also knew that this theory on the "H" file homicides would be laughed out of any court in the country. The story was too bizarre, almost insane, and that if he went public with his information just before an election, he would be ridiculed and probably defeated; so he kept the theory to himself and made plans to personally investigate Jonestown immediately following the election in November.

Just as Jones had used Bob Houston's love of music to control him, so too, he used Leo Ryan's love of mystery and investigative intrigue to control him. Though he did not realize it, Ryan was exactly where Jones and the CIA wanted him to be; destined to die in Guyana.

The six "H" file homicides and the several additional murders outlined in this chapter, as well as most of the violent deaths described elsewhere in this work, have more than just Jim Jones and the Peoples Temple in common. Each murder, including that of Congressman Ryan, remains unsolved. No one has ever been arrested for the crimes, which attests to Jones' power, influence and immunity from prosecution.

VII MOSCONE, MILK AND MURDER

> "In a tight race like the ones George (Moscone) or (Joseph) Freitas or (Richard) Hongisto had, forget it without Jones."[112]
>
> -Assemblyman Willie Brown

> "They are well dressed, polite, and they're also registered to vote. Everybody talks about the labor unions and their power, but Jones turns out the troops."[113]
>
> -A Moscone campaign official

The Reverend Jim Jones was the predominant force behind the political careers of San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and City Supervisor Harvey Milk during the last three years of their lives. Their assassinations, coming only nine days after the Jonestown massacre, suggests that Jones had engineered their deaths just as he had helped engineer their

lives. This chapter is submitted as evidence that he did.

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GEORGE R. MOSCONE

Moscone's rise to political power in San Francisco began on April 14, 1975, in a meeting between Lawrence Leguennac, the registrar of voters, and Thomas Mellon, the city's chief administrative officer. At the time, Moscone was the majority leader in the State Senate, but, as he phrased it, "Sacramento is boring as hell and ever since my childhood I've wanted to be the mayor of the world's greatest city." Reportedly, a deal had been struck between Moscone and other high-ranking Democrats, in which several politicians would shift offices to the betterment of all. Moscone needed more than just the assurance of a politician that he would be elected mayor. Help came from Lawrence Leguennac in the form of his revised procedure for voter registration. Under the pretext of a poor voter turn-out in the previous election, Leguennac and Mellon redesigned and relaxed voter requirements for the upcoming 1975 mayoral elections. Under the new system, an unprecedented number of registrars were deputized and issued an even larger number of voter registration books. Each registration had a duplicate yellow copy that was given to the voter to present at the polling places. The yellow copy was supposed to be compared to the original and confiscated at the polls to prevent citizens from voting more than once.

Moscone entrusted his campaign to Don Bradley, who had successfully managed the California campaigns of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Bradley later recalled what happened next.

> ...there was a meeting here in my office with Jim Jones, Prokes (Temple aide Michael Prokes), Moscone and myself. We requested help in securing volunteers and they said they could... They did the work in tough areas, fairly rough areas (like) the Tenderloin and south of Market.[114]

The marriage of Moscone and Jones produced what may well be the largest voter fraud scheme in California's history. Moscone was one of five candidates in the November election. Some of his opponents, most notably Dianne Feinstein and John Barbagelata, were backed by the city's powerful real estate developers. It was a close race; too close, as no one received a clear majority and a run-off election between the two front-runners, Moscone and Barbagelata, was scheduled for the following month. Temple political propagandist Richard Tropp enlisted his troops to write as many as fifty letters each in support of Moscone and in protest of the need for a run-off election. Despite the efforts of the Peoples Temple, the December election was held on schedule.

Everyone in Jones' congregation was registered to vote; it was a requirement. Many had registered at Temple operated communes, indicating that Temple personnel had been deputized as registrars. Over one hundred and sixty Temple volunteers worked at Moscone's campaign headquarters. Several hundred more canvassed the Tenderloin, Filmore, South of Market and the Western Addition areas of the city.

On the morning of the December election, Jones had over 800 of his followers rounded up and transported to the polls in the Temple's fleet of Greyhound buses. Each had been instructed to vote for Moscone, just as they had been instructed to vote for Moscone, District Attorney Joseph Freitas and Sheriff Richard Hongisto in the regular election a month earlier.

On election day, officials at the polling places neglected to confiscate the voters' duplicate yellow registration forms. As John Barbagelata said, lamenting over his loss, "You could have run around to twelve hundred precincts and voted twelve hundred times."[115] And that is exactly what the eight hundred Peoples Temple voters did. Their ballot box stuffing made the differences as Moscone won by only a slim margin, but Jones had miscalculated the voter turn-out for the run-off election and, in the final analysis, there were more votes cast than there were registered voters. Barbagelata claimed voter fraud and called for Moscone to run again in a special midterm election. Jim Jones contributed $500 to the committee opposing the proposal. He also contributed $250 to help pay for Moscone's inaugural expenses. The following month Barbagelata received a box of candy in the mail that concealed a bomb that, by chance, did not explode. After the incident, Jones offered him the protection of Temple bodyguards, but Barbagelata refused. Barbagelata continued to protest the election and, in June of 1976, he chaired a special committee of city supervisors who conducted public hearings into his allegations of voter fraud. The committee discovered forged and printed signatures, as well as non-existent addresses and other irregularities on voter

registration forms, all from the south of Market, Filmore and Western Addition districts where the major influence was the Peoples Temple. Barbagelata never realized the Temple's involvement, only that some major force had masterminded the fraud.

His committee submitted their findings to District Attorney Joseph Freitas who formed a special election crimes unit to investigate the allegations. Freitas hired none other than Temple attorney Tim Stoen to head the investigation. He later insisted that he did not know the assistant district attorney from Mendocino County had an affiliation with the Peoples Temple or that the Peoples Temple had played any part in the election fraud. Freitas was quoted as saying, "I didn't know Tim was a member of the Peoples Temple until after he came to work, and anyone who says it was a political pay-off is a liar,"[116] a strong statement from a man who was often seen at the services of the Peoples Temple and who owed his political position to the election fixing of Jim Jones. Of course, Tim Stoen found no substantial evidence of voter fraud and the Peoples Temple was never mentioned in his reports.

As further evidence of fraud in the 1975 elections, over four hundred voter registration books were issued but never recovered. Those books that were recovered were locked in three vaults in City Hall. In December of 1978, Federal and State agencies requested the files as evidence in their investigation of the Peoples Temple and Tim Stoen. It was then that even the remaining books were discovered missing. Every list of voters in the 1975 elections has vanished without a trace.

Jones received his political pay-off only days after the election, when Moscone appointed Temple aide

Michael Prokes to the committee that would screen potential candidates for the one hundred commission vacancies in Moscone's new administration. Over the next several months, Prokes succeeded in placing trusted Temple aides in key positions in city government.

In March of 1976, Moscone announced he was appointing Jim Jones to the post of Human Rights Commissioner the same title bestowed upon him in Indianapolis, fifteen years earlier. On the day that Jones was to be sworn into office, he slipped, unannounced, through a side door to the mayor's office and, after a fifteen minute meeting with Moscone, emerged to tell the awaiting press that he would not accept the post but would be appointed to a different position.

On October 18, 1976, Moscone submitted the name of Jim Jones for a seat on the San Francisco Housing Authority, a $14 million a year agency that manages the city's low income housing units. When it appeared that city supervisors might not approve the appointment, Moscone enlisted the help of Assemblyman Willie Brown, who introduced legislation in Sacramento giving the mayor the power to appoint members of the Housing Authority without confirmation from the Board of Supervisors. Eventually, the supervisors did confirm Jones' appointment as well as that of Temple aide Carolyn Moore Layton, who also received a job with the Housing Authority. By January 24, 1977, Moscone had cleared the way for Jones to be elected Chairman of the Housing Authority. As chairman of the city agency that controlled low income housing, Jones was in an excellent position to arrange for government-funded apartments for his congregation. The Peoples Temple

had since shifted its center from Mendocino County to San Francisco, where Jones saw to it that most of his agency's $14 million budget benefitted his followers.

Throughout 1976, Mayor Moscone, D.A. Freitas, Sheriff Hongisto and Assemblyman Willie Brown were often seen at Peoples Temple services where they were received as honored guests. On September 25, 1976, Jones hosted his own testimonial, twenty-dollar-a-plate dinner at the Geary Street Temple in San Francisco. Seated at the head table were Moscone, Brown, Freitas, California Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally and State Senator Milton Marks. Also present were the full range of political activists from Eldridge Cleaver and Angela Davis on the left to Walter Heady, chairman of the John Birch Society, on the right. Each took turns to praise the work of Jim Jones and to present their tributes, awards and honors. Senator Marks presented Jones with a plaque bearing a resolution commending the Peoples Temple that he had managed to get passed by the State Senate. Such was Jones' political power in San Francisco.

In September, 1976, Rosalyn Carter visited San Francisco to officially open the presidential campaign headquarters of her husband, Jimmy Carter and his running mate, Walter Mondale. Fearing a poor turn-out for the ceremony, Mrs. Carter contacted Jim Jones, who provided six-hundred of the eight hundred who attended her rally. Jones, who shared the speaker's podium, received a roaring ovation from the crowd while Mrs. Carter was received politely but coldly. He was showing off, as was his security staff who followed in the every footstep of Mrs. Carter's Secret Service escorts as they secured the area for her public appearance.

That evening, Jones met privately with Rosalyn Carter in the restaurant of the posh Stanford Hotel in the city's Nob Hill district. Presumably they discussed U.S. relations with Cuba. Ever since his involvement in the Bay of Pigs invasion, Jones had a reputation with the CIA as an expert on Cuba. Days later, Mrs. Carter phoned Jones to thank him for his help and the two began an exchange of written correspondence that continued well into 1977.

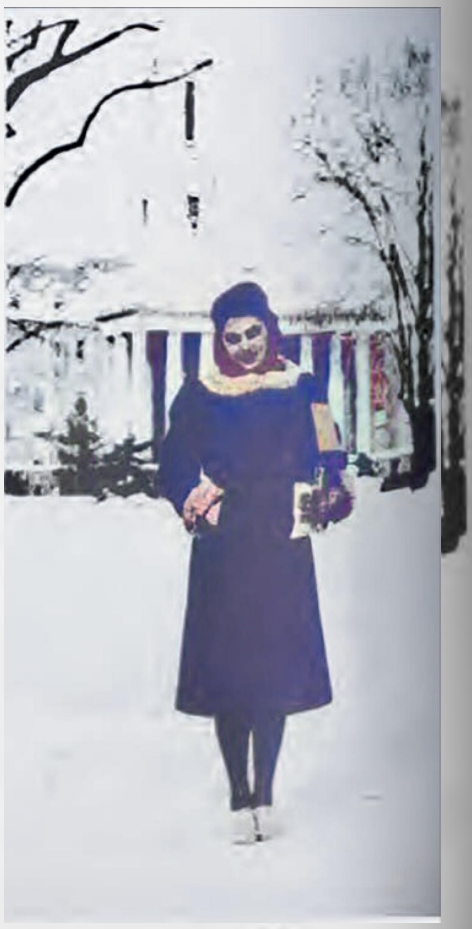
In the first week of October, less than a month after his meeting with Rosalyn Carter, Jones traveled to Cuba for a meeting with Fidel Castro. Soon after he returned to San Francisco, he was debriefed by Walter Mondale. Mondale was on the campaign trail and not scheduled to visit San Francisco, but apparently his business with Jones was sufficiently important to interrupt his tour, for his chartered jet was diverted to the San Francisco Airport. Mondale never left the airport runway and few people realized he was even in the city. Jim Jones and Mayor George Moscone were invited to join him in the surveillance-free interior of his jet for a private meeting. Jones later reported they discussed "U.S. relations with Carribean countries," a deliberately vague reference to Cuba. Actually Mondale offered Jones an ambassadorship to Guyana, but later "complications" arose. As soon as Mondale left San Francisco, Jones began to make arrangements for another trip to Cuba where, in December of 1976, he once again met with Fidel Castro. There was definitely something transpiring between the new Carter administration and Castro's Cuba, and Jim Jones provided the conduit for the discussions. If true to form, Jones would not have been content to be just a messenger, but would have wanted to engineer

The throne of Jim Jones surrounded by bodies of his followers.
(11/21/78-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettman Newsphotos-Les Sintay)

An early photo of Lisa Philip (R) and her sister Eva (L).
(Circa 1920-Hamburg, Germany-Layton famliy album)

The ultra-modern house Hugo Philip had built for his family.
(Circa 1927-Hamburg, Germany-Layton family album)

Laurence Layton perfecting his molecular still at West Virginia University.
(Circa 1939-Morgantown, WV-Layton family album)



Lisa Philip on the campus of Penn State.
(Circa 1941-University Park, PA-Layton family album)

Lisa Philip outside her Rochester home.
(Circa late 1942-Rochester, NY-Layton family album)

Laurence and Lisa Layton. Lisa is pregnant with their first child.
(Circa late 1942-Rochester, NY-Layton family album)

Dr.Laurence Layton, the U.S. Army's Chief of Chemical Warfare, posing on the Dugway Proving Grounds.
(Circa late 1954-Dugway, UT-Layton family album)

Dr.Laurence Layton (R) accepting the Distinguished Service Award from the Secretary of Agriculture.
(Circa May 1963-Washington, DC-Layton family album)

A Layton family portrait. From left to right: Larry, Laurence, Deborah, Lisa, Tom, and Annalisa.
(Circa 1963-Berkeley, CA-Layton family album)

Larry Layton's wedding to Carolyn Moore.
(Circa 1967-Davis, CA-Layton family album)

Larry Layton with his second wife Karen Tow.
(Circa 1969-Redwood Valley, CA-Layton family album)

Annalisa Layton's wedding to Ray Valentine with Dr.Layton on the right.
(Circa 1967-Berkeley, CA-Layton family album)

George 'Phil' Blakey preparing afternoon tea in Jonestown. This is probably the only extant photo of the Englishman who married Deborah Layton and whom Jim Jones put in charge of the advance team that pioneered Jonestown.
(Circa early 1974-Jonestown, Guyana-Layton family album)

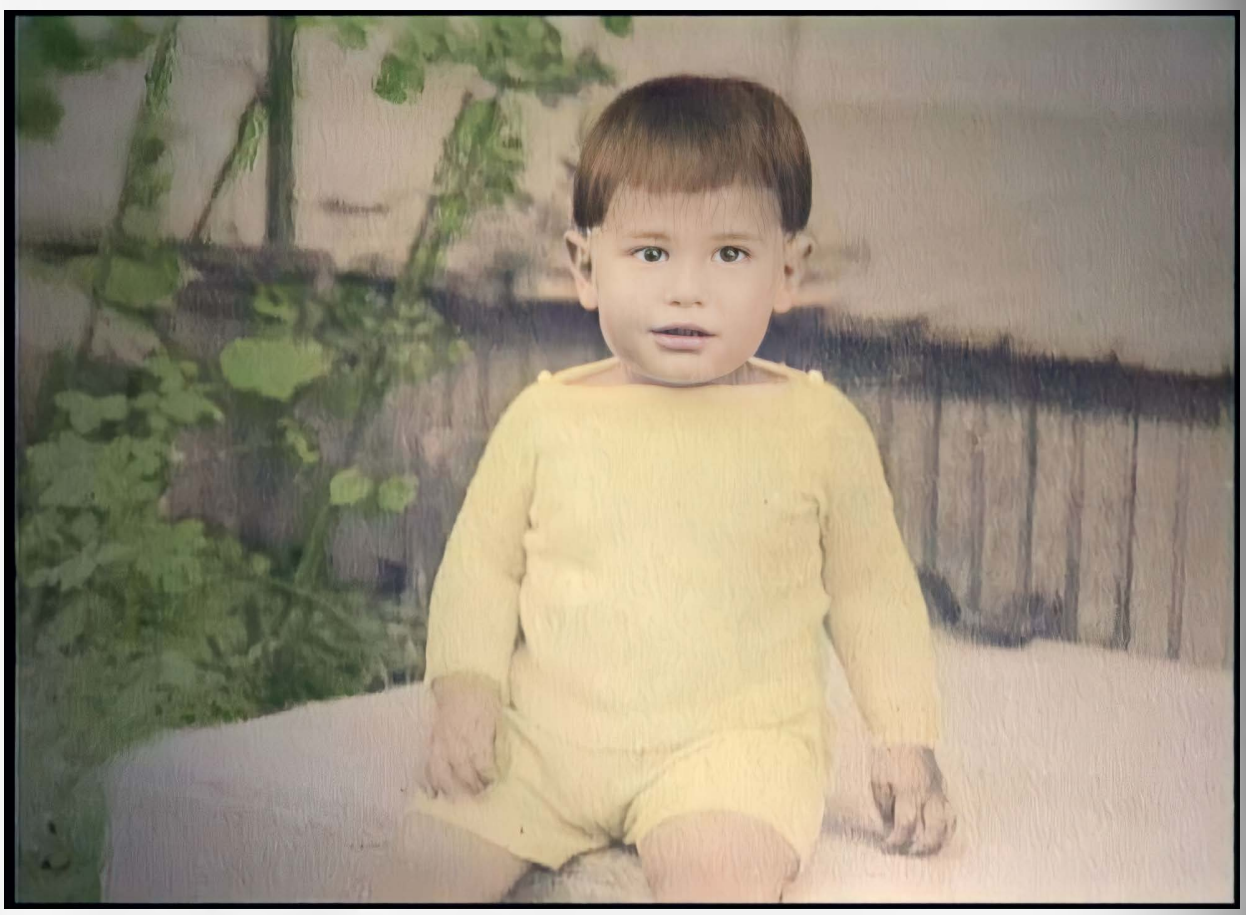
Lisa Layton (R) poses with her daughter Deborah Layton Blakely (C) and her daughter-in-law Karen Tow Layton (L).This photo was among those the Layton family provided to *The New York Times* for inclusion in their article entitled "The Layton Family's Tragedy: From Hitler's Germany to Jim Jones' Commune."

(Circa 1975-Location Unknown-New York Times)

Larry Layton in custody after being charged with five counts of murder and three counts of attempted murder for his participation in the assault that killed Congressman Ryan. Despite the evidence and even a signed confession, Layton would be acquitted of all charges in Guyana.
(11/22/78-Georgetown, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos)

Dr. Laurence Layton posing for a promotional photo in the aftermath of the tragedy. With his sullen disinterested expression and the unopened Christmas present on his lap, it is intentionally difficult to view this man as one who spent most of his adult life devising new ways to kill people. (December 1978-Berkeley, CA-Layton family album)

One of the earliest photos of Jim Jones.
(Circa 1933-Lynn, IN-Reprinted from Raven)



Young Jim Jones posing with a guitar.
(Circa 1940-Lynn, IN-Reprinted from *Raven*)

Young Jim Jones posing with a guitar.
(Circa 1940-Lynn, IN-Reprinted from *Raven*)

(Upper Left)
Jim Jones as the young street corner preacher in Richmond.
(Circa 1946-47-Richmond, IN-Reprinted from *Raven*. **Note: the negative was flipped -- Jones parted his hair on the right)**

(Upper Right)
Marceline Baldwin in her last portrait before she married Jim Jones. At the time she was employed as a nurse at a federally-funded program.
(Circa 1949-Richmond, IN-Reprinted from *Raven*)

Jim Jones' graduation picture in his high school yearbook. The printed inscription below read, "Jim's six syllable medical vocabulary astounds us all."
(Circa early 1949-Richmond, IN-Reprinted from yearbook)

Jim Jones as he appeared on his first assignment in South America.
(Circa 1962-Location unknown-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *The Broken God)*

Bonnie Malmin's farewell portrait to Jim Jones.
(Circa 1962-Belo Horizonte, Brazil-Reprinted from *The Broken God)*

Temple strongman Jack Beam poses for a promotional photo.
(Circa 1962-Location unknown-Peoples Temple file)

(Lower left)
Jim Jones holding Bonnie Malmin Burnham's son Stephan.
(Circa 1972-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *The Broken God)*

(Lower right)
Bonnie Malmin Burnham's wedding to Hank Theilmann just months before she was paid to join Congressman Ryan's junket to Jonestown.

Bonnie Theilmann dictates her story to professional writer Dean Merrill.
(December 1978/January 1979-Warrenville, IL-Reprinted from *The Broken God*)

The Jones family posing for a promotional Christmas photo in February.
(February 1967-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file)

Hear the Temple radio broadcast each Saturday and Sunday at 10:00 to 10:30 a.m. on KFAX 1100.

PASTOR JIM JONES

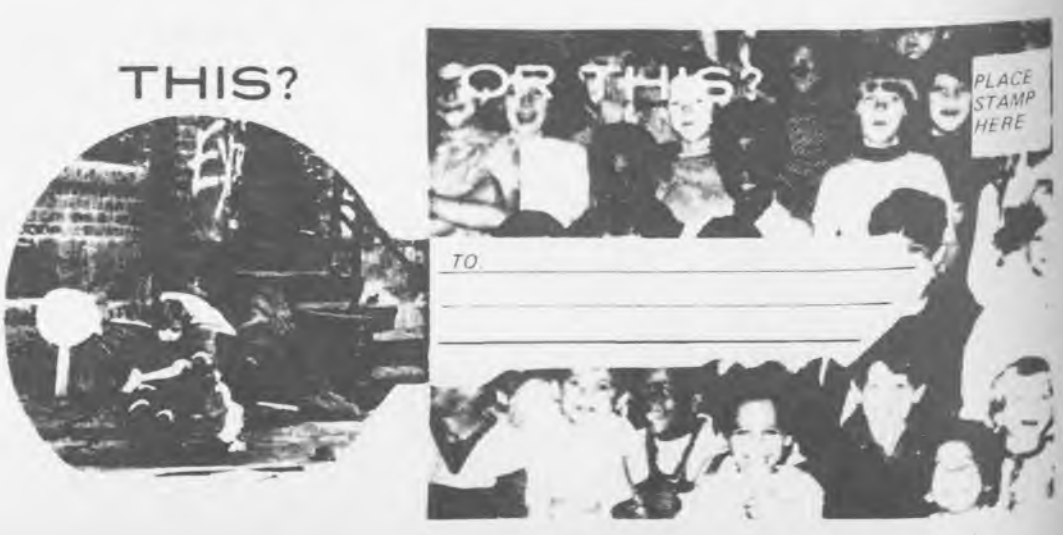
SCHOOL TEACHER, FORMER HUMAN RIGHTS Commissioner, Grand Jury foreman, present president of Legal Rights Foundation, and

- Christ-like leader of Peoples Temple, who supports the cause of peace and social justice,
- who adopted a black son and five other children of different races,
- will be conducting his unique prophetic healing message to the public. Miraculous healings of growths, crippling diseases, etc. occur before your eyes in every meeting.

PEOPLES TEMPLE IS A TOTALLY INTEGRATED church near Ukiah, California...

- which operates a drug rehabilitation center, animal refuge, two college dormitories, and senior citizens' home, that serve all races and creeds.
- Our healing ministry in no way opposes the work of medical science. In fact, due to the insistence of our pastor, 82 people went to their doctors, who found diseases which would have led to their early demise. They went to doctors, and through treatment they have now completely recovered.

Peoples Temple literature. The "you are the key" appeal (below) was particularly effective in raising money. Most of the smiling children on the right died in Jonestown. The "slum child" on the left was played by Daphene Mills who would be assassinated in her Berkeley home in February 1980.
(Circa early 1970's-Literature originated in Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Peoples Temple-People's Tomb*)



URGENT -

Come Hear JIM JONES In San Francisco

Jim Jones and Adopted Family of All Races

Pastor Jim Jones:

- **PROPHET** — Saves the lives of total strangers with his predictions. Scores will be present to give medical documentation of their amazing healing
- **PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER AND GOVERNMENTAL OFFICIAL** —
  Currently an active teacher in California system
- **HEALER OF CANCEROUS DISEASES, DOCTORS CALLED "INCURABLE"**
- **PASTOR OF THE NATIONS LARGEST YOUTH INTERRACIAL RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT, WITH A 185 VOICE CHOIR, WILL BE HERE!!**

SPECIAL NOTICE

THIS MESSENGER OF GOD PROCLAIMS APOSTOLIC SOCIAL JUSTICE OF EQUALITY AND *PROVES* HIS MESSAGE BY DIVINE *SIGNS* AND WONDERS. *DOUBTS* WILL BE CAST OUT. *CURIOSITY* WILL ENLIGHTEN YOU. *FAITH* AND *BELIEF* WILL SAVE YOU.

COME AND HEAR JIM JONES' DIVINE MESSAGE

SATURDAY, JUNE 13 – 7:30 P.M. and SUNDAY, JUNE 14 – 11:00 A.M.

PLACE: ***Benjamin Franklin Jr. High Auditorium***
(Corner Geary & Scott Sts.)

FREE BANQUET after Sunday services!

Temple literature. A flyer announcing a service in San Francisco and (over) **a standard 'Thank you' note that accompanied the tax-deductible receipt for contributions.**
(Circa early 1970's-Literature originated in Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Peoples Temple-People's Tomb*)

Thank you for your contribution to

PEOPLE'S TEMPLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH
P.O. Box 214
Redwood Valley, Calif. 95470

This contribution will help to aid our Temple Welfare Ministry, which gives aid and assistance to hundreds of people each week.

Pastor Jim Jones

The completed Peoples Temple in Redwood Valley - the only church in America built over a swimming pool? Note the sentry box checkpoint and the 2 X 4 cross placed on the roof for promotional photos.
(Circa 1969-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God*).

The guard tower at the entrance to Peoples Temple in Redwood Valley. Note the armed guards, the sophisticated radio attenna and the rather poor attempt to disguise the structure as a cage for Jones' pet monkey.
(Circa early 1970's-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God*)

Each division of workers had their own uniform. Here a group from the "Welcoming Committee" pose in front of the Temple. Note that they are lined up by race; alternating Black and white. This ploy was often used to give the impression of an interracial denomination.
(Circa early 1970s-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

A squad of Temple security guards. Note the man on the roof.
(Circa early 1970's-Redwood Valley, CA-People's Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years WWith God)*

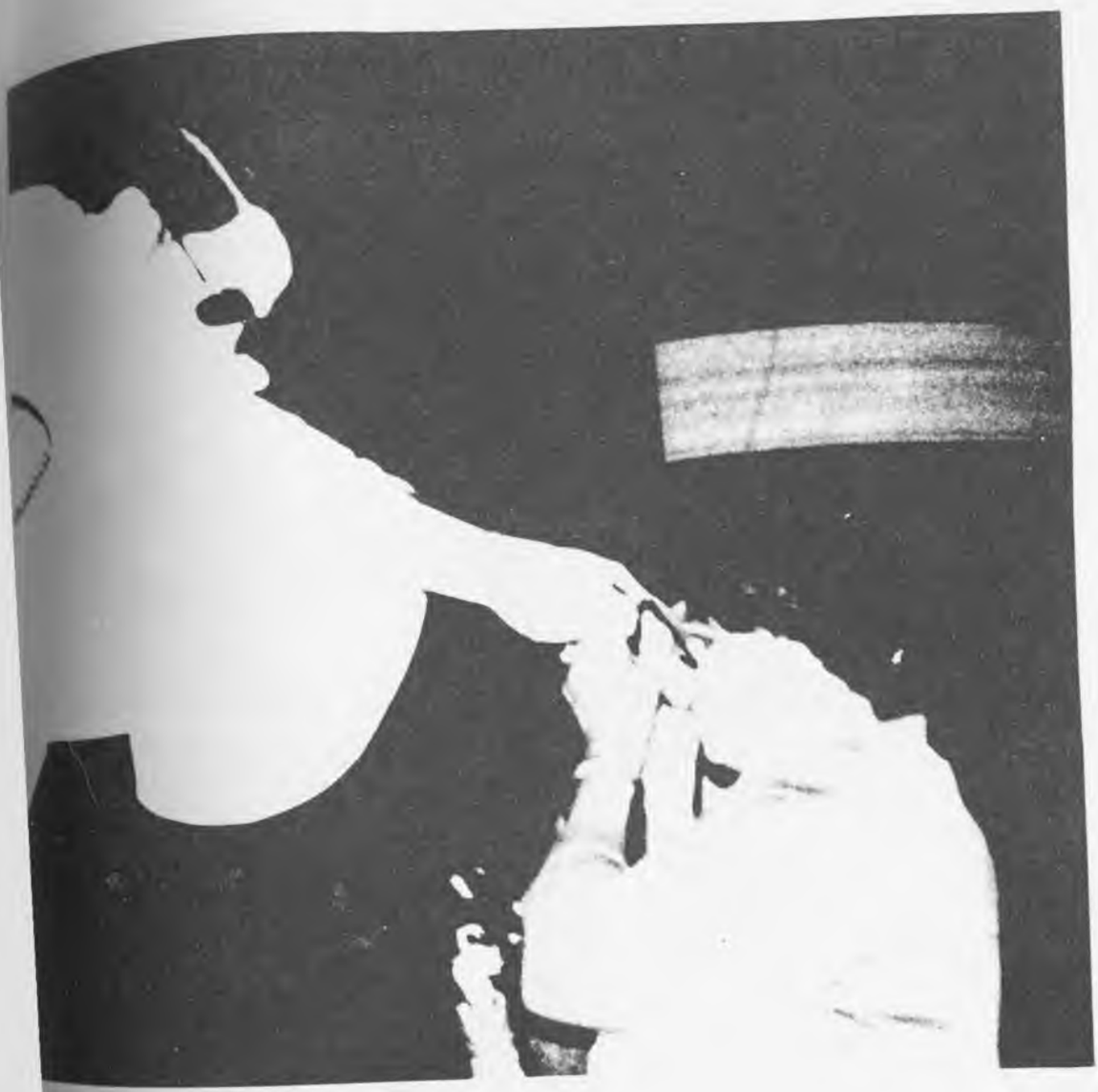
(Below and over)
Promotional photos of Jim Jones at his pulpit in the Redwood Valley Temple. These were later sold as talismans.
(Circa early 1970's-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

(Following page)
Jim Jones and his wife Marceline posing for their photographer. Note that in almost every photo of Jones, he is either wearing or holding his prized aviator sunglasses.
(Circa early 1970's-Redwood Valley, CA-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

Pastor Jones

"Father," as they called him, handing out a weekly allowance to Temple children. Typically, the collection plate would be passed among the children immediately afterwards.

(Circa early 1970's-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*



A parishioner receiving an "annointed prayer cloth" from Reverend Jones.
(Circa early 1970's-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

Parishioners splashing about in the Temple's indoor swimming pool.
(Circa early 1970's-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

With help from an assistant, Jones "baptizes" a convert in the swimming pool.
(Circa early 1970's-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

During a faith healing service, a Caucasian aide "cures" a gullible patient of throat cancer. The cancer was actually a rancid chicken liver that the patient vomited after it was shoved down her throat by simple sleight of hand. From the pulpit, Reverend Jones was quick to take credit for the "miracle."

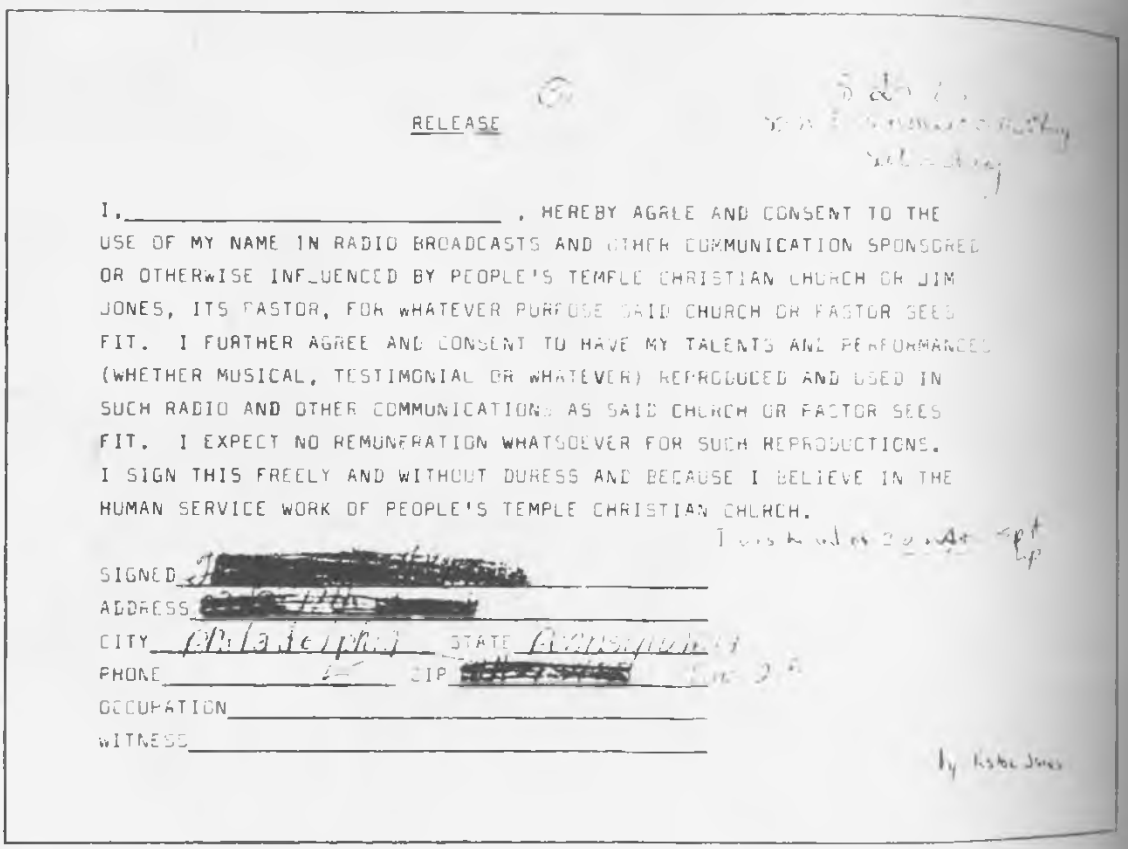
Circa early 1970's-San Francisco, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills Reprinted from *Six Years With God*)

The door pass issued to Temple security guards. The typographical irregularity in the underlining was a deliberate error to verify the card's authenticity.

(Circa early 1970's-Material originated in Redwood Valley, CA-Credit as above)

PEOPLES TEMPLE DOOR PASS

Internal Security. No Door check necessary. Thank you.



RELEASE

I, _____ , HEREBY AGREE AND CONSENT TO THE USE OF MY NAME IN RADIO BROADCASTS AND OTHER COMMUNICATION SPONSORED OR OTHERWISE INFLUENCED BY PEOPLE'S TEMPLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH OR JIM JONES, ITS PASTOR, FOR WHATEVER PURPOSE SAID CHURCH OR PASTOR SEES FIT. I FURTHER AGREE AND CONSENT TO HAVE MY TALENTS AND PERFORMANCES (WHETHER MUSICAL, TESTIMONIAL OR WHATEVER) REPRODUCED AND USED IN SUCH RADIO AND OTHER COMMUNICATIONS AS SAID CHURCH OR PASTOR SEES FIT. I EXPECT NO REMUNERATION WHATSOEVER FOR SUCH REPRODUCTIONS. I SIGN THIS FREELY AND WITHOUT DURESS AND BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN THE HUMAN SERVICE WORK OF PEOPLE'S TEMPLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

SIGNED [redacted]

ADDRESS [redacted]

CITY Philadelphia STATE [redacted]

PHONE [redacted] ZIP [redacted]

OCCUPATION _____

WITNESS _____

The Temple's standard release form giving them permission to use the name of the healed person in promotional material. This particular convert from the Peace Mission in Philadelphia "was cured of cancer during a San Francisco meeting."

(8/25/73-Form originated in Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

Jim Jones with children of his California followers on one of their cross-country bus tours.
(Circa summer of 1976-believed to be Chicago, IL-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

My Father
Pastor Jim Jones
Please don't let the
Bank of America
Savings + Loan
Foreclose on my home
I will have the money
on this weekend Please
Father talk to Mr. Flem
my Councelor 71 and I
promise I will not be
late again. Thank you
Father

The woman who wrote this note to Jones apparently equated being late for a Temple meeting with the threat of foreclosure on her home.
(Circa early 1970's-Redwood Valley, CA-Credit as above)

A Temple contingency poses on the front lawn of the Capitol building after making headlines for picking up litter from the ground.
(Circa August 1973-Washington, DC-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Six Years With God*)

A pinic meal about to be served in the Temple's parking lot. In the background are some of the Temple buses that carried parishoners to services in San Francisco and Los Angeles as well as on vacation
(Circa early 1970s-Redwood Valley, CA-People's Temple File-Reprinted from *Six Years with God)*

(This and following page)
Plays such as these were often performed during Temple services. Jim Jones used the technique to reinforce his prediction that "all Black people in America are going to be put in concentration camps or be hung - except for those who stay with me. I will protect you when the time comes." He added that the "impotent sky god" would not.
(Circa early 1970's-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

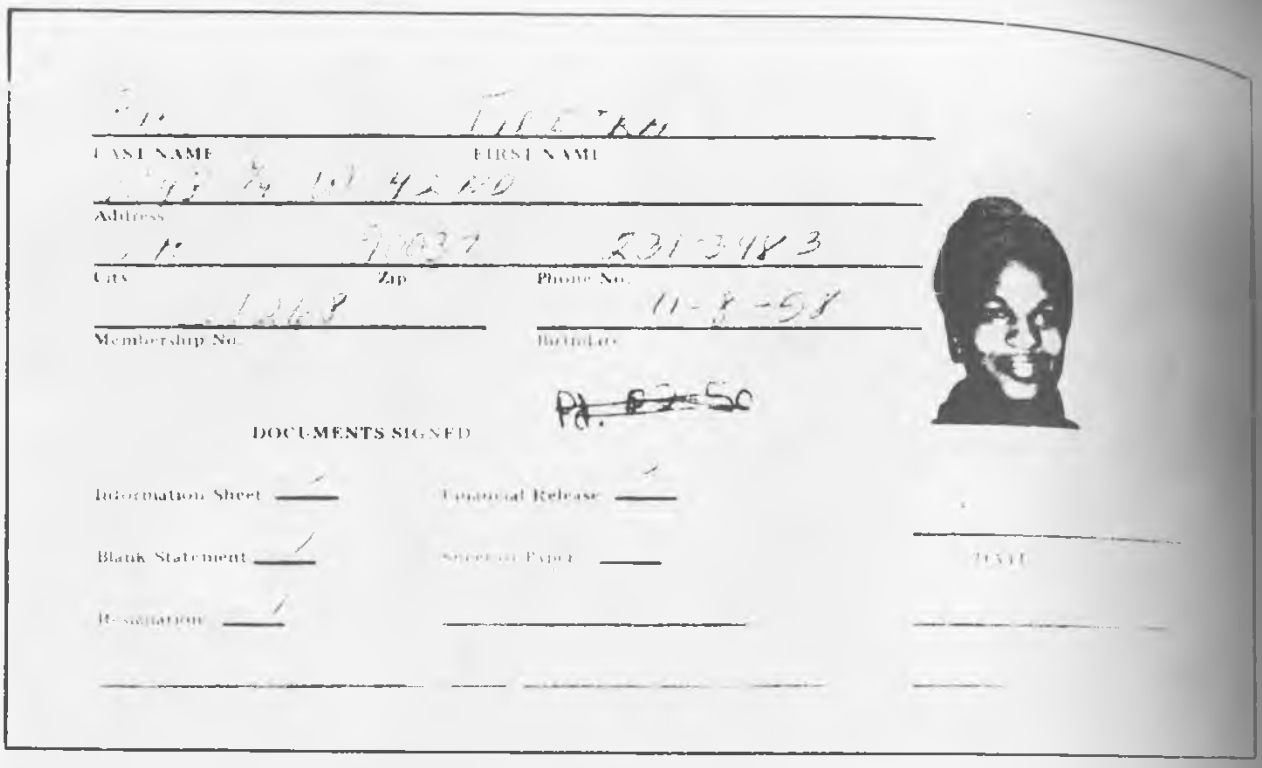
The Joneses posing for a family portrait (possibly while on vacation in Chicago).
(Circa summer of 1975-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

Parishioners, organized by sex and race, march into a Temple service.
(Circa 1975-San Francisco, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

The abandoned Redwood Valley temple, one day after the massacre in Jonestown.
(11/19/78-Redwood Valley, CA-UPI/Bettman Newsphotos-SM/str)

This photograph of the "Father" blessing Temple children was reproduced and sold as Jones' "Shekinah Glory" due to the "divine aura of love" emitting from his heart. Actually the negative was altered during developing. Of the eleven children pictured, eight died in Jonestown, one was assassinated later, one is missing and only one is known to have survived (Stephen Burnham, the blond in the foreground).

(Circa spring of 1972-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God*)



LAST NAME FIRST NAME

Address

City Zip Phone No.

Membership No. Birthdate

DOCUMENTS SIGNED

Information Sheet Financial Release

Blank Statement Sheet of Paper

Resignation

DATE

The cover of a typical identification envelope which contained a complete dossier on each member of the Temple. Note the section entitled "Documents Signed."

(5/3/75-Forms originated in Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

(Opposite)

One of several such reports on file at the Temple. This "V" (visit) by two Temple intelligence agents was to inventory a subject's "garb" (garbage set out in the street for pick-up). The notation "indirect" indicates that the information was gathered without the subject's knowledge.

(3/4/72-Reports originated in Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

L[redacted] AND G[redacted] R[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

3-4-72 IS & PJ (Indirect - comeoften)

GARR

Borden Fruit Punch drink

[redacted] milk

[redacted] juice

[redacted]

7 Banquet fr[redacted] mies.

[redacted]

[redacted] cherry peppers

[redacted] deodorant

[redacted] spray

A sales slip from E[redacted], Elm St.,

dated [redacted]

Empty jar of Best Foods real mayonnaise.

Quaker oatmeal

Crisco fegetable shortening.

Imperial margarine

sales slip from Star Super Mkt on S. Elm St $4.89 - pd. $16.00 and change of $11.11

dated 3-1-72

3/5/72 Healed c/a in breast.

Revelation to PJ (T) 4/22/72

-has 2 childs left at home ages 10 & 8, but has raised 6 childs all together

-has a set of twins (first she sd 20 yrs old, then sd 20½ yrs)/has 1 boy 19 yrs old who plays the piano for church/Mrs R[redacted] wants him to come to RV to go to college there

-Mrs R[redacted] was born Little Rock Arkansas

-on her blue coat she has pockets on each side/ they are white buttons with gold buttons underneath the white part

-she had on black slippers/they fit closely to her feet

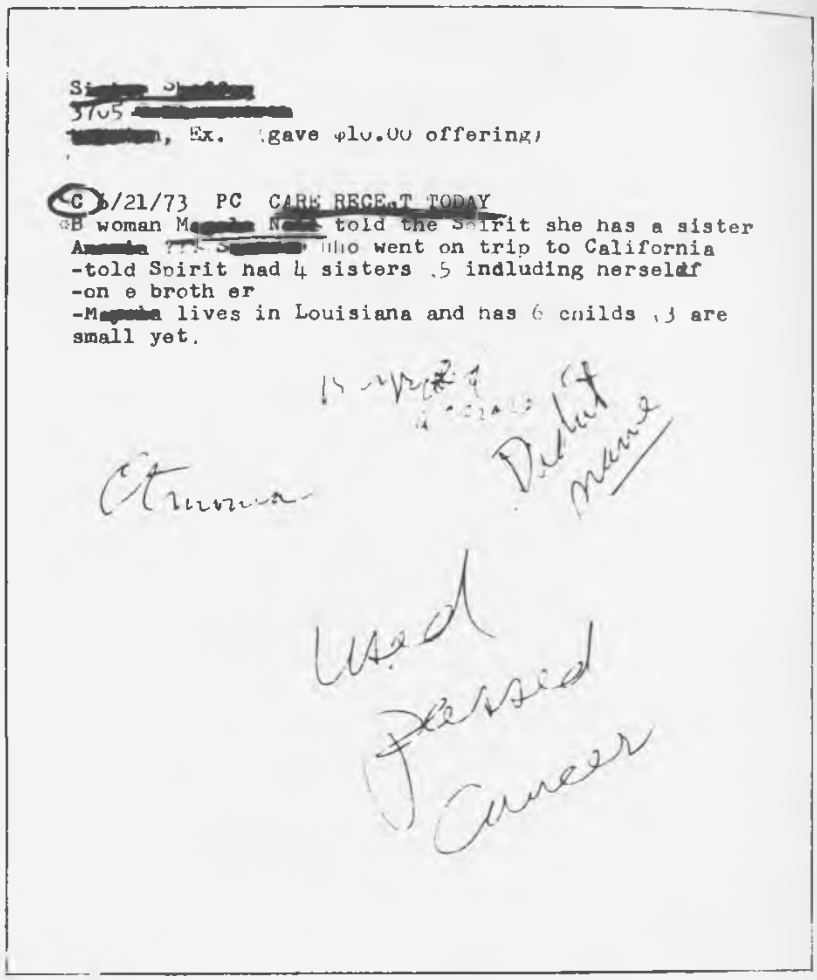
-Revelation to SB (T) 12/5/71 (L[redacted] R[redacted])

-has been here 20 some years/both him & his wife from Little rock, they have 9 childs (contradiction from T to PJ 4/72????) but they may have only raised 6 childs of these 9??????

-all of their childs are grown except the 2 boys age 8 & 9 yrs who are here today

-they have 6 boys, & 3 girls, 2 girls are twins

-one twin lives in Berkeley (Mr & Mrs C[redacted] /they will be here today/she is 4 mos preg. /first with first child



[redacted]
3705 [redacted]
[redacted], Ex. (gave $10.00 offering)

C 6/21/73 PC CARE RECEIVED TODAY
-B woman M[redacted] N[redacted] told the Spirit she has a sister A[redacted] [redacted] S[redacted] who went on trip to California
-told Spirit had 4 sisters ,5 indluding nerself
-on e broth er
-M[redacted]a lives in Louisiana and has 6 childs ,3 are small yet.

Used passed cancer

Typical of the information contained in a member's dossier was this "C" (call) made by PC (Patty Cartmell). The intelligence gathered on S.S. (name withheld) was sufficient for Jones to convince the women that she had cancer and that he could cure her. The notation, "Used passed cancer" is in Jones' handwriting.

(6/21/73-Reports originated in Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Six Years With God*)

E[redacted] M[redacted] S[redacted]
[redacted], TX 77[redacted]22

very enthusiastic when she testified last nite/ came nere for an overhaul like a mechanic would do with a car

6/21/73 CRL CARE TODA. RECENT

-Mrs. S niece Pam-age 21 speaking/ [redacted]

[redacted] Melvina also speaking/[redacted]/think Pam aunt is Mrs. S. daughter

-(basis of C giving away pupies--Mrs. S[redacted] wants a dog Melvina says/

Passed thru Cancer Had fibroid Tumors

In this call, CRL (Carol Layton) offers the subject a puppy from the Temple's animal shelter. The notation, "Care Today Recent" warned Jones to wait a while before healing the subject so as not to draw suspicion to the call.

(6/21/73-Reports originated in Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

The country of Guyana if Jonestown had failed to secure the disputed Northwest territory and had Surinam followed Venezuela's lead and also occupied Guyanese territory they long since claimed was theirs. In all probability, either Venezuela or Surinam would also have claimed the narrow (thirty-mile wide) strip of jungle in the uninhabited interior. Guyana could have been reduced to just the city of Georgetown had it not been for Jonestown.
(Illustration by Michael Meiers)

Leo Ryan during his one week self-internment in Folson Prison to study the prison reform movement from the inside out.
(February 1970-Folson, CA-AP/Wide World Photos)

Congressman Ryan (C) surveying a seal kill in Newfoundland. Ryan's objection to the indiscriminate slaughter of baby seals had earned him the 'Man of the Year' Award from the International Wildlife Foundation.

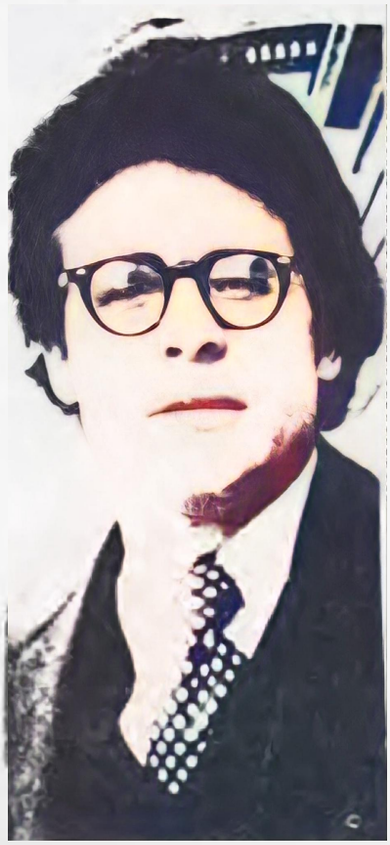
(3/12/78-St. Anthony, Newfoundland-AP/Wide World Photos)

Associated Press photographer Sammy Houston with portraits of his son Bob and grandchildren Judy and Patricia. After Bob's mysterious death, Sammy enlisted the help of Leo Ryan to rescue his grandchildren from Jonestown.

(Circa early 1978-San Bruno, CA-*San Francisco Examiner)*

Bob Houston and his wife Joyce Shaw Houston with some of the twenty-four Temple foster children placed in their care.
(Circa early 1976-San Francisco, CA)

(Above)
Grace Getch Stoen, wife of Tim Stoen and mother of Jim Jones' son John-John.
(11/21/78-San Francisco, CA-UPI/Bettman Newsphotos-Fred Laron)



Temple attorney Tim Stoen caught off guard by a reporter in front of the Geary Street Temple.
(Circa 1976-San Francisco, CA-*San Francisco Examiner*-Judith Calson)

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I, Timothy Oliver Stoen, hereby acknowledge that in April, 1971, I entreated my beloved pastor, James W. Jones, to sire a child by my wife, Grace Lucy (Grech) Stoen, who had previously, at my insistence, reluctantly but graciously consented thereto. James W. Jones agreed to do so, reluctantly, after I explained that I very much wished to raise a child, but was unable, after extensive attempts, to sire one myself. My reason for requesting James W. Jones to do this is that I wanted my child to be fathered, if not by me, by the most compassionate, honest, and courageous human being the world contains.

The child, John Victor Stoen, was born on January 25, 1972. I am privileged beyond words to have the responsibility for caring for him, and I undertake this task humbly with the steadfast hope that said child will become a devoted follower of Jesus Christ and be instrumental in bringing God's kingdom here on earth, as has been his wonderful natural father.

I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct.

Timothy Oliver Stoen

Timothy Oliver Stoen
Post Office Box 126
Ukiah, California 95482

Dated: February 6, 1972

Witnessed: Marcia M. Jones

The affadavit signed by Tim Stoen acknowledging Jim Jones as the true father of the Stoen's son John-John.
(2/6/72-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file)

(Opposite)
Congressman Leo Ryan (during a news conference) discussing allegations that members of Congress were responsible for security "leaks" regarding the activities of the Central Intelligence Agency.
(1/16/76-Washington, DC-AP/Wide World Photos)

The Peoples Temple on Geary Street in San Francisco. A former Jewish synagogue
Circa 1975-San Francisco, CA-Peoples Temple

The Peoples Temple on the corner of Alvarado Street and Hoover Street in Los Angeles. A former Jewish synagogue.
Circa 1976-Los Angeles, CA-Peoples Temple

A military honor guard carrying Leo Ryan's casket from a plane to a hearse at the San Francisco International Airport. In the background are the Congressman's aide Joe Holsinger, his ex-wife Margaret Ryan Williams and daughter Patricia Ryan.
(11/21/78-San Bruno, CA-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos-jh/str/fl)

A service in the San Francisco Temple. Note Jim Jones on the left and the armed security guard on the far right.
(Circa 1975-San Francisco, CA-Peoples Temple file)

Mayor Moscone in the office in which he would be assassinated, reading a document under the watchful eyes of an interracial group. Note Jim Jones in the back row (wearing sunglasses).
(Circa 1976-San Francisco, CA)

Mayor Moscone shaking hands with his foremost supporter and appointee Jim Jones. The lives of these two men in San Francisco were so closely intertwined that the massacre in Jonestown and the assassination of Moscone less than nine days later can only be viewed as the same story.

(Circa 1976-San Francisco, CA-*San Francisco Examiner)*

Rosalyn Carter campaigning in San Francisco for her husband Jimmy Carter and his running mate Walter Mondale. At the far right is Jim Jones who had been sitting next to Mrs. Carter before she rose to address the rally.
(Circa 1976-San Francisco, CA)

Jim Jones and Rosalyn Carter (C) leaving the restaurant of a prestigious San Francisco hotel after their private dinner meeting.
(Circa 1976-San Francisco, CA)

In a follow-up meeting, Mayor Moscone (L), Jim Jones (C) and Walter Mondale (R) discussed U.S. relations with Cuba and Guyana in the privacy of Mondales's campaign chartered jet.
(Circa 1976-San Bruno, CA)

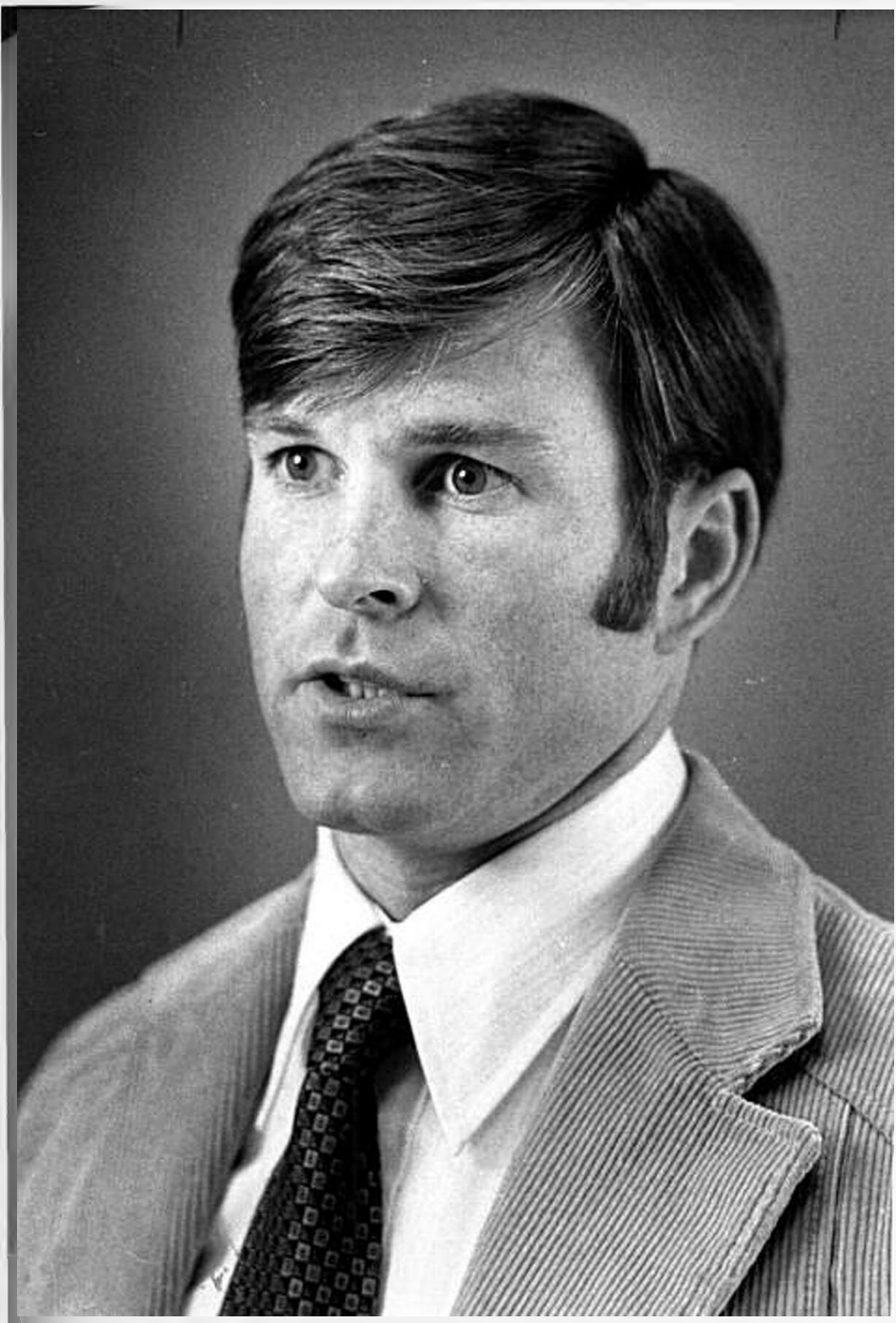
California Governor Jerry Brown (L) and Jim Jones. Note the altercation in the background. Two of Jones' aides are threatening Brown's bodyguards -- and note the amateurish attempt to alter the negative (retouched around the tie) in order to hide the fight.

(Circa 1976-Northern California-Peoples Temple file-Photographer believed to be Al Mills)

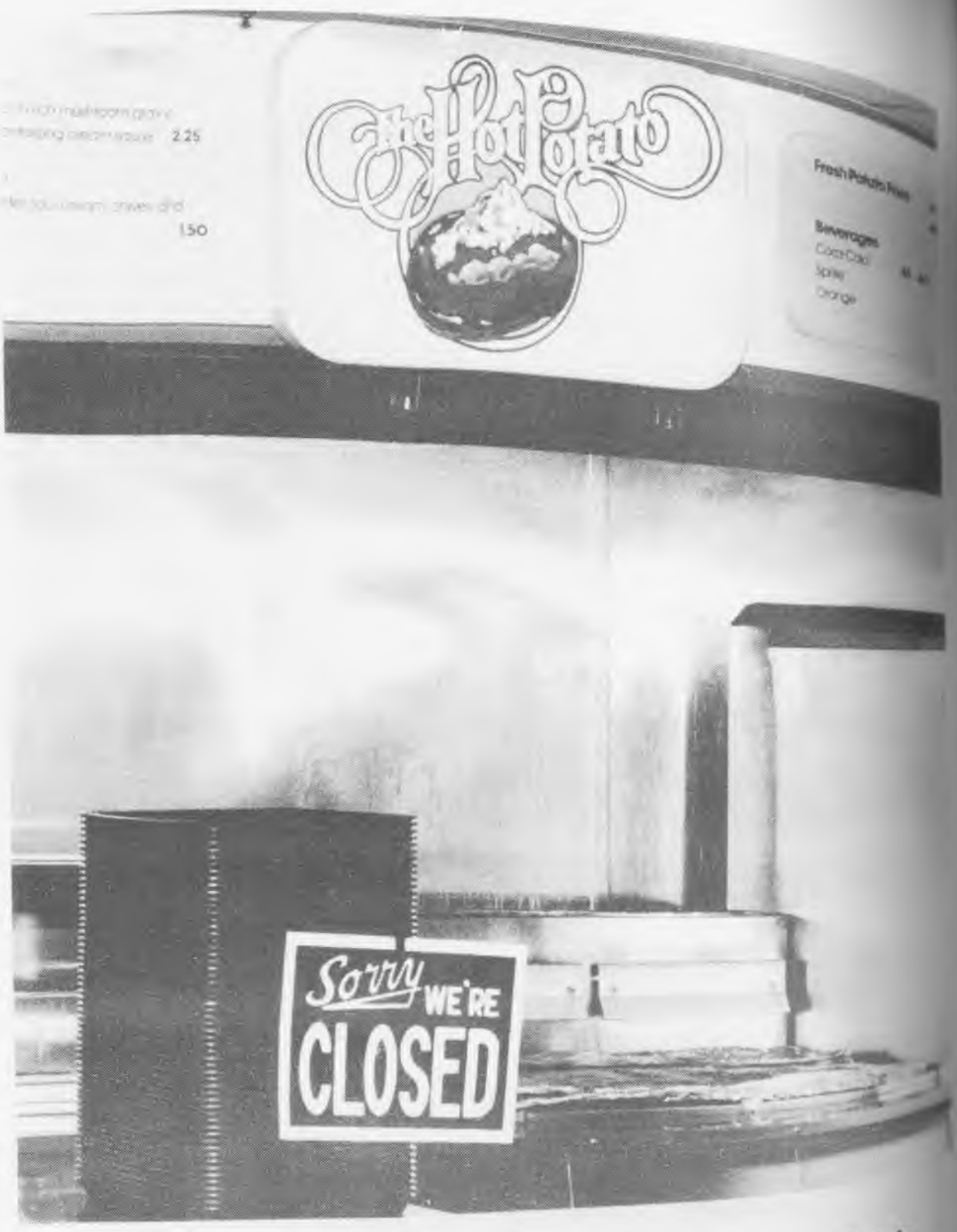
Supervisor Harvey Milk during his swearing-in-ceremonies on the steps of City Hall. Mayor Moscone is in the background.
(Circa 1977-San Francisco, CA-*San Francisco Chronicle*-Efren Ramirez)

Mayor Moscone signing the San Francisco Gay Rights Bill into law with Harvey Milk looking on.
(Circa 1978-San Francisco, CA-*San Francisco Chronicle*-Efren Ramirez)

Dianne Feinstein soon after she was appointed acting mayor.
(11/29/78-San Francisco, CA-*San Francisco Chronicle*)



San Francisco Supervisor Dan White; the image of a clean-cut, all-American boy; the reality of a political assassin.
(Circa early 1978-San Francisco, CA-*San Francisco Chronicle*-Jerry Telfer)



The fast food restaurant Dan White opened with Dianne Feinstein's help closed for a few days after the assassination.
(11/29/78-San Francisco, CA-*San Francisco Examiner)*

Jones preparing to fill plastic drinking cups with wine during a rehearsal of the White Night.
(Circa 1976-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

Jones filling vials of "holy water" for sale to his congregation.
(Circa 1976-Redwood Valley, CA-Credit as above)

Jim Jones and a group of his somewhat lethargic followers demonstrating on behalf of the "Fresno Four," newsmen jailed for failing to disclose their confidential sources.
(September 1976-Fresno, CA-AP/Wide World Photos)

SPECIAL LETTR TO GO OUT - EVERYONE MUST WRITE!!!

Write a short letter thanking Vice-President Rockefeller for giving such a superb speech. Our Pastor, Jim Jones, thinks so very much of you (respects you, etc.) and appreciated all that you said at the Religion in American Life dinner the other night. Some say that Pastor Jones told you about his great speech.

You can also say things like:

- I think you are a great vice-president
- I wish you the best of success
- All of our members at Peoples Temple Christian Church think the world of you
- We need great leaders like you in these times
- Pastor Jones has always taught us to appreciate and respect our governmental leaders, and has praised you often for your concern for people, etc.
- It is important to see leaders in government taking an interest in (and honoring) our nation's religious leaders.
- We've looked to you often for wisdom and guidance and have found you to be a tremendous inspiration
- I want you to know that whoever Pastor Jim Jones respects, I respect. And he thinks the world of you. You have done so much for the country, and for the office of the Vice-President
- You have shown courage and wisdom in so many issues, etc.

Do not seal your letter. Please have it done by tomorrow night's meeting. It can be short. Put it in a stamped envelope, and address it to:

Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller
Washington, D. C.

Put your return address on the letter. Use a previous address if you wish.

Some can use a variation on this address - Say Vice-President Rockefeller, or Nelson A. Rockefeller. Some can put on his address Office of the Vice-President, or Vice-President of the United States. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

An order from Jim Jones instructing his followers to write 'thank you' letters to Vice President Nelson Rockefeller. The variations were intended to give Rockefeller the impression that this was the spontaneous reaction of hundreds and not the manipulation of one.

(Circa 1975/76-Instructions originating in Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Six Years With God*)

The "Humanitarian Award" that the Temple bestowed upon politicians and civic leaders in the United States who knowingly or unknowingly supported Jones' project. The seal is a map of Guyana.
(Circa 1976-Form originated in Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

(Above)**Attorney Bob Wallach (C) introducing Jim Jones to consumer advocate Ralph Nader at a cocktail party.**
(Below)**Marceline Jones shaking hands with California Lt. Gov. Mervyn Dymally. Dymally was a staunch supporter of Jim Jones, often attended Temple services, and even visited Jonestown on two separate occasions.**
(Circa 1976-San Francisco, CA-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Six Years With God*)

(Above)**Reverend Gerald McHarg, an executive of the Disciples of Christ, addressing a testimonial dinner held in honor of Jim Jones. Guests at the Head table included San Francisco D.A. Joseph Freitas and California Assemblyman Willie Brown.**
(Below)**California Senator Milton Marks taking the podium at the same testimonial dinner to praise Jim Jones and the work of the Peoples Temple.**
(September 1976-San Francisco, CA-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

Jim Jones often sent a contingent of followers to attend services at the Black Muslim's church a few doors down Geary Street from the San Francisco Peoples Temple.
(Circa early 1976-San Francisco, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God*)

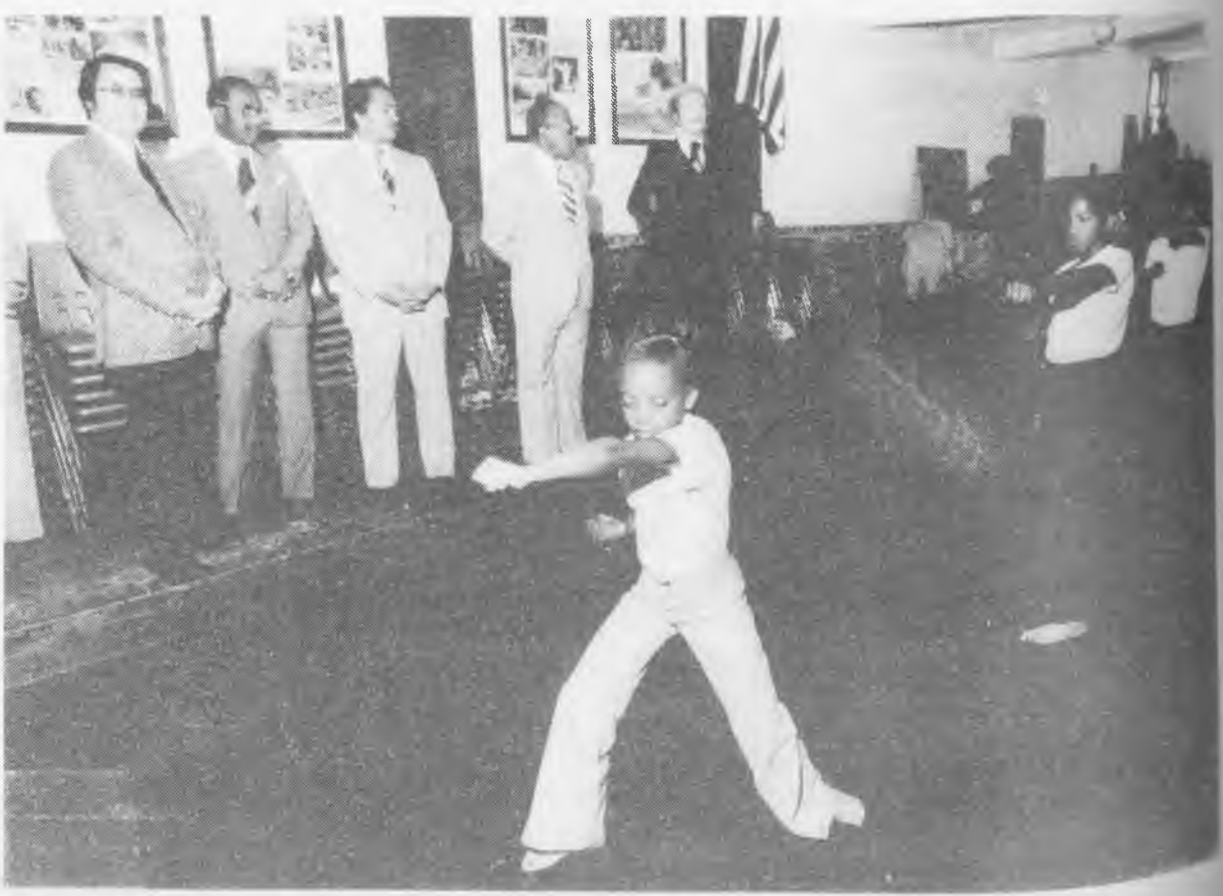
Jim Jones addressing an audience of 20,000 who attended the Muslim's Spiritual Jubilee held in the Los Angeles Convention Center. His was the only white face on the stage.
(May 1976-Los Angeles, CA-Peoples Temple file)

Jim Jones with Dennis Banks (C), the leader of the American Indian Movement (AIM) at the Peoples Temple. Jones tried to gain Banks'confidence by helping him with legal problems stemming from the Wounded Knee Indian Uprising.

(Circa 1976-San Francisco, CA-Peoples Temple file)

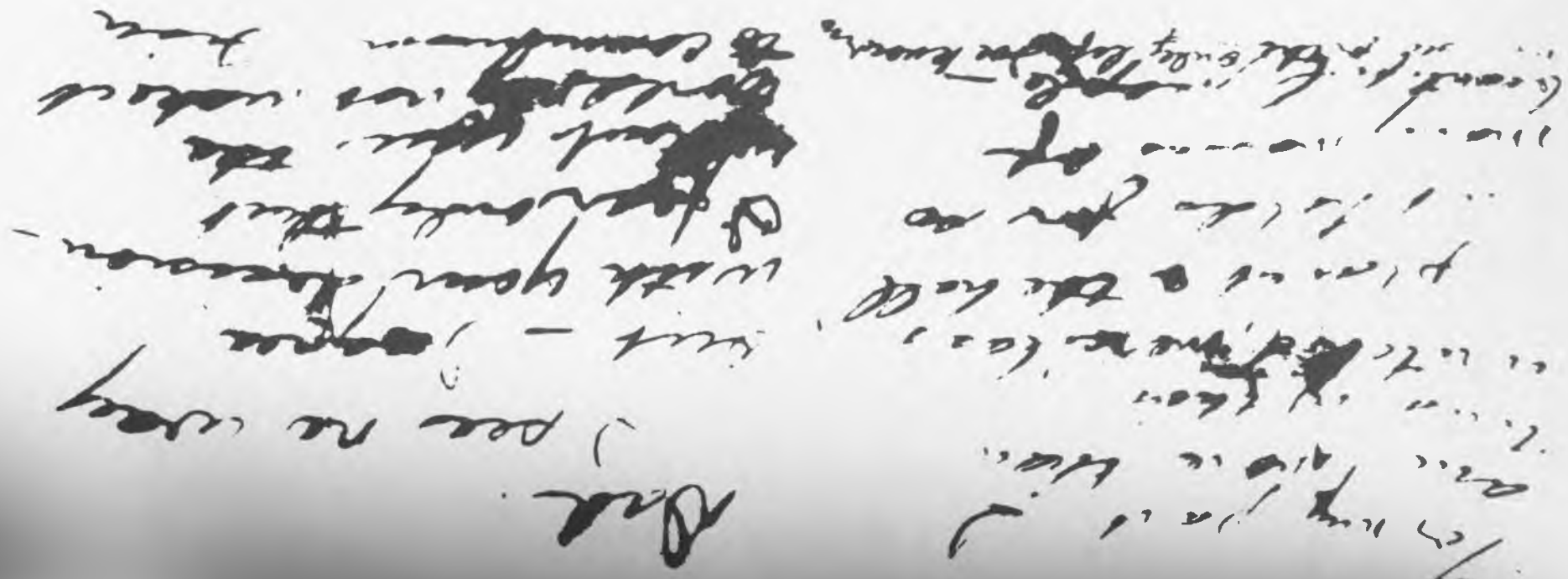
Jim Jones hosting a karate demonstration in the Peoples Temple. To his left is Grenada's Prime Minister Eric Gairy and California Lt. Gov. Mervyn Dymally.

(May 1977-San Francisco, CA-*San Francisco Chronicle*-Susan Ehmer)



Jim Jones entertaining Claude Worrell, Guyana's honorary consul in the United States, at the Peoples Temple in Los Angeles.
(Circa 1976-Los Angeles, CA-Peoples Temple file)

During a visit to Jonestown in 1975, Jim Jones stops to pose for his photographer Al Mills for propaganda photos like this one depicting the "humanitarian" feeding a puppy from his project's bountiful harvest.
(Late December 1975-Jonestown, Guyana-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God*)



More Peoples Temple propaganda. This "suicide note" addressed to "Dad" (Jones' followers often called him "Father" or "Dad") was found on the body said to be Jim Jones. The note reads in part, "I fear only that without you the world may never make it to communism." This calculated statement (dictated to the victim) leaves the impression that Jones was a communist and that he is dead. **Both impressions are wrong.**
(11/18/78-Jonestown, Guyana-Photo taken 11/27/78-UPI/Bettman Newsphotos-jf/ho)

PEOPLES FORUM

Statement Of Support

We applaud Peoples Temple for taking the initiative to call for a thorough police investigation of the alleged break-in at the office of a local magazine.

We are familiar with the work of Reverend Jones and Peoples Temple and have no hesitancy in commending them for their example in setting a high standard of ethics and morality in the community and also for providing enormous material assistance to poor, minority and disadvantaged people in every area of human need.

Willie, Brown Assemblyman
Rev Norman Leach San Francisco Council of Churches
Cecil Williams, Glide Memorial Methodist Church
Jane Fonda, actress/activist
Yori Wada, University of California Board of Regents
John Maher Delancey Street Foundation
Julia Hare, radio commentator
E Robert Wallach, attorney professor of law
Rev Dr John V Moore
Will Battle, President, Officers for Justice
Mrs Franklin (Joan) Brann
Rev William P Clancey, Jr
Rev J Alfred Smith, Allen Temple Baptist Church
Enola Maxwell President Portrero Hill Neighborhood Assn
Paul Avery, author-investigative reporter
Mimi Silbert, Dir of Criminology
Rev Lynn Hodges former Executive Director of Nor Calif Ecumenical Council
Vincent Hallinan
Howard Wallace, Gay Action
Bishop Karl Irvin, President No Cal Nev C C Dis of Christ
Tom Hayden
Joe Hall President San Francisco NAACP
Mervyn Dymally Lt Governor State of California
Rev Gerald McHarg Regional Pastor So Cal Dis of Christ
Rev Dr A C Ubalde Jr Bethany United Methodist Church, S F Housing Comm
Albert Kahn, author
Sylvester Herring, San Francisco Human Rights Commission
Dave Jenkins, I L W U
Jack Weintraub, Local 85 IBT
Rita Semel, Conference on Race Religion & Social Concerns
Ray Yeager, Co ordinator Inter Faith Communications Comm
Mike Fairchild, Exec Direc San Francisco Educational Services
Dr Nathan Hare, Clinical Psychologist
Harvey Milk
Paul Jacobs, author-journalist
Terrence "Kayo" Hallinan attorney
Francis Hull, African-American Historical Society
Steve Kahn, Community Action Co ordinator
Connie Williams, Connie's Restaurant
Rev Glenda Hope, Director, Genesis Church & Ecumenical Ctr
Patricia Tunison, artist
Mrs Charles R Garry
Dave Whittaker, Haight Fillmore Community Research Action
Claude Wynne, Gay Action
Charles Briody, Bay Area Ecum Comm System for Child
Ceasar Smith, Street Peoples Committee
Margie Baker, San Francisco Unified School District
Gloria Davis teacher
Ruth Kadish, San Francisco Airport Commission
Vivian Hallinan President Feed the Cities
Irma Tuominen, World Peace Council
Thomas Fleming, Editor Catholic Sun Reporter
Art Agnos, Assemblyman
Grandvel Jackson 1st V P, NAACP
Dennis Banks
Gil Graham, lawyer
Yvonne Golden, Principal, Opportunity II High School
Joan Byrnes, San Francisco Housing Commission
Monte Cardwell, San Francisco Council of Churches
Jeff Mori, Japanese Comm Youth Council
Michael Davidow, author
Kevin Barnes, Education for the Handicapped
Sue Berman, San Francisco Planning Commission
Rev Melvin Sudderth, Trinity United Methodist Church
John Fairman Brown, Exec Direc No Cal Ecum Council
Joe Johnson, former Deputy Mayor of San Francisco
Kerry Cavallari, Chile Democratico
Patrick Hallinan
Mary Rodgers, San Francisco Housing Authority
Charlene Grogan-Beslie attorney
Alice S Hamburg Women for Peace
Geraldine Johnson Pres No Cal Coalition of black Trade Unions
John Massen, No Calif Div of U N Assoc of USA
Tony Kilroy
Phil Martin attorney
Mr & Mrs Fred Hirsch
Rev J Austell Hall, S F Police Commission
Archie Brown, I L W U (ret)
Ken Orduna, Special Asst to Lt Governor
Monsignor James Flynn, St Peters Church
Rev Walter Grumm, S F Council of Churches Board of Direc
Jean S Mellor, President North of Market Senior Organization
Oliver Newson, North of Market Senior Organization
David Fishlow, Exec Direc No Calif ACLU
Ruth Jacobs, attorney
John Garb
Sylvia Yee, Chinese Friendship Assn
Percy Steele, Bay Area Urban League Director
Michael Shaw, President, S F Urban League
Rev Joe Massa
Mahlan Harmon, Director Youth for Services
Father Eugene Boyle
Charles R Garry
Dr A Hunter, West Side Lodge Rehabilitation Center
Bill Maher, Board of Education
Newton Hudson, Religion in American Life
Rev Dennis Savage, 1st Christian Church, Whittier Ca
Rev Ivan Ball, SFCC Board of Directors
Bill McCarthy, Unity Foundation
Rev. Dennis Short, Chaplain Chapman College

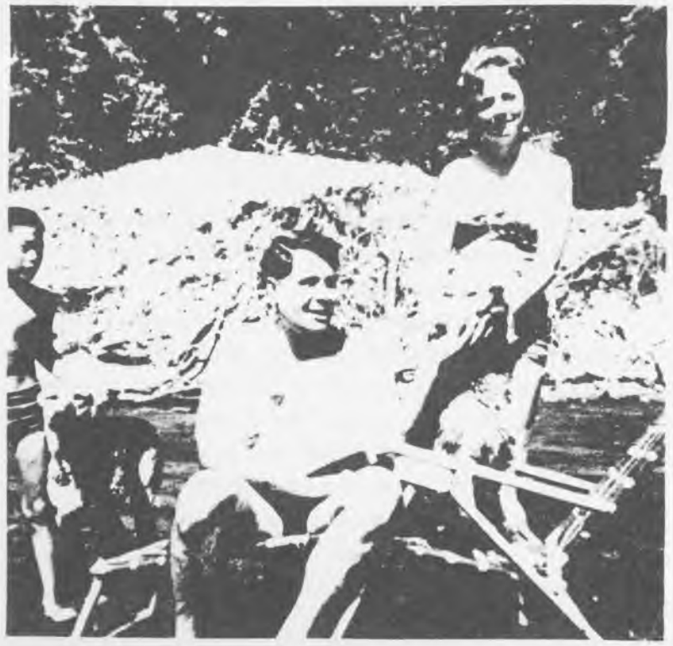
[Note. Because of space limitations and our press deadline, the list of supporters is by no means exaustive. The organizations listed above are for identification purposes only."]

When Jim Jones was accused of burglarizing the office of *New West Magazine* in an attempt to stop their planned expose of the Peoples Temple, he published this list of respected people whom he claimed were among his supporters. He then promptly left all of them in California and moved permanently to Guyana.
(Circa June 1977-Literature originated in Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file)

Jim Jones holding two of the several dozen monkeys he sold door-to -door to finance the first Peoples Temple.
(December 1953-Indianapolis, IN-*Indianapolis Star)*

(Over)
Dr.Laurence Layton preparing to dissect a live monkey in his Berkeley laboratory.
(Circa 1963-Berkeley, CA-Layton family album)

Jim Jones, his wife Marceline, adopted son Lew and two of the dogs housed in the Temple's animal shelter enjoying the cool waters of a California stream.
(Circa August 1966-near Redwood Valley, CA-Jones family album)



Jim Jones kissing "Mr.Muggs" soon after the Temple acquired the chimpanzee mascot from an unidentified medical research laboratory in California. Mr.Muggs (named after J.Fred Muggs - a popular guest on television talk shows) was treated better than many of the Temple's Black parishioners.

(Circa 1973-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

The reprint of a color photograph contained in an album discovered in Jones' cabin after the massacre. Jones is posing with a dog that was first falsely identified as pulling a cart. Several years later, based upon closer observation and cross-referenced data, it was determined that the "cart" was actually the wheelchair for three-legged dogs that Jones boasted to have invented. This would not be the first time that he amputated an animal's leg for a publicity stunt.

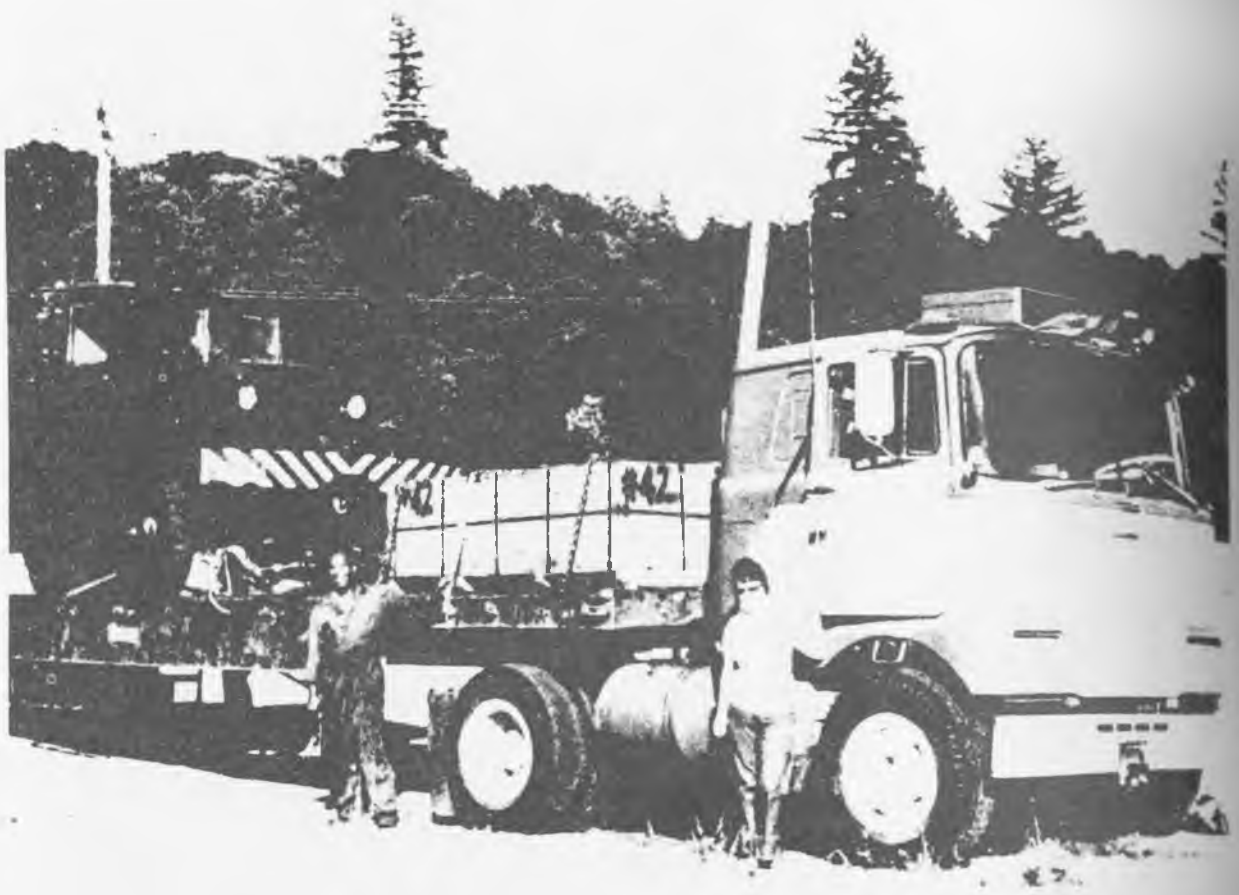
(Circa early 1970's-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-UPI/Bettman Newphotos)

An unidentified man wearing a gas mask surveys the death in Jonestown. A pair of work gloves lying next to the dog in the foreground had been used to restrain the animal while it was being injected with cyanide.
(11/78-Jonestown, Guyana-*Washington Post*-Frank Johnston)

Temple aide Joyce Touchette attending to Mr.Muggs in Jonestown. The chimpanzee had been shipped from San Francisco to Guyana with the early pioneers who settled Jonestown in 1974. Mr.Muggs was killed in his cage during the massacre - injected with a lethal dosage of cyanide. He died along with the rest of the caged 'monkeys' in the experiment.
(Circa 1976-Jonestown, Guyana-Peoples Temple file)

The fortified headquarters of the Peoples Temple in a wealthy neighborhood of Georgetown. The building served as an embassy to the Guyanese government and as a waystation between the United States and the Temple's agricultural and medical project in the jungle interior.
(11/18/78-Georgetown, Guyana-AP/Wide World Photos)

One of the tame tropical birds in Jonestown standing as a sentinel over the bodies in the background. For some unstated reason the Temple's collection of exotic birds was spared in the massacre.
(11/21/78-Jonestown, Guyana-*San Francisco Examiner*-AP/Wide World Photos-fls)



The first shipment of machinery and supplies sent from California to Jonestown. Crated in Redwood Valley, the cargo was trucked to Miami, Florida and loaded on a ship bound for Guyana. Note the army surplus truck (L). The U.S. government provided most of the heavy equipment for the project.

(Circa early 1974-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

(Over)

Jim Jones visiting the early settlers of Jonestown. Top row (L to R) Mike Touchette, undentified, Jim Jones, and six unidentified pioneers. Bottom row (L to R) unidentified, Gene Chaiken, Michelle Touchette, Paula Adams, unidentified, Al Touchette, Charlie Touchette, and Chris Lewis.

(1974-Jonestown' Guyana-Peoples Temple file)

Jim Jones during that same visit to the early stages of Jonestown posing with some of his pioneers.

(Circa 1974-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettman Newsphotos)

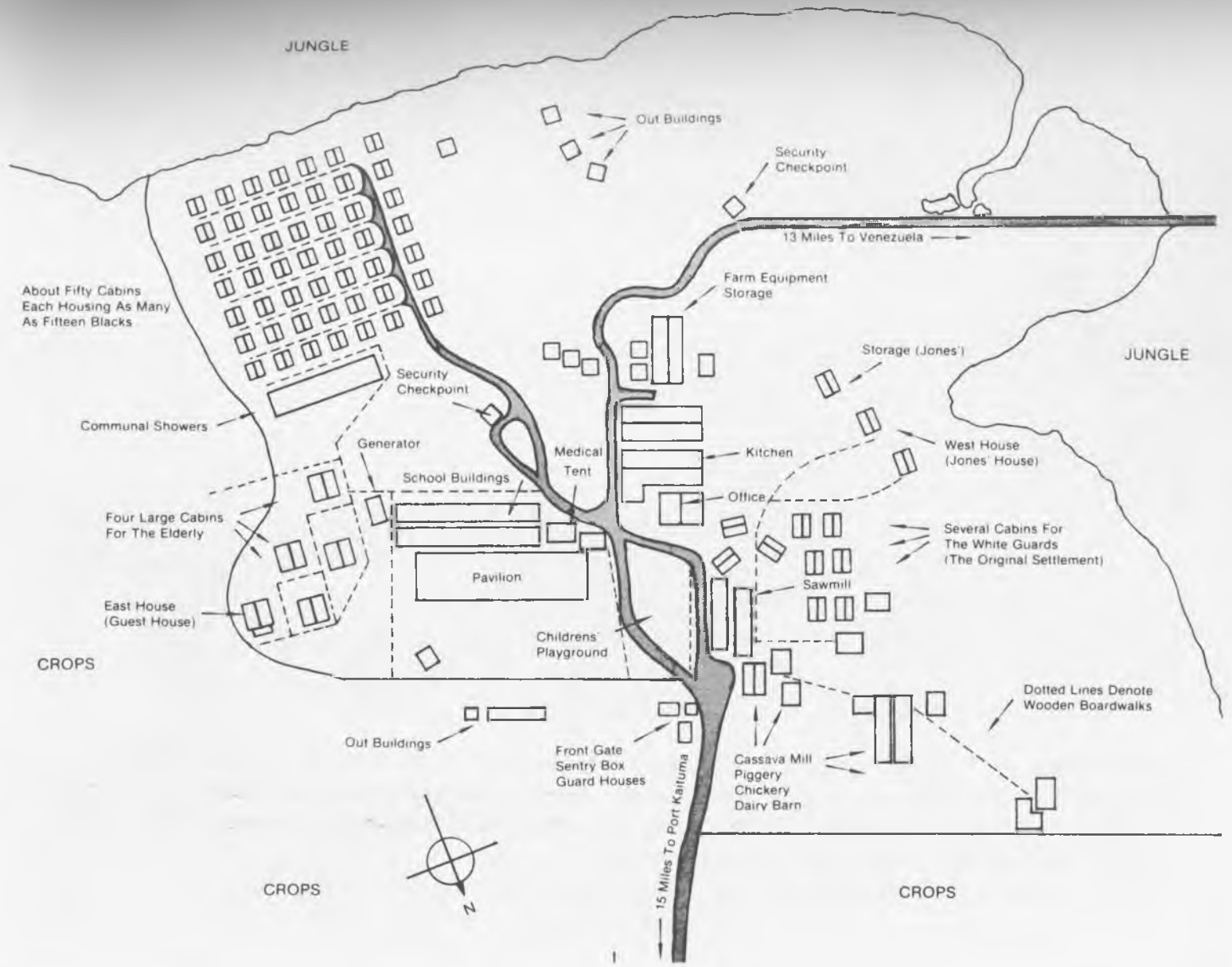
The country of Guyana as it appears on current maps. Note the location of the capital city Georgetown on the coast and Jonestown in the disputed Northwest territory. It was not by chance that Jonestown was situated precisely in the center of the manganeses deposits. The U.S. mines in Port Kaituma and Matthews ridge were closing and not defendable against the Venezuelans who were threatening to invade the mineral rich area. Guyana may well have lost a major national resource had it not been for the neutralizing effect of a thousand Americans living in Jonestown.

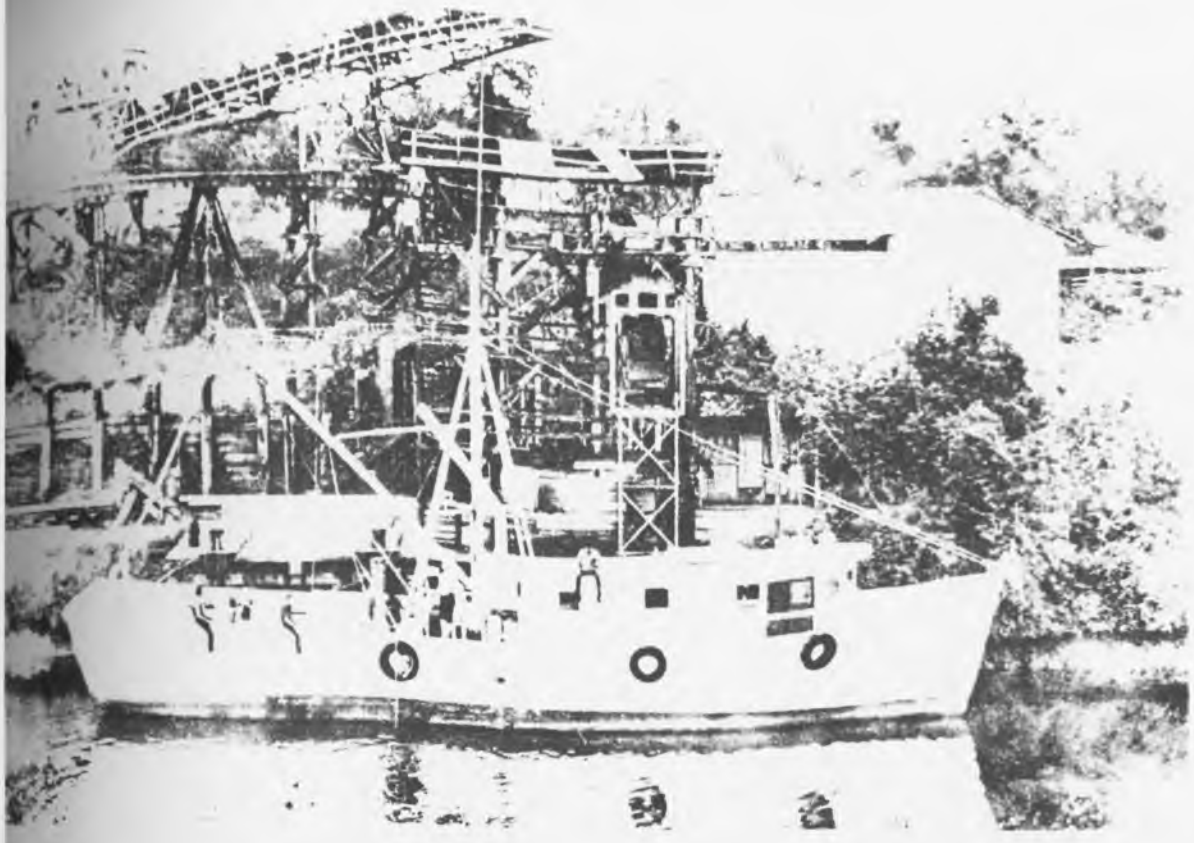
(Illustration by Michael Meiers)

Congressman Leo Ryan shown in this 1977 wire service file photo.
(Circa 1977-Washington, DC-UPI/Bettman Newsphotos-SM)

The residential section of Jonestown. In the foreground are some of the cabins for the general congregation. In the background are the five large dormitories for the elderly. The building furthest from the camera is the East House used as the guest house for visiting dignitaries.
(11/25/78-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettman Newsphotos-Les Sintay)

Jonestown. In the background is a guard tower topped by a windmill that helped generate electricity for the community. The homemade device, constructed of discarded fifty-five gallon oil drums and an alternator from a junked car is an example of the American ingenuity that the Peoples Temple offered to the government of Guyana.
(11/28/78-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettman Newsphotos-LB)


JUNGLE
Out Buildings
Security Checkpoint
13 Miles To Venezuela
About Fifty Cabins Each Housing As Many As Fifteen Blacks
Farm Equipment Storage
Storage (Jones')
JUNGLE
Security Checkpoint
Communal Showers
Generator
Medical Tent
Kitchen
West House (Jones' House)
School Buildings
Office
Four Large Cabins For The Elderly
Several Cabins For The White Guards (The Original Settlement)
Pavilion
Sawmill
East House (Guest House)
Childrens' Playground
CROPS
Dotted Lines Denote Wooden Boardwalks
Out Buildings
Front Gate Sentry Box Guard Houses
Cassava Mill
Piggery
Chickery
Dairy Barn
15 Miles To Port Kaituma
CROPS
CROPS
N



The Temple's seafaring trawler, the Cudjo, docked in Port Kaituma.
(Circa 1976/77-Port Kaituma, Guyana-Peoples Temple file)

(Facing Page)

A layout of Jonestown based on aerial photographs and eyewitness descriptions. The main street divided the town with Jones, his guards and the support facilities on one side and the subjects of the experiment on the other.
(Illustration by Michael Meiers)

An aerial photograph of Jonestown taken one year after the massacre. The pavilion is in the foreground in front of the small medical tent and the long narrow school house. Across the road is (R to L): a glimpse of the main office roof, the kitchen and barns for storing farm machinery.
(11/15/79-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettman Newsphotos-Les Sintay)

APOSTOLIC LIVING TODAY...

Larry Schacht and Jim Jones.

Larry's Story

Study time is here again! The college students who have been helped by Peoples Temple are returning to the church-maintained dormitories for another nine months of study and fellowship together. Many of these young people have come from lives of drugs, crime and hopelessness.

Let's follow the life of one of our young students, Larry Schacht, as an example of the results of Apostolic Living. Larry heard about Jim Jones three years ago when he was living in Berkeley, aimlessly wandering around, his mind ruined by abuse of the drugs he had been using for several years. He met one of the members of the San Francisco Peoples Temple. She talked with him about Jim Jones, a man who cared about him, even though Larry did not know him in person. Larry wanted to know more about Jim Jones and Peoples Temple, so he arranged to visit one of the services.

After hearing the WORDS OF LIFE that Pastor Jim spoke that day, Larry knew that he had reached a turning point in his life. He asked if he could move to Redwood Valley so that he could be close to the Temple Family and learn more about clean living and the Apostolic Principle of LOVE AND SHARING.

Larry moved in with the Assistant Minister and his wife who own a boarding home for the elderly. They knew that the best and healthiest life is a life of work and fellowship, so they gave him many jobs to do outside in the open air. His body became cleansed of the poisons that were destroying his mind and life.

Larry became a new man, his craving for drugs was completely gone. He found a job and began to think about his future. When September came he enrolled in school. Previous school years had been so marred by social problems that he had been an "E" student, now he was making "A's." He continued in college and graduated with honors.

Now Larry, along with another young man, Steve Buckmaster, who also had a background of drugs, is attending medical college in Mexico, sponsored by Peoples Temple. He and Steve have dedicated their lives to helping others. They plan to be doctors in a Peoples Temple Free Clinic as soon as they graduate.

Here are examples of two totally wasted lives redeemed and brought into wonderful fullness through actually living the Apostolic Teachings of the early Christian [illegible]

This article in a Peoples Temple publication introduced Larry Schact to the congregation. Allegedly, Jim Jones had cured Larry of his drug addiction and his homosexuality. Actually, Larry was one of Jones'favorite male lovers and after the Temple put Larry through medical school in Mexico, Dr.Schact was put in charge of preparing the behaviour modification drugs as well as the ultimate drug that killed most of the 900 victims in Jonestown.

(Circa 1974-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

Another view of the copious amount of drug paraphernalia on hand during the massacre. Note the half-empty paper cups, the many hypodermic syringes, the box labelled "markers" and the drum of cyanide.

(11/20/78-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettman Newsphotos-Frank Johnston of the *Washington Post*)

Jonestown, two days after the massacre. Note the large quantity of drugs and medical supplies in the foreground and on the table (R). The large plastic drum (R) contained the cyanide that arrived in Jonestown just a few days before the White Night.

(11/20/78-Jonestown, Guyana-AP/Wide World Photos-Frank Johnston of the *Washington Post)*

The throne of Jim Jones one year after the massacre. The floor boards of his stage (rear) had since been removed and burned under the pretext that "they were stained with blood." Were there ulterior motives?
(11/15/79-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos-Les Sintay)

The reporters who accompanied Congressman Ryan to Guyana. (L to R): Tim Reiterman, Don Harris, Gordon Lindsay, Bob Brown, Steve Sung, Bob Flick, Ron Javers, and Greg Robinson.
(11/17/88-Port Kaituma airstrip, Guyana-*San Francisco Examiner*-Greg Robinson)

Backed by his bodyguards, Jim Jones tells the reporters that they cannot stay the night in Jonestown.
(11/17/78-Jonestown, Guyana-*San Francisco Examiner*-Greg Robinson)

Jim Jones just before Saturday's press conference. The woman on the far right is Patty Cartmell; the Temple's director of intelligence.
(11/17/78-Jonestown, Guyana-*San Francisco Examiner)*

Jim Jones (back to camera) being interviewed by reporters for the last time.
(11/18/78-Jonestown, Guyana-*San Francisco Examiner*-Greg Robinson)

Jim Jones conferring with the Parks family over their decision to leave with Congressman Ryan's party.
(11/18/78-Jonestown, Guyana-*San Francisco Examiner)*

Alvin Simon (L) and Bonnie Simon (C) fighting over custody of their son Alvin Jr. just before Congressman Ryan's party left Jonestown.
(11/18/78-Jonestown, Guyana-NBC News)

Jim Jones holding a last minute conference in the center of the children's playground (background) while some of the residents watch nervously.
(11/18/78-Jonestown, Guyana-AP/Wide World Photos-*San Francisco Examiner*-Greg Robinson)

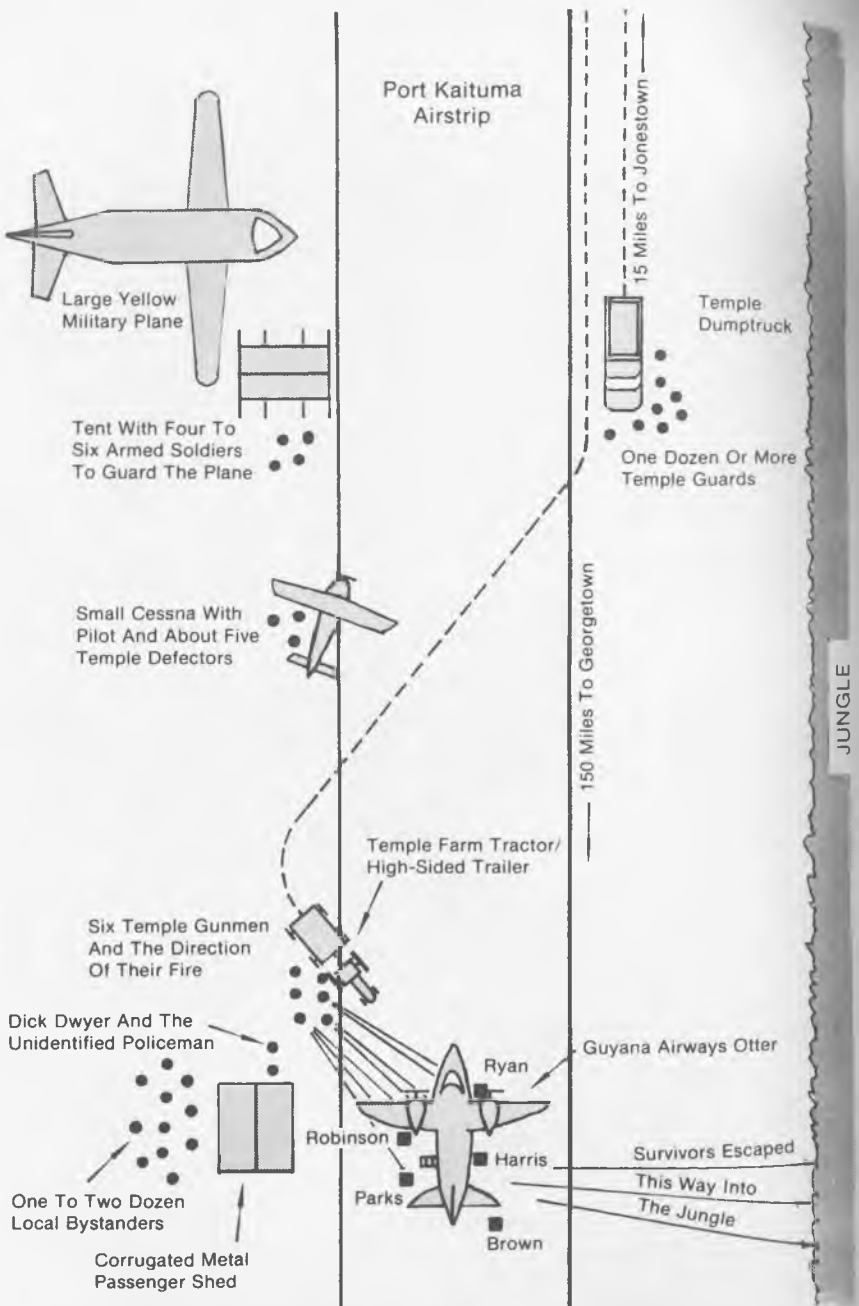
Reporters, Concerned Relatives and so-called Temple defectors boarding the truck for the ill-fated trip to Port Kaituma.
(11/18/78-Jonestown, Guyana-*San Francisco Examiner*-Greg Robinson)

View from the back of the dumptruck leaving Jonestown.
(11/18/78-Jonestown, Guyana-*San Francisco Examiner*-Greg Robinson)

The last known photograph of Congressman Leo Ryan taken in the passenger shed at the airstrip. He is noticeably shaken, splattered with Don Sly's blood, but unharmed. Moments later he would be assassinated.

(11/18/78-Port Kaituma airstrip-AP/Wide World Photos-Greg Robinson of the *San Francisco Examiner)*

The Temple's tractor-trailer and an unidentified gunman photographed by Bob Brown seconds before he was killed.
(11/18/78-Port Kaituma airstrip-AP/Wide World Photos-Bob Brown of NBC News)



A diagram of the assault at the Port Kaituma airstrip in which Congressman Ryan and four others were murdered.
(Illustration by Michael Meiers)

Five bodies lying under the Guyana Airway's plane the morning after the assassination. During the night, someone had stripped the corpses of everything but clothing. Ryan is on the far left.
(11/19/78-Port Kaituma airstrip-*San Francisco Examiner*-Tim Reiterman using Greg Robinson's camera)

Bodies lay everywhere around the pavilion.
(11/21/78-Jonestown, Guyana-AP/Wide World Photos)

An aerial view of the carnage surrounding the pavilion. Note the back of Jones' throne under the peak of the roof.
(11/20/78-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettman Newsphotos)

In the broad flow of history, Jonestown will remain a prime example of man's inhumanity to man.
(11/20/78-Jonestown, Guyana-AP/Wide World Photos-Frank Johnston of the *Washington Post*)

An unidentified member of the recovery team wearing a gas mask surveys the bodies in the neat orderly piles in which they were found.
(11/21/78-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos-Les Sintay and Frank Johnston)

Two Guyanese soldiers show their repulsion at the smell of death.
(11/20/78-Jonestown, Guyana-*Washington Post*-Frank Johnston)

Someone had tied nametags to the wrist or ankle of many of the bodies but the President's National Security Advisor ordered the tags removed, making identification impossible.
(11/21/78-Jonestown, Guyana-*Washington Post*-Frank Johnston)

JimJones' cabin had been looted during or shortly after the massacre in Jonestown.
(11/26/78-Jonestown, Guyana-AP/Wide World Photos-Val Mazzenga)

Guyanese soldiers examine the contents of a file cabinet that had been scattered on the front porch of Jones' cabin.
(11/27/78-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos)

According to U.S. military reports, Jonestown was looted by the local natives pictured here allegedly removing household items from the community.
(11/25/78-near Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos-Les Sintay)

Captain Davidson of the GDF displaying some of the guns and ammunition left in the Jonestown kitchen. If the natives had looted the building, they did not take the weapons and a considerable amount of money.
(11/21/78-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos-Les Sintay)

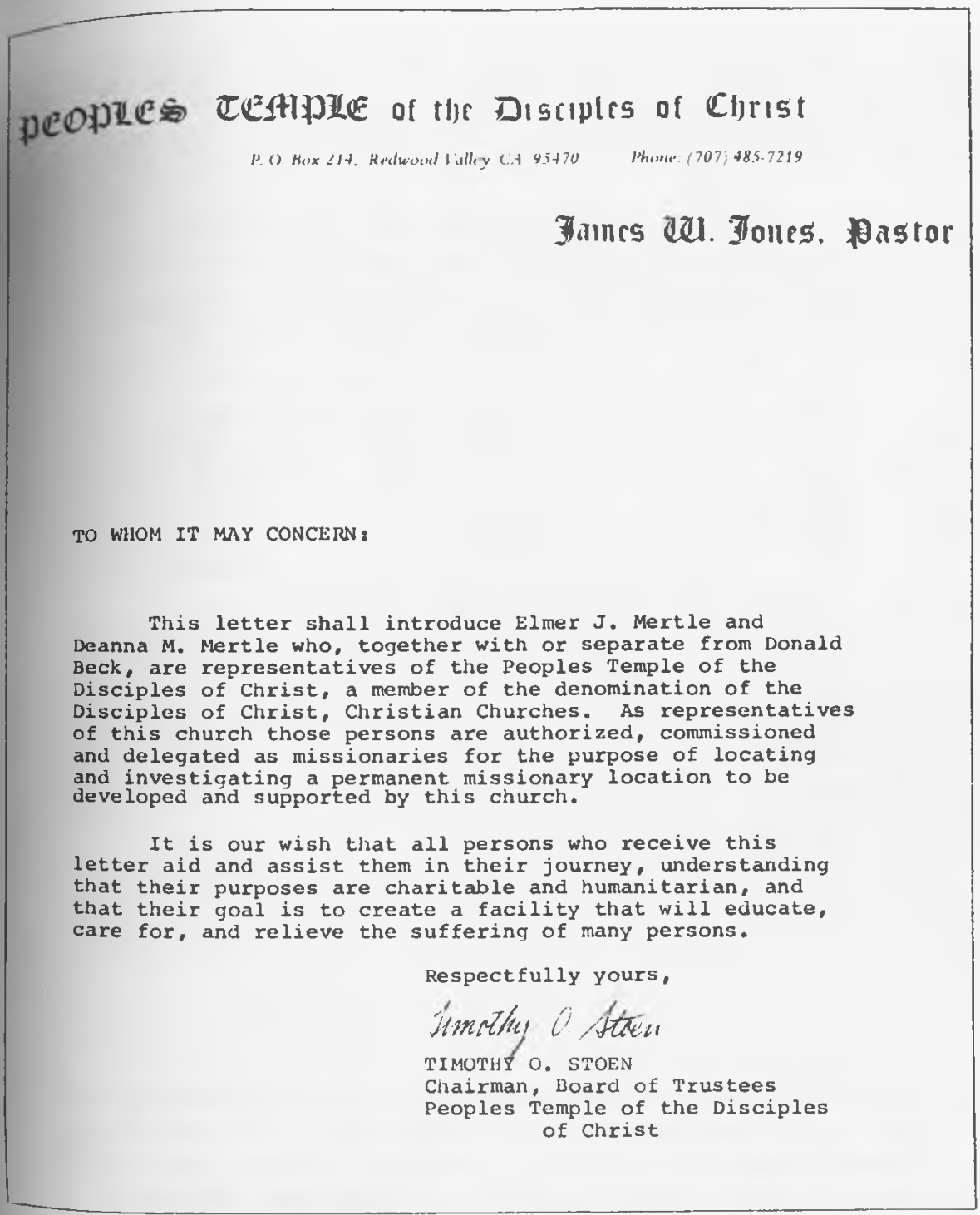
Mike Prokes (L) and Tim Carter (R) in the custody of the GDF after they failed to escape Port Kaituma. Though Carter was said to have been one of the assassins at the airstrip, he was never charged. Both were later released.
(11/21/78-Port Kaituma, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos-Les Sintay and Frank Johnston)

Charles Biekman (in the print shirt) embracing his son outside the Magistrate's Court after refusing to answer allegations that he killed Sharon Amos and her children. Biekman, a former U.S. Marine, was later released.

(12/4/78-Georgetown, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos)

Margie Henderson tried to storm the gates of the San Francisco Temple after receiving news that her mother died in Jonestown. Here she is (L) being restrained by a female Temple guard (in leather coat).
(Late November 1978-San Francisco, CA-*San Francisco Chronicle*-John Storey)

Elmer and Deanna Mertle (aka Al and Jeannie Mills) and their children.
(Circa 1973-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Bob Houston-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*



PEOPLES TEMPLE of the Disciples of Christ

P. O. Box 214, Redwood Valley CA 95470 Phone: (707) 485-7219

James W. Jones, Pastor

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This letter shall introduce Elmer J. Mertle and Deanna M. Mertle who, together with or separate from Donald Beck, are representatives of the Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ, a member of the denomination of the Disciples of Christ, Christian Churches. As representatives of this church those persons are authorized, commissioned and delegated as missionaries for the purpose of locating and investigating a permanent missionary location to be developed and supported by this church.

It is our wish that all persons who receive this letter aid and assist them in their journey, understanding that their purposes are charitable and humanitarian, and that their goal is to create a facility that will educate, care for, and relieve the suffering of many persons.

Respectfully yours,

Timothy O Stoen

TIMOTHY O. STOEN
Chairman, Board of Trustees
Peoples Temple of the Disciples
of Christ

An open letter of introduction written by Tim Stoen on behalf of the Mertles.

(Circa 1973-Redwood Valley, CA-Peoples Temple file-Reprinted from *Six Years With God)*

Dear Cousin,

I think I should inform you that your latest course of action is the unwisest of all. I know everything that D. Conn boasts of ahving. Don't you know what kind of fool h. is making out of you? The public will never forgive people who are like unthinking robots when they are in fact devious liars. Imagine not giving you credit for holding any political beliefs. You should know that one hundred willbe staying back. This man can do nothing without your assistance and litigation will begin. I am not talking about just the potential of litigation. I am talkingabout a decision to litigate all the way for sure. So notify all your friends. You know the legal dangers of lying to the Treasury officials and the police don't you?

K

(This page and over)
Two of the many threatening letters that the Merties (Millses) received for criticizing the Peoples Temple. The line "you should know that one hundred will be staying back" is a reference to Jones' one hundred "Angels" -- the supposed "death squad." Soon after publishing their story and over a year after the massacre, the Millses were murdered, execution style.
(Circa 1977-Berkeley, CA-Reprinted from *Six Years With God*)

You know, if any of your lies ever surface, it's going to be kind of refreshing. You make false accusations of brutality. How would you like to hear all about yourself? The brutal acts you have done. What went on in your homes, Liz under hypnosis etc. Dont you know you were never trusted? When the whole story comes out it will be shown in your own words and through photographs, just who were really the violent and sick sadists, along with other bizarre, sick behavior. I am looking forward to it, it will be quite invigorating. The first time I am bothered the whole country will know of your lies and behavior. I expected something like this you see, so I am ready for it. You've just gone too far. Don't count on my friend not being well. He is as well as can be. Don't believe that all workers are going somewhere else. Some are, and always will be, pledged to stand for justice right here in the Bay Area as long as they have breath.

Better let me know between 3 and 5 p.m. Saturday, March 26th, if you are through with any and all involvements. I want the same commitment from the rest, Liz, Grace etc. All involvments, including those outside your little circle of friends. Otherwise, after that hour, the wheels of defense will be set in motion. I expect a committment from all, so contact your friends and make it plain. If any one of your friends refuses to drop his or her campaign of defamation, then you call person to person for that person. If all agree to pursue the wisest course, then you call person to person for James Beasley. If I receive no call, then the lawyers say the liability will be yours.

CHRIS

(Following page)

(Top) **When Concerned Relatives protested outside the Federal Building, the Temple staged this counterdemonstration. Propagandist Kathy Tropp carries a sign accusing the Mertles of mistreating a minor entrusted to their care.**

(Early 1978-San Francisco, CA-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God*)

(Lower) **At that same demonstration, Larry Layton brandishes a sign that read, 'My sister, my mother and brother-in-law are happy in Jonestown.'**

(Early 1978-San Francisco, CA-Al Mills-Reprinted from *Six Years With God*)

MR & MRS MERTLE
ALIAS MR & MRS MILLS
ABUSED LILY V (A
BLACK TEENAGER
IN THEIR HOME).
THEY TREATED
HER LIKE A
HOUSE SLAVE

Projects like
ours h
rel
welf

Temple attorney Charles Garry who came to Jones from a background of representing Black radicals.
(11/14/78-San Francisco, CA-*San Francisco Chronicle*-Susan Ehmer)

Temple attorney Mark Lane who came to Jones from a background of investigating CIA conspiracies.
(November 1978-Location unknown-*San Francisco Chronicle*-John O'Hara)

(Above)
Temple guard and former U.S. Special Forces soldier Odell Rhodes talking to reporters in Georgetown after he "escaped" the massacre.
(11/25/78-Georgetown, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos)

Odell Rhodes and professional writer Ethan Feinsod.
(Circa 1980-San Francisco, CA-Reprinted from *Awake in a Nightmare*)

Sheldon Byrd (R) being consoled outside the Peoples Temple in San Francisco. He had tried to storm the gates in an emotio· nal reaction to the news that his aunt and two nephews died in Jonestown. When this photo was published in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Byrd was immediately arrested on an unrelated and unsubstantiated charge, discrediting his honest display of grief.

(11/21/78-San Francisco, CA-*San Francisco Chronicle*)

The corpse that was later falsely identified as Jim Jones.
(11/21/78-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann /newsphotos-Les Sintay)

Members of the U.S. military body recovery team dragging a corpse in a plastic bag: one of the 900 they removed from Jonestown.
(11/25/78-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos-Les Sintay)

A workman secures a pallet of coffins for shipment to a military mortuary in Delaware. The middle one, marked "Rev. Jimmie Jones," contained the body of the double.
(11/23/78)-Georgetown, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos-Les Sintay)

One year after the massacre, a tropical plant reclaims the soil inside the Jonestown pavilion. Above Jones' throne in the background remained the sign that read, "Those who do not remember the past are condemned to repeat it." Since Blacks and Native Americans could not "relive" the Holocaust as was the original quote, Jones altered the statement to read "repeat it" which his followers could and did do.

(11/15/79-Jonestown, Guyana-UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos-Les Sintay)

this new relationship and probably did. One of the first letters the new First Lady wrote on White House stationery was to Jim Jones.

April 12, 1977

Dear Jim,

Thank you for your letter. I enjoyed being with you during the campaign -- and do hope you can meet Ruth (Carter Stapleton) soon.

Your comments about Cuba are helpful. I hope your suggestions can be acted on in the near future.

Sincerely,
Rosalyn Carter

As if his political rewards were not sufficient, Jones hosted one last testimonial to himself before he permanently left San Francisco for Jonestown. The occasion was the forty-eighth anniversary of the birth of civil rights advocate Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. The January 15th event at the Peoples Temple was the largest interracial celebration ever held in the city. To no one's surprise, Jones received the Martin Luther King Humanitarian of the Year Award. Governor Jerry Brown gave a speech, as did Ben Brown, the head of President Carter's transition team. Mayor Moscone also attended, having long since established the relationship with Jim Jones that helped to legitimize both their public careers. Jones was

also named "Humanitarian of the Year" by the Los Angeles Herald Examiner.

In July 1977, New West Magazine published a damning expose of Jim Jones and his Peoples Temple. Under threat of political siege, Jones retreated to Guyana and his experimental community of Jonestown. Following his departure from the United States, the exposes continued to increase in intensity. The San Francisco Examiner, dated August 7, 1977, carried the following front page headline: "Rev. Jones: The Power Broker; Political Maneuvering of a Preacher Man". The Examiner's political columnist, Bill Barnes, was hot on the trail of Jim Jones when supervisor Quentin Kopp requested that the District Attorney's office conduct an official investigation into the Peoples Temple. Mayor Moscone and D.A. Freitas vetoed all such requests. Freitas later claimed to have opened his own investigation but did not reveal its existence until after the massacre in Jonestown, leading critics to claim he announced his investigation only to cover-up his own complacency in his personal dealings with Jones.

On August 2, 1977, Jones contacted Mayor Moscone via radio-telephone from Guyana to formally resign his position as Director of San Francisco's Housing Authority. Moscone would continue to publicly defend his friend, even though he suspected, as did everyone else, that neither Jones nor his political influence would ever return to San Francisco.

Moscone continued out on an ever-thinning limb to support Jones right up to the point he received news of the massacre, when, according to witnesses, he broke down in tears and vomited. Moscone realized he was in serious trouble. The newspapers were full of stories of a reported Temple hit squad Jones had sent to San Francisco to kill his enemies. Though Moscone was a

friend, he was still afraid for his life. The incident with Bonnie Theilmann at Ryan's funeral "scared the daylights out of him" and left him alone in the church pew to ponder, not Ryan's fate, but his own.

On November 23, 1978, the day after Ryan's funeral, the city desk of the San Francisco Chronicle received an anonymous phone call from a man who said that his brother "was just back from Guyana and that the mayor should be warned to have someone with him at all times."[117] When asked his brother's identity, the caller replied, "If I told you that I wouldn't see tomorrow. Just please tell the mayor to take care of himself."[118] The Chronicle informed the police, who informed Moscone, who reacted to what he considered a serious threat to his life, by employing bodyguards round-the-clock. Late-night, anonymous phone calls to the mayor's home confirmed reports that the Peoples Temple was planning to murder him.

Overall, Moscone followed Bonnie Theilmann's advice and said little or nothing about Jones or Jonestown. It had been a difficult week for the mayor. It began with the news that his foremost political supporter, confidant and appointee had lured hundreds of San Franciscans to their deaths. Wednesday, he attended the funeral of his friend Congressman Ryan. Thursday, the police informed him of the assassination threat by the Peoples Temple. All week long the San Francisco newspapers brandished headlines about an alleged Temple "hit squad" in California. By Friday, Moscone had been physically, mentally and emotionally drained but, with one last burst of energy, he took a stand on Jonestown. He sent a telegram to President Carter requesting that Washington underwrite the cost of shipping the remains of the Jonestown victims back

to their native California. Little did he know that his telegram, that at least implied some federal responsibility for cleaning up the atrocity, would be his last official act as mayor. "Thank God it's Friday," he must have thought while leaving City Hall for a well-deserved weekend at home.

The police and bodyguards, who were just an invasion of privacy earlier in the week, proved beneficial in keeping the many visitors at bay. They turned people away at the front door and fielded calls about the Peoples Temple which permitted Moscone to spend a relatively quiet weekend with his family.

Early Monday morning, the mayor and his bodyguard arrived at City Hall. About two hours later, Mayor George Moscone was assassinated, as was City Supervisor Harvey Milk.

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HARVEY BERNARD MILK

Harvey Milk was born May 22, 1930 to a Jewish family living in Woodmere, New York. His grandfather, Morris Milch, had emigrated to the New York City area from Lithuania years earlier and Americanized the family surname. At the time of Harvey Milk's birth, there existed a strong movement for homosexual rights in Germany that had its beginnings in the 1880's. By the time Milk was seven years old, the movement had suffered a major setback when Heinrich Himmler ordered all German homosexuals to be rounded-up, labeled with pink triangles and sent to the level 3 death camps. Over three hundred thousand homosexuals died in the Nazi gas chambers, making their group second only to the Jews in the number of people exterminated in the Holocaust. As a child, Milk had no idea that he would

lead the next movement for gay rights in the Western World; a campaign that, at least for Milk, would end as did its predecessor.

Harvey Milk was a clown, inside and out. His nose, ears, and feet were extremely large. Awkward and unattractive, Milk hid his feelings of inadequacy behind a mask of humor. His quick wit would serve him well in his later years in politics, but in high school, it served to hide the fact that Harvey Milk was a homosexual.

Milk would later recount only two incidents in his childhood. The first occurred in 1943, when his parents sat him down to explain how the brave Jews and homosexuals in Europe resisted the Nazis, against all odds of winning, because something that evil had to be opposed. The second incident happened in August of 1947 following his graduation from high school, when Milk was arrested along with other homosexual men who congregated in Central Park. He was charged with indecent exposure for his bare-chested sunbathing.

Milk went on to study math and history at the "poor man's Yale," as his classmates called Albany State College. Immediately after his graduation in 1951, Milk followed in the family tradition and enlisted in the Navy. His father had been a submarine crewman during World War II and his mother, Minerva Milk, was one of the first woman to volunteer as a Navy "yeomanette" in 1918. Milk was Chief Petty Office on board the U.S.S. Kittiwake, an aircraft carrier stationed in the Pacific that saw some service in the Korean conflict. He would later tell his voters that the Navy dishonorably discharged him when they discovered his homosexuality but this was not true.

After the Navy, Milk returned to New York, where he met Scott Smith, who would become his companion, lover, business partner, campaign manager and, in the end, executor of his estate. American society's view of homosexuals was undergoing drastic changes at the time. During World War II, U.S. opposition to Nazi Germany prompted an alliance with homosexuals who fled from all around the world to the sanctuaries of New York City and San Francisco. But following the war, the U.S. government, spurred by the McCarthy era witch-hunt, began a systematic persecution of homosexuals that reflected the prejudiced attitudes of Nazi Germany. In only a few years time, the United States was beginning to profess the very ideology they had gone to war to oppose. Homosexuals were dismissed from the military and various U.S. government agencies by the thousands. So many were fired from the Central Intelligence Agency that they remained as a group, relocated en masse to Sausalito, and occupied a sizable neighborhood in that San Francisco Bay Area community.

Eventually, Harvey Milk and Scott Smith moved from New York to the more tolerant San Francisco but found much the same anti-gay sentiment in California, where homosexuality was "an act against nature" and a punishable felony. Even in liberal California, a restaurant or bar could have its liquor license revoked simply for serving a drink to a known homosexual. But all things considered, San Francisco was a far better environment than New York City and the two transplants moved into the city's gay neighborhood of Castro Street, where they established Castro Camera. Their small shop soon became a focal point in the area and Harvey Milk's involvement in business and civic action

groups earned him the unofficial title of the "Mayor of Castro Street."

Aspiring to be the first self-avowed homosexual to be elected to public office, Milk campaigned for a seat on the city's Board of Supervisors in the 1973 election with a promise to shift the control of the city from the powerful real estate developers to neighborhood groups who would have compassion for people and not just a passion for profit. Milk lost the election due to his inexperience, lack of financial resources and shabby, long-haired appearance. His campaign did serve to organize a new gay political force that was well prepared for a more important issue that was developing in the state capitol.

San Francisco Assemblyman Willie Brown had been trying for years to strike the 1872 "crimes against nature" statute from the California law books. The legislature had repeatedly defeated his reform bill and then Governor Ronald Reagan had vowed to veto the bill even if it was passed by the Senate and Assembly. But, by 1975, Ronald Reagan was no longer governor and Willie Brown's reform bill was, once again, revived. Brown argued his case before the Assembly while his close political ally, Majority Leader George Moscone, presented the bill to his colleagues in the Senate. Moscone's motives were obvious. He planned to run for mayor of San Francisco in the fall elections and his efforts to reform the laws governing homosexuals would certainly secure the substantial gay vote in the city. The final Senate vote on the issue was a twenty to twenty tie. Moscone convinced the legislators to invoke a rarely-used rule and sequester the Senate chamber until a decision could be reached. State Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally flew from Denver to

Sacramento to cast the first tie-breaking vote from a lieutenant governor in decades. The reform bill passed and California, as Dymally phrased it, was "one step farther from 1984."

Harvey Milk's political supporters contributed to the promotion and eventual passage of the homosexual reform bill. Milk, who had since cut his hair and dressed in a suit he purchased second-hand from a local dry cleaner, was more presentable to the major political figures he encountered during the campaign. Each of the three key men in Sacramento who were largely responsible for the success of the bill, Willie Brown, George Moscone and Mervyn Dymally, had more than Harvey Milk's politics in common; each had a close personal relationship with Jim Jones. State Assemblyman Willie Brown would become one of Jones' foremost proponents. Mayor George Moscone owed his election, later that same year, to the work of Jones. Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally was often seen at the Peoples Temple for both public and private meetings with Jones. Dymally even visited Jonestown on two different occasions. Judging from Harvey Milk's new circle of political friends, it was almost a foregone conclusion that eventually he would encounter Jim Jones.

Milk ran for the Board of Supervisors again in the 1975 election. He had expanded his base of power to include an unlikely group of supporters: labor unions. Milk and his campaign manager, Scott Smith, had been very instrumental in organizing gays to march with Cesar Chavez's pro-union farm workers. They also succeeded in persuading local gay bars to ban Coors Beer after the Adolph Coors Company prevented their employees from organizing a labor union and the unions called for a boycott of their product nationwide.

Milk's foremost labor supporter was Stan Smith, the secretary/treasurer of the San Francisco Building and Construction Trades Council. Even with the support of the gays and the labor unions, Milk lost the election, finishing seventh. All six incumbents were reelected to the board.

Following the election, newly-inaugurated Mayor Moscone, impressed with Milk's nearly successful campaign, appointed him to the city's Board of Permit Appeals, the powerful court that had the ultimate say in matters concerning all permits issued by the city. For one who aspired to political office, Milk remained a board commissioner for only a brief five weeks before he defied Moscone, who fired him when he announced he would run in the 1976 election for the post of State Assemblyman from the 16th District.

Substantiated reports circulating in the news media described a political deal that had been struck between State Assembly Speaker Leo McCarthy, George Moscone, Willie Brown and other prominent California Democrats a year earlier. The deal was complicated, but basically it involved the shifting of several Democrats from one office to another. Moscone got to be mayor of San Francisco, while his vacant Senate seat was filled by Leo McCarthy's old law partner, John Foran. Foran's vacated Assembly seat was to be filled by McCarthy aide Art Agnos. Milk wanted to be a city supervisor, not an assemblyman, but his resentment of what he considered backroom power brokering politics compelled him to oppose Agnos and the political machine that backed him.

"Milk vs. The Machine" was the campaign slogan that threatened the status quo of California politics. Milk was not opposing Art Agnos,but the power brokers

who backed him, and largest of these was the Reverend Jim Jones. Like Moscone, Agnos supported the Peoples Temple and, in turn, they supported him and set out to insure his election to office. Knowing this, Milk was surprised to receive a telephone call from Jim Jones.

> That was the Reverend Jim Jones on the telephone. He apologized for not knowing I was running and said that he did not mean to back Art Agnos as much as he was doing. He told me that he will make it up to me by sending us some volunteers.

An aide asked Milk, "He's helping Agnos and now backing you?"

> Of course not, Jones is backing Agnos and giving him a lot of workers, but he wants to cover his ass, so he'll send us some volunteers too...Make sure you're always nice to the Peoples Temple. If they ask you to do something, do it, and then send them a note thanking them for asking you to do it. They're weird and they're dangerous, and you never want to be on their bad side.[119]

A few days later, Temple aide Sharon Amos phoned Milk to request that he send 30,000 copies of

his campaign literature to her office for distribution by the hundreds of Temple workers that Jones had promised. Milk should have suspected a conspiracy to harm his campaign as soon as Amos, who was supposedly offering him workers, required that his assistants deliver the literature to the Temple. He naively believed Jones' promise to canvass the city in his name and, though 30,000 copies was all he had or could afford, Milk sent all of his printed campaign literature to the Peoples Temple. Sharon Amos accepted the delivery and unceremoniously dumped the entire lot into the trash.

The race was close. Early polls showed Milk in the lead but he was losing ground to Agnos' well-financed campaign. Milk had lost most of his union supporters, retaining only the endorsements of the Laborers, Fire Fighters, and Teamsters. He also lost some of his gay supporters, who preferred to elect gay sympathizers rather than gays to public office. State Senator Milton Marks was one of the few politicians to publicly back Milk's bid for the Assembly.

As election day drew nearer, Milk received an increasing number of death threats. Naturally these threats concerned him especially since he was opposing "The Machine." In the last days of his campaign, Milk's father died unexpectedly and he returned to New York for the funeral. The trip expended what little time, energy, and money he had held in reserve for the final critical days of his campaign.

Early election returns gave Milk the lead but the tide turned when late returns were tallied from the Black neighborhood precincts controlled by Jones. Milk lost by 3,600 of the 33,000 votes cast. Art Agnos, "The Machine", and Jim Jones won.

On election day, voters also approved a measure calling for district, not city-wide, election of San Francisco's supervisors in 1977. This was a victory for Harvey Milk, not only because he advocated neighborhood control of City Hall but because the Gay Castro District would certainly elect a gay supervisor to the board and the "Mayor of Castro Street" was the undisputed candidate for the position.

The 1977 election was Milk's fourth campaign and third attempt at a seat on the Board of Supervisors. "Make Mine Milk" was the Madison Avenue slogan he copied from the American Dairy Association. Finally, Harvey Milk was elected to San Francisco's Board of Supervisors due, in no small part, to the fact that Jones had fled the country the previous July and exerted little influence on the November elections. Jones' parting statement to the San Francisco press was a rebuttal to recent media criticism in which he listed several dozen prominent supporters of the Peoples Temple. Without his permission and much to his dismay, Harvey Milk's name appeared on the published list.

Four campaigns in five years had taken its toll on Milk's personal life. Scott Smith had moved out sometime between races and Milk found a new lover, Jack Lira, who moved into his apartment.

Though Milk made an honest attempt to fairly represent his entire constituency, he recognized his responsibility to present a good image as the country's first openly gay elected official. He took every opportunity to encourage homosexuals throughout the U.S. to "come out of their closet" and assert their rights. He worked hard to revive the gay rights movement that Heinrich Himmler had killed in Nazi Germany. Now, in 1978, there was a new fascist threat,

or perhaps just a rebirth of the old. The year saw a rash of anti-gay legislation, introduced nationwide, by born-again Christian fundamentalists. Milk viewed these religious fanatics as the "New Nazis" and the most serious threat to human rights in the United States. In California, Senator John Briggs had succeeded in getting his Proposition 6 (The Briggs Initiative) on the November ballot. The measure called for a ban on the hiring of homosexual teachers in California, a controversial issue that Milk endeavored to defeat. With Proposition 6 pending, the annual Gay Freedom Day Parade took on the critical task of rallying opposition to the measure. As the event drew nearer, Milk, who was slated as a guest speaker, received more death threats in the Castro Camera mail; "You get the first bullet the minute you stand at the microphone."[120] Milk filed the typed postcard with the rest of his death threat collection and left for the Civic Center to address the largest gathering of people San Francisco had seen in a decade. Over 375,000 crowded in the open-air plaza to hear Milk say,

> My name is Harvey Milk and I want to recruit you. I want to recruit you for the fight to preserve democracy from the John Briggs and Anita Bryants who are trying to constitutionalize bigotry. We are not going to allow that to happen. We are not going to sit back in silence as 300,000 of our gay sisters and brothers did in Nazi Germany. We are not going to allow our rights to be

> taken away and then march with bowed heads into the gas chamber...[121]

To conclude his rather dramatic oration, Milk proposed a gay rights march on Washington, D.C. for July 4th, 1979.

Milk worked double-time through the summer and fall, both in City Hall and on the campaign trail to defeat Proposition 6. He publicly debated John Briggs several times. The following is typical of his rebuttals:

> John Briggs knows that every one of his statements has been repudiated by facts. Yet he never stops making wild inflammatory remarks that, to anyone who knows the facts, sounds as if it were the KKK talking about blacks or Hitler about Jews.[122]

Milk spoke the truth. By election day the only notable organizations to publicly endorse Proposition 6 were the Nazi Party, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Los Angeles Deputy Sheriff's Association.

Considering that Harvey Milk and Jim Jones were at opposite ends of the political spectrum in San Francisco, it is interesting to note the striking similarities between the two men, their philosophies and rhetoric. Milk, the first self-proclaimed homosexual to be elected to public office, utilized much of his media attention to warn of a Nazi-like take-over in the United States by right-wing, Christian

fundamentalists, a category that roughly describes Jim Jones. In the privacy of closed Temple meetings, Jones preached that most people were homosexual and that he was the only true heterosexual in the Peoples Temple,but in truth he was bisexual, having had sexual relations with both the men and women in the Temple hierarchy. The rhetoric of Jim Jones was also very much concerned with a Nazi coup in the United States, in which Blacks would be rounded-up and forced into concentration camps as were the Jews and homosexuals in Nazi Germany. According to Jones, the New Nazis were planning to activate the abandoned World War II Japanese detention centers as New Dachau, New Auschwitz and New Treblinka. His warnings are a grim reminder of what could and did happen in the United States. The basic difference that set the two men at odds was that Milk was exactly what he professed to be but Jones was exactly 180 degrees opposite from his public image. Though both men were prominent advocates of the theory that the Nazis posed a threat to minorities in the United States, Milk was sincere, while Jones, though honest in his presentation of the problem, neglected to tell his congregation that he, himself, was the greatest threat to their well-being.

By the fall of 1978, Jim Jones' influence had been absent from San Francisco politics for over a year and Harvey Milk's career blossomed. Part of Milk's popularity stemmed from the national recognition he received for his public debates with Senator John Briggs and his proposed gay rights march on Washington. Art Agnos capsulized Harvey Milk's political potential, "He's going to run for mayor. You know what? I think he can win. That guy (Milk) will one day be the mayor of San Francisco."[123] Things had gone well for Milk

that fall day and he didn't mind being detained an extra forty-five minutes at City Hall for a committee meeting. He arrived home late at 8 P.M., entered his apartment and called to Jack Lira, but there was no answer, only a puzzle. Starting at the front door there was a trail of voter registration forms that Milk followed through every room in the apartment. The trail grew progressively messier with crumpled anti-Briggs literature and empty Coors beer cans until it ended at a black velvet curtain hung from the rafters of an enclosed back porch. A note pinned to the curtain read, "You've always loved the circus, Harvey. What do you think of my last act?"[124] Behind the curtain hung the lifeless body of Jack Lira. A paperback book, entitled Holocaust, had been nailed to the beam that secured the rope noose. Milk cut the rope, lowered Lira's body to the floor and ran a few doors down the street to a firehouse, but the rescuers who followed him back to the apartment were unable to revive Lira; he had been dead for about forty-five minutes.

The police treated the death as a routine suicide. The story was front page news but short-lived to the relief of Milk. For the next few days, Milk and Scott Smith, who had come to his aid, found notes, presumed to have been written by Lira, hidden throughout the apartment, in drawers, between the pages of books and magazines and even sewn in the seams of Milk's clothes. A large note, taped prominently on the kitchen wall read, "Beware the Ides of November."[125] Milk thought it was a reference to the November elections and the Briggs Initiative. He had no way of knowing that it foretold his own death. Nor did he seem to connect the death threats with Lira's suicide. If Milk suspected foul play in the death of Lira or in

the untimely death of his father two years earlier, he did not state so publicly.

Milk's City Hall office was deluged with sympathy cards and letters, the most notable was a set of fifty letters from Jonestown. Temple aide Sharon Amos wrote, "I hope you will be able to visit us here in Jonestown. Believe it or not, it is a tremendously sophisticated community, though it is in a jungle."[126] The remaining forty-nine letters from Jonestown, many identical word-for-word, all expressed the Temples' sorrow at Milk's loss and extended an invitation for him to visit them in Guyana. Jonestown was on a predetermined schedule of self-destruction and Milk was being invited to attend the final days if not the final day of the community. Milk declined the invitations, and aborted what appears to be an attempt by Jones to lure him to his death along with Congressman Ryan.

Two weeks after Lira's funeral, Milk met William Wiegardt, a recent arrival on Castro Street who was half Milk's age. The two decided to live together. Suspicious of Lira's death, Milk warned his new lover as he unpacked, "You've got to remember, Bill, you're in the direct line of fire. If I get killed, you can be killed too. Somebody could walk through the door and blow both our brains out."[127]

Proposition 6 was defeated and Harvey Milk reveled in his success, at least the two weeks between the elections and the news of the Jonestown tragedy. The reports had a profound effect on Milk, who made no public statements but spent his final nine days unemotionally settling unfinished business in his life. He knew he was about to be killed. He revised his taped political will to read, in part, "Let the bullets that rip through my brain smash every closet door in

the country."[128] Milk turned in his leased car, he knew he wouldn't need a car where he was going. He placed a sign in the window of Castro Camera, "Going out of business December 1st." He also arranged to borrow several thousand dollars from Carl Carlson (an airline pilot friend of his). The intention was to consolidate his debts. Carlson wanted to discuss Milk's plans to run for mayor of San Francisco in 1979, but Milk would only say, "I'm not going to be around then. Let's talk about today."[129]

On the morning of November 27th, 1978, Milk was waiting in his City Hall office for Carl Carlson to escort him to his bank for the agreed loan. Carlson was late and when he did finally arrive, Milk was interrupted by a phone call. Following the call, their departure was further delayed while Carlson used Milk's typewriter to type something, perhaps their loan agreement. They were just about ready to leave when former City Supervisor Dan White leaned into Milk's office and asked to speak with him privately. Milk and White walked to White's former, yet still unoccupied, office across the hall. White closed the door behind them. Carlson was still waiting in Milk's office, when he heard the five shots. He looked out just in time to be the only witness to Dan White leaving the murder scene. He rushed to the door of White's old office where he was joined by Dianne Feinstein. Together they discovered the body of Harvey Milk.

That evening over 40,000 mourners marched in a totally silent candle-light procession from Castro Street to City Hall in remembrance of the fallen supervisor. Milk's brother, Robert, flew from New York to San Francisco where he and his wife were guests in the home of Senator Milton Marks.

The services were held in the San Francisco Opera House. Robert Milk sat in the front row, flanked by Governor Jerry Brown and Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally on one side and Acting Mayor Dianne Feinstein and a White House representative on the other. The Reverend Bill Barcus presided. "Tradition would expect me to tell you Harvey's gone to heaven. Harvey was much more interested in going to Washington."[130] A former campaign aide read a poem that Milk had written earlier in the month, just for the occasion:

I can be killed with ease
I can be cut right down
But I cannot fall back into my closet
I have grown
I am not by myself
I am too many
I am all of us.[131]

Only the governor and lieutenant governor failed to rise for the standing ovation that followed.

As per Milk's final instructions, his body was cremated and about two dozen of his closest friends, including Scott Smith, Carl Carlson and William Weigardt, gathered on the deck of the "Lady Frie," a 102 foot antique schooner, for the voyage under the Golden Gate Bridge and out to sea for the burial. The small box containing Milk's ashes was wrapped in the comic strip, "Doonesbury," a politically oriented cartoon exemplifying Milk's light hearted treatment of a very serious political world. Enshrining the ashes was a neatly wrapped assortment of bubble bath, representing his homosexuality and several packs of grape Kool-Aid, representing his killer, Jim Jones.

Once out to sea, the whiskey flasks were emptied and the marijuana cigarettes smoked. It was time. The ashes, the bubble bath and the Kool-Aid were spread on the waters of the Pacific Ocean and Harvey Milk was gone.

Milk was not a stranger to direct physical threats, but it was this unspoken threat, sparked by the news of the Jonestown tragedy that motivated him to finalize the business of his life. Milk firmly believed that Jim Jones was plotting to murder him. His final statement was not the "No! No!" that he reportedly screamed when he saw Dan White's revolver, but a summation of his actions in the last week of his life. Though his assassin approached from an unexpected angle, Milk's theory that Jones would kill him holds up well under close scrutiny. For months after the assassination, his sentiments were echoed in the predominant graffiti on Castro Street, "Who Killed Harvey Milk?"

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Daniel James White

Dan White was born into a large Irish Catholic family that moved to an area of San Francisco located about two miles south of the Castro Street District. This ultra-conservative Catholic neighborhood produced most of the City's police and firemen; Dan White would become both. Despite the liberal, even radical, influence of San Francisco, White remained the stereotyped image of a conservative, clean-cut, All-American boy. Fiercely competitive and so serious minded as to totally lack a sense of humor, White would be elected captain of the Woodrow Wilson High School baseball and football teams. According to a probation

report, White used his skill as a Golden Gloves amateur boxer, on at least one occasion, to assault Black teenagers who were integrating the student body of his high school in the early 1960's. Even at this early age, Dan White was a self-appointed spokesman for his race; he had every intention of living up to his surname.

Following his high school graduation, White enlisted in the Army on the last day of 1964. As a paratrooper with the 173rd Airborne Division, he was sent to Vietnam in July of 1965. Though he spent much of his tour of duty in the relative peace of Saigon, his service in Vietnam earned him a promotion to sergeant and three medals. He was honorably discharged from Fort Bragg, North Carolina in 1967.

White returned to San Francisco where, after an unsuccessful short stay at City College, he joined the San Francisco Police Department and arranged to be assigned to the Ingleside Station in his old neighborhood. He was a tough police officer who exemplified the rigid behavior pattern that psychiatrists recognize as an occupational hazard of police work, a condition they describe as the "Wyatt Earp Syndrome." Twice, White received a "Captain's Commendation;" in both cases for his capture of suspected felons after a dangerous, high-speed car chase. Regardless of his motivations, White often risked his own life in the pursuit of his work, first in the Army, then as a policeman, later as a fireman and possibly later still as a politician. White was a policeman's policeman, voted most valuable player in the 1971 law enforcement softball tournament, coached by his St. Elizabeth grammar schoolmate, homicide inspector Frank Falzon. Falzon and White were also the

shortstop and second baseman respectively on the state championship police baseball team. It was Falzon who would later book White for the murder of Moscone and Milk.

Dan White lived more comfortably than his salary should have allowed. He sold his $8,000 Jaguar sports car and purchased a $15,000 Porsche that he drove daily over the Golden Gate Bridge from his new home, a fashionable houseboat in Sausalito. Things had never been better in White's life, which makes the unexplained happenings in 1972 all the more suspicious. White was granted a leave of absence from the police department. He gave up his houseboat, sold his car and even gave away some of his personal possessions to embark on a cross-country hitchhiking trip that since has been referred to as White's "missing year." During 1972, White traveled alone and had little or no communication with his family or friends in San Francisco; no one really knew where he was. There are no records of his trip. He never bought a travel ticket or used a credit card. According to White, he followed in the footsteps of his hero, author Jack London, and visited Alaska where he said he worked for a time as a security guard. He returned to San Francisco but, for some unknown reason, did not resume his position in the police force. Instead he became a fireman assigned to the Moscow Street fire station.

Conspiratorialists have theorized that White spent his missing year in an MK ULTRA assassin training school. The project, which was largely under the control of Jim Jones, could have programmed White as it has been accused of programming Lee Harvey Oswald and others. "Programming" is a strong word. Actually, the process might well have been as simple as planting a

hypnotic suggestion, that when triggered by a predetermined code word or phrase, would render the subject in a trance. He would then walk through the assassination, someone else would fire the fatal shot but he would remain as the scapegoat who couldn't honestly remember what had happened during the killing. Certainly, if White was involved in the MK ULTRA project, it will remain a closely guarded secret for decades to come, but it would explain why White, who might have been honed to a hair trigger, could no longer be trusted in uniform with a gun. Six years later, Moscone and Milk would be murdered.

Dan White married Mary Ann Burns, a fireman's daughter, and the newlyweds purchased a $70,000 home that they intended to pay for with his salary as a fireman and her salary as a school teacher.

A co-worker, Michael Mulesky, later recalled his association with Dan White. "You could always depend on him. He never really got excited or nervous."[132] Mulesky's opinion was unique as every other person who knew Dan White viewed him as impulsive, ill-tempered, and childish. Though he often threw embarassing tantrums when he didn't get his way, White's service record in the fire department was unblemished. In 1977, he was cited for heroism after saving two children from a burning house. Four days before Moscone and Milk were killed, White was scheduled to receive a second award for rescuing a mother and child from a high-rise fire but was too busy to attend the presentation. Following White's arrest, Fire Chief Andrew Casper said, "The man still deserves the award and, we'll do it discreetly and as best we can."[133]

The 1977 elections marked a distinct shift in power from the wealthy real estate developers, who had controlled the city-wide election of supervisors to the neighborhood groups, who could now select local leaders in district elections. Under the new system, the real estate developers were able to maintain a slim majority on the Board of Supervisors but they lost some of their political power base with the election of such local advocates as Harvey Milk. The 1977 elections changed little as the wealthy conservatives still remained in power through their supported candidates like Dianne Feinstein and their puppet, Dan White.

"Unite and Fight for Dan White" was the slogan of what might best be termed an angry campaign for a seat on the Board of Supervisors. White's campaign literature best describes his politics:

> I am not going to be forced out of San Francisco by splinter groups of radicals, social deviates and incorrigibles. You must realize there are thousands upon thousands of frustrated angry people such as yourselves waiting to unleash a fury that can and will eradicate the malignancies which blight our beautiful city.[134]

White would later privately confide to board colleague Harvey Milk that his comments on "social deviates and incorrigibles" referred to drug addicts but the voters in his ultra-conservative District 8 took him to mean

the gays who had taken over the Castro Street District, only two miles from their neighborhood.

Most of White's campaign supporters were police and fire personnel, who canvassed District 8 door-to-door. White reportedly bullied his opponents in the election, even hiring youth gangs to disrupt their rallies. On one occasion a group of Nazis, in full dress uniform complete with "Unite and Fight for Dan White" buttons, posed a threatening appearance at a district meeting. When White's opponent asked him to have the Nazis removed from the meeting, "Gentle Dan," (as the Nazis called him) refused. White's intimidation tactics were successful. He won the election.

During the formal inauguration, each new board member made an introductory statement. White used his time to pay tribute to his Irish grandmother. The impression was that of an athlete, who after scoring the winning goal, looks into the television cameras to say, "Hi Mom!" In Harvey Milk's introduction, he said, "A true function of politics is not just to pass laws, but to give hope." In a harsh response that would set the tone for their political relationship, Supervisor Dianne Feinstein said, "Hope is fine, but you can't live on hope. The name of the game is six votes."[135]

Six votes was the majority on the Board of Supervisors and Feinstein quickly established that she and her real estate supporters had control when she was elected Board President by a 6 to 5 vote. White voted for Feinstein, while Milk voted against her. In the coming year, most of the major issues confronting the board were decided by a six to five vote in favor of Feinstein and White. Dianne Feinstein was a product of "old city politics." A conservative with the facade of

a liberal, she earned a reputation with the press as a "limousine liberal." Harvey Milk's opinion of Feinstein was not as kind; he called her "The Wicked Witch of the West."

Like the other newly elected supervisors, Dan White hosted post-campaign fund-raising dinners to help defray expenses. Labor leader Stan Smith attended one such benefit. A huge American flag hung from a balcony overhead. The theme from "Rocky," a powerfully dramatic piece of music, heralded the appearance of White, who marched in a stiff, military manner back and forth on the balcony. Smith's dinner companion made the comment,

> I'm not sure whether he thinks he's George Patton or Adolph Hitler, but he sure makes me nervous...There's something wrong with that man. He's wound up too tight. Something is wrong.[136]

Her first impression of Dan White was reinforced when she had the opportunity to speak with him personally, "He responded like he was programmed. He was like a spring ready to go off."[137]

Intelligence was not one of Dan White's attributes. It has been said that he could be easily manipulated by anyone whose argument included the words, "God" and "country." White was a puppet of the real estate developers who first suggested that he run for office and Dianne Feinstein who secured her sixth vote by befriending the political novice as his mother/mentor. White was so naive that he was not aware the city charter prohibited elected officials

from holding municipal jobs. Much to his surprise, he was told to resign his $18,000 a year job as a fireman. His wife was pregnant with their first child and not working. White soon realized that he could not support his family on the meager $9,600 a year salary paid a city supervisor. He needed financial help and Dianne Feinstein came to his aid and sealed his fate.

Feinstein introduced White to one of her real estate developer friends, Warren Simmons, who was planning a shopping complex on Fisherman's Wharf, the city's most popular tourist attraction. The development, dubbed, "Pier 39," was very controversial from the start. The local news media, in article after article, accused city officials of using their public offices to favor the privately owned development with gifts of city-owned building materials and scandalously low tax assessments. On the Board of Supervisors, it was Dan White who lead the fight for lower business tax assessments in general that, in retrospect, benefitted Pier 39 and Warren Simmons. Press accusations escalated when several city supervisors, commissioners and other officials received lucrative business concessions in the Pier 39 development. Dan White's reward was a small shop that he saw as a way out of his financial difficulties. His new business sold baked potatoes, french fried potatoes, and fried potato skins to the thousands of tourists that passed by every day. A very popular and conceivably profitable hors d'oeuvre, White's stock in trade prompted him to name his shop, "The Hot Potato" but considering the trouble it got him into with the FBI, he might have more aptly named it, "The Proverbial Hot Potato."

In the November 1978 election, the only district in San Francisco to approve Briggs Proposition

6 was White's conservative District 8. In what would become the ultimate irony, White also supported Briggs' successful Proposition 7 calling for an automatic death penalty for anyone who killed a public official in the course of his duty. Moscone and Milk presented the foremost opposition to the bill but, despite their efforts, it passed into law. The first person tried under the new law would be Dan White.

On November 10, 1978, White submitted a letter of resignation to the mayor, citing financial difficulties in supporting his family on a supervisor's salary. His new business needed his attention and, as evidenced by his action, was more profitable than his job at City Hall. Moscone accepted White's resignation effective immediately.

On November 15, 1978, the afternoon that Congressman Leo Ryan arrived in Georgetown, Guyana on his congressional investigation into Jonestown, Dan White emerged from a meeting with the Police Officers Association and the Coldwell Banker real estate firm to announce that he wanted his job back. He denied reports that the police department had pressured him to reconsider his resignation, but did say, "A few people from real estate firms have talked to me."[138] Mayor Moscone returned White's letter of resignation and told reporters, "As far as I am concerned, Dan White is the supervisor from District 8...A man has a right to change his mind."[139] Moscone soon reversed his decision to reinstate White. Some say it was due to pressure from Supervisor Harvey Milk, who reminded Moscone that, if a liberal were to be appointed to serve the balance of White's term in office, Dianne Feinstein and the conservatives would lose their majority on the board. The newspapers reported that it

was San Francisco's Chief Deputy Attorney, Tom Toomey, who spearheaded opposition to White's reappointment. Toomey called for a one week delay while his office reviewed the legal question of reinstatement. During that same week delay, San Francisco received news of Jonestown. The death toll increased with each progressive day until the grand total was reached on the same day that Tom Toomey presented the Mayor with a twelve page legal report that read, in part,

> San Francisco city charter does not provide for the withdrawal of a resignation once accomplished. As long as there is a legal uncertainty, we don't think White should vote on the board.[140]

Based on the city attorney's report, Mayor Moscone announced to the press, "I want to make it clear I no longer feel duty-bound to appoint Dan White. This will be a three-year appointment and I want someone with roots in District 8."[141] Moscone also said he would announce his decision the following Monday, November 27, 1978, at 10 A.M. Through it all, the only board member to publicly support White's request for reappointment was Dianne Feinstein. She was trying to protect her sixth vote.

On Sunday evening at about 7:30 P.M., Mary Ann White returned home from an unexplained trip to Nebraska to find her husband brooding about the house. The couple had not spoken in weeks and he had been sleeping on the living room couch. Mary Ann, exhausted from her trip, retired early while Dan watched

television and ate cupcakes and other sugar-filled snacks until dawn.

On Monday morning at abut 7:30 A.M., Mary Ann left the house with their four month old son and drove the family car to the babysitter's and on to her new job at the Hot Potato. Dan White remained at home.

At 9 A.M., Cyr Copertini, Mayor Moscone's appointment secretary, arrived at City Hall to find her boss unusually early for work and her office full of Dan White supporters who wanted to present a petition, endorsing White's reappointment, to the mayor. Cyr Copertini took the petition and assured the group that it would be on the mayor's desk within minutes. At about this same time, Moscone phoned Dianne Feinstein at home to inform her that he was going to appoint Don Horanzy, a real estate loan specialist with the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development, to White's vacated seat. Horanzy had been recommended by Assemblyman Art Agnos, who owed his office to Jim Jones. In his professional capacity, Horanzy, himself, would have had dealings with the city's director of the Housing Authority, who, until just a year earlier had been Jim Jones. As president of the board, it was Feinstein's responsibility to tell White he was no longer a supervisor.

Moscone told his secretary to postpone the scheduled 10 A.M. press conference until 11:30 A.M. to give him time for an 11 A.M. appointment with Don Horanzy. The reporters, who had already gathered at City Hall, asked to see Dianne Feinstein. Feinstein, who had just arrived, used the opportunity to deny press allegations that she planned to run for mayor a third time in the 1979 elections. She assured reporters that she did not covet the position and would

not run "next time." Under the city charter's disaster provision, she would become Acting Mayor of San Francisco within the hour. Two weeks earlier, on the day before Ryan arrived in Guyana, John Barbagelata, Moscone's logical successor, suffered a stroke in his West Portal real estate office. He was ordered to rest and was unavailable for comment. More important than his silence on Jonestown and the death of Moscone, Barbagelata was unfit to contest Feinstein's appointment as mayor.

At about 9 AM, Dan White received a phone call from his aide Denise Apcar who informed him that his supporters had presented their petitions for reinstatement to the mayor. White asked her to pick him up at home and drive him to City Hall. It is not known whether Feinstein or anyone else had informed White of Moscone's decision at this point but before he left home, White went to his basement den to retrieve a .38 caliber, five-shot revolver and seventeen hollow-point bullets. The gun had been his since the days when, as a San Francisco policeman assigned to guard then Mayor Joseph Alioto, White was required to purchase his own firearm. No one knows how he obtained the illegal hollow-point bullets that explode upon impact thus inflicting more damage than standard slugs.

Denise Apcar drove White to City Hall and parked her car in one of two parking spaces reserved for White and his staff on the McAllister Street side of the building. Ordinarily, they would have entered the building through the locked side doors to which supervisors and their staff had been issued keys but apparently they no longer possessed their keys to City Hall. Apcar walked around to the front of the building where she entered through the main doors, the security

checkpoint and the metal detector. She proceeded to room 250, a workroom/office for administrative assistants, and remained there.

White couldn't enter through the metal detector due to the revolver holstered under the vest of his three-piece suit. Reportedly, he knocked on a basement window. A workman inside recognized him and allowed him to crawl through the window after he explained that he had forgotten his keys. Crawling through the window to Room 62, White told the workman, "I had to get in. My aide was supposed to come down and let me in the side door, but she never showed up."[142]

Once inside the City Hall, he went directly to the second floor and the mayor's offices. He did not enter the main lobby of the mayor's suite but through the locked doors of either Room 201 or 202. The accepted theory is that the slow-closing hydraulic hinges gave White sufficient time to enter the room after someone else exited. That someone else was a City Hall workman.

In the mayor's formal waiting room that White so skillfully avoided was Assemblyman Willie Brown, who had just stopped by to invite his old friend for a day of Christmas shopping. Also waiting was Don Horanzy, White's replacement. And finally, and most importantly, there was the bodyguard who had been assigned to the position just days earlier after the reported threats to the mayor's life from the Peoples Temple.

White took a seat in front of Cyr Copertini's desk and asked to see the mayor. She offered him a newspaper brandishing headlines about Jonestown but he refused. According to one report, she responded, "That's all right. There's nothing in it anyway, unless you want to read about Caroline Kennedy having

turned twenty-one...It's even more amazing when you think that John-John is now eighteen."[143] Moscone soon appeared and invited White into his office. After a few minutes, Copertini overheard a heated conversation inside. Moscone asked White into an inner, less formal office equipped with a bar. He poured two drinks, lit a cigarette and turned to hand White a glass when he was hit by two shots that threw him to the floor. Two additional shots, fired point blank into his brain, ensured an instant death.

Though near enough to overhear the argument, Copertini did not recognize the gunshots. It was a group of City Hall workers who found the mayor's body just moments after he was murdered. The half-burnt cigarette was still in his hand.

White had since exited through an unmarked door leading out into the hallway. He reloaded his revolver as he made his way down the corridor to the supervisors' chambers. As he passed Dianne Feinstein's office, she called to him and he responded, "Well that will have to wait a couple of moments. I have something to do first."[144] White entered Room 237, the anteroom common to the small cubicles assigned to the supervisors. Harvey Milk and Carl Carlson were about to leave for the bank when White arrived and asked to speak privately with Milk in his old office. Soon after, five shots rang out. Carlson and Feinstein discovered the body of Harvey Milk.

White proceeded to Room 250, where he demanded the car keys from Denise Apcar. He left City Hall by way of the locked side doors and drove to a phone booth on the corner of O'Farrell and Franklin Streets where he called his wife at the Hot Potato. He said something was wrong and that she should meet him.

The deaths occurred between 10:55 and 11 AM. At 11:20 AM, Dianne Feinstein announced that Mayor Moscone and Supervisor Milk had been murdered and that the suspect was Dan White. At 11:25 AM, Dan White, accompanied by his wife, surrendered to the Northern Police Station where he had once worked. His old friend, Frank Falzon, and homicide detective Edward Erdelatz read White his rights and taped his twenty-four minute confession. It has been reported that Falzon was the first policeman at the murder scene. But it has never been established why Falzon left City Hall to return to the Northern Police Station. Not only did they not interrogate White but they interrupted his confession at the most critical times. Falzon's and Erdelatz's unprofessional handling of the confession would later be a major scandal in the case. Dan White claimed that he blacked out while being driven to City Hall and had no recollection of the events that followed.

District Attorney Joe Freitas, who (like Mayor Moscone and Assemblyman Agnos) owed his public office to the electioneering efforts of Jim Jones, would prosecute Dan White. Freitas, who was in Washington, D.C. discussing the Jonestown tragedy with federal authorities at the time of the assassinations, flew back to San Francisco to conduct the murder investigation.

Reactions to the assassinations were surprisingly consistent in their reference to Jim Jones. At a City Hall memorial service, Acting Mayor Dianne Feinstein read a prepared statement designed to rebuild San Francisco's spirit.

> The murders of Mayor George R. Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk shock and pain us all. In the wake of the tragedies in Guyana, this additional senseless monstrosity seems simply unreal.[145]

Marin County Supervisor Gary Giacomini's reaction was typical, "Coming on the heels of Peoples Temple, just how do you explain to your kids what government is all about?"[146] But the most interesting of all comments came from former California Governor Ronald Reagan, who was on a tour of European capitals to rally support for his forthcoming presidential campaign. From his hotel suite in Bonn, West Germany, Reagan told interviewers on November 29, 1978,

> I'll try not to be happy in saying this. He (Jim Jones) supported a number of political figures but seems to be more involved with the Democratic party. I haven't seen anyone in the Republican party having been helped by him or seeking his help.[147]

In the same interview, Reagan went on to describe the deaths in Jonestown as, "a horrible thing almost without precedent" and the assassination of Moscone and Milk as "an individual thing." In addition to being a rather callous attempt to capitalize politically on the tragic deaths, Reagan's statements were simply not

true. Jim Jones was a registered Democrat but only for the last year and a half he lived in the United States. For the balance of his entire adult life, Jones was a registered Republican. He reregistered as a Democrat a few days after he helped Moscone win the mayoral election and then only to facilitate his promised appointment from a Democratic mayor. Reagan's statement that the assassinations were "an individual thing" could not be further from the truth. Jonestown and the assassination of Moscone and Milk are so closely related as to be a part of the same story. Why Reagan felt compelled or sufficiently knowledgeable to make such a statement, remains a mystery.

Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of this work is its tangential stories and footnotes. On the same day as Reagan's interview, from the same city of Bonn, Hitler's architect, Albert Speer, broke a thirty-three year silence to tell of the Nazis extensive plans, not to destroy, but to take over America.

Most political analysts agreed that the liberal cause in San Francisco suffered a twenty year set-back with the assassinations of Moscone and Milk. The conservative real estate developers, who had nearly lost control of the Board of Supervisors, had in the end not only maintained a majority but gained a sympathetic mayor. Assemblyman Willie Brown said of Feinstein, "Dianne as interim mayor makes the best sense from every standpoint." He also added that she would be "obviously a tough candidate to beat next year."[148] She was; she won. After two unsuccessful attempts, Dianne Feinstein was mayor of San Francisco and would remain so for years to come. In 1984, she was nationally recognized as Walter Mondale's second

choice for vice presidential running mate; an appointment that went instead to Geraldine Ferraro.

Meanwhile, Dan White was arraigned before Municipal Court Judge Robert Reynolds, on two counts of murder. District Attorney Joe Freitas announced the filing of the charges. Colleagues had tried to convince Freitas to turn the case over to the State Attorney General's office due to his close personal relationship with Moscone, Milk and Jones, but Freitas refused all such advice. Since Proposition 7 had passed into law, Dan White faced a mandatory death sentence if convicted of killing public officials "to prevent the performance of their official duties." Amid predictions that White might receive a life sentence without the possibility of parole, his trial opened and proved to be more outlandish than any speculation.

The defense argued, from behind bulletproof glass, that White suffered "diminished capacity" due to political and economic pressures and a chemical imbalance in his body from his gluttonous consumption of junk food. It was dubbed "The Twinkie Defense." Under cross-examination, witness for the prosecution Frank Falzon became the star character witness for the defense when he praised his old friend Dan White. (Falzon had lunched with the defense attorney before he testified.) Another character reference came from a court room spectator, a woman described only as "Sister Barbara" who wore a swastika and a medallion inscribed, "Hitler was Right" in Hebrew. Sister Barbara told reporters that after a recent memorial prayer service for "Our Beloved Fuhrer," the local Nazi Party held a prayer meeting for Dan White. "I came to the trial because I care about Dan White. You see, we call him

'Gentle Dan.' All over the city you see signs that say, 'Free Dan White.' He did what he had to do."[149]

The press had long since exhausted appropriate adjectives to describe Dan White's behavior in court. They called him rigid, robot-like, programmed, controlled, automated and zombie-like. The press then shifted their attention to D.A. Freitas but could not agree as to whether he was deliberately throwing the case or just incompetent. White's motives were never stated. The word "assassination" was never mentioned. The testimonies of paid psychiatrists were described as "disgraceful and sad." The jury found Dan White guilty of two counts of voluntary manslaughter -- comparable to a fatal hit-and-run auto accident and extremely lenient for what was obviously two counts of premeditated murder. San Francisco Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver summed up the consensus when she said, "Dan White has gotten away with murder. It's as simple as that."[150] Dan White had gotten away with murder on a plea of "diminished capacity" that was so legally flimsy that soon after his trial, it was outlawed as a defense in California courts.

As soon as news of the verdict reached Harvey Milk's old neighborhood, a crowd of angry gays amassed on the corner of Castro and Eighteenth Streets. They chanted:

Avenge Harvey Milk
Avenge Harvey Milk

Dan White Dan White
Hit man for the new right

Dump Dianne
Dump Dianne

The crowd numbered 5,000 as it surged up Market Street for City Hall. Unlike the silent, orderly candlelight memorial to Harvey Milk that followed the same Castro Street to City Hall route, this crowd wanted blood. Along the way, they took garbage can lids for shields and pried concrete projectiles from the pavement. The police were ordered to barricade City Hall and hold their ground at the front doors. The crowd numbered 7,000 as it reached those doors for what would be the worst riot in San Francisco's history.

Angry gays ripped the ornamental ironwork from the front of City Hall and used the spear-like pieces as battering rams to pierce the police lines and the front doors. The police responded with tear gas, the rioters with bricks; the police with nightsticks and the rioters with fire, setting ablaze several police cars parked around City Hall. The violence escalated. Dianne Feinstein moved into an inner office as not even her second floor windows were safe from the hurled bricks. Eventually the crowd disbanded but not before inflicting an estimated $1 million damage to City Hall. Twelve police cars were gutted by fire, many literally blew up when the gasoline tanks exploded. Sixty-one police officers were hospitalized as were over one hundred demonstrators. There were very few arrests as the police preferred to deliver their own form of street justice with nightsticks. Miraculously, no one was killed. The May 21st assault on City Hall was first referred to by the press as the "Twinkie Riots" but the name that endured was the "White Night Riots;"

a reference to Dan White and to Jim Jones' "White Night" suicide ritual.

From the first day of his incarceration, Dan White received preferential treatment from the police and prison authorities, many of whom reportedly considered him a hero in their right-wing cause. White was segregated from the general prison population and granted every request, short of his release. He had been sentenced to serve a seven year, eight month term at Soledad State Prison. Despite his "diminished capacity" defense, an examining prison psychiatrist determined that White needed neither treatment or therapy. He was even allowed conjugal visits from his wife. The couple spent many weekends in a mobile home parked within the perimeter of Soledad. During one such visit, Mary Ann conceived a child born with Down's Syndrome, a condition that may have been the result of Dan's possible drug-induced chromosome damage. On January 5, 1984, as if to herald the Orwellian Year, White was paroled, having served five years in a "country club" for what, by law, should have been the death sentence. A target for assassination himself, White lived out his year's probation in Los Angeles County in total seclusion, under an assumed name, sporting a new beard and often wearing disguises. He did not work and was supported by the profits from the Hot Potato and a "family support fund set up by friends" soon after his arrest. As soon as his probation ended in January 1985 and White was allowed to leave California, he traveled to his grandmother's native Ireland to finalize plans to relocate his family there far out of the reach of those who might seek revenge. He remained in Ireland until late summer when, in spite of the obvious dangers, he returned to

the family home in San Francisco. Many believe that he had abandoned his plans to leave the country and resigned himself to living in total seclusion in San Francisco but actually White was quietly settling his business and preparing to move his wife and children to Ireland when he was killed.

On October 21, 1985, Dan White was found in the garage of his home dead from carbon monoxide poisoning. At the time of the alleged suicide, his wife Mary Ann was teaching at the Treasure Island Navy Base. Following her husband's arrest and conviction, Mary Ann was no longer accepted in the local San Francisco School District so the federal government came to her aid and offered her a position teaching the children of Navy personnel stationed at the nearby base.

After examining the body, the garage, the car and the garden hose run from the exhaust pipe through a window, the San Francisco police chief would say only, "Draw your own conclusions." In a prepared statement to the press, Mayor Feinstein said, "This latest tragedy should close a very sad chapter in this city's history." Feinstein's wishful thinking was wrong. White's death, whether murder or suicide, should not close the story as the whole truth about Moscone, Milk, White, Jones and the CIA has yet to be told.

Jim Jones was the predominant force behind the success of George Moscone and many failures of Harvey Milk, having supported the former and opposed the latter. The lives of these three men had been closely intertwined for four years and their near concurrent deaths is evidence that Jones had not only engineered their public careers but terminated them as well. The theory is not only possible, but probable, as its most authoritative proponents were Moscone and Milk.

There is absolutely no record of Jim Jones or his Peoples Temple ever having anything to do with Dan White, which is somewhat suspicious in itself, considering the major influence Jones exerted in San Francisco politics. True, White came to the public's attention in mid 1977 as Jones was preparing to leave for Guyana, but the two did co-exist in the same political arena for some time, yet the Peoples Temple neither supported nor opposed Dan White's campaign. Jones' indifference might have been intentional.

It is not a foregone conclusion that White murdered Moscone and Milk. After all, the only eyewitness was Dan White himself and he claimed to have blacked out on the way to City Hall and remembered little that transpired there. He confessed to hearing strange noises as he moved in a daze through the assassinations. "It was like a roaring in my ears," he said. Consider for a moment the possibility that Dan White was hypnotized or brainwashed during his "missing year" by Jim Jones or someone else. Easily swayed, he may have been manipulated into his financial difficulties, his resignation, and subsequent demand for reinstatement. He did not have to be programmed to kill on command, only to fall into a hypnotic trance when someone uttered the code word or phrase that unlocked a subconscious suggestion. Was it chance that a City Hall workman allowed White to crawl through a basement window? Was it chance that other workers allowed him to pass through the locked doors that lead to the mayor's suite? These workers were close enough to the killing to be the first to discover Moscone's body yet none of them reportedly saw or tried to stop Dan White's exit. Who were these unidentified "workmen" and why were they free to pass unannounced in

and out of the mayor's office? It would seem to be a terrible breach of security considering that Moscone felt his life was being threatened by the Peoples Temple. Security, in general, at City Hall was tight since a year and a half earlier when another workman, a plumber named Walter Jones, wandered into Moscone's office with a loaded revolver. He was promptly arrested and sentenced to serve ninety days in jail. The incident, along with the several bomb threats against Feinstein and Barbagelata, prompted the installation of metal detectors and additional guards that, in the end, presented little or no obstacle to Dan White. Was there another "workman" waiting in White's old office? Workmen were in his office that morning, at least to remove his name plate from the door. It is possible that Dan White stumbled through the assassinations at City Hall while someone else, perhaps a "workman," actually pulled the trigger that killed Moscone and Milk. It is possible that White told the truth.

The first question asked by any homicide detective is, What could possible be the motive for murder? It has been surmised that Dan White's motive was an uncontrollable anger he felt towards Moscone and Milk for conspiring to not reappoint him, but this seems unlikely. Murdering the mayor and supervisor would not get White his job back, a job he cared so little about that he had resigned only a few weeks earlier. Actually, his "diminished capacity" defense was necessary to justify why White thought he had good reason when the facts indicate he did not. The following conclusion is submitted as several more plausible motives for the assassination.

It is highly probable that, at some point in their close political relationship, Moscone learned that Jim Jones was working for the Central Intelligence Agency. This could have happened in the very beginning when Jones was introduced as one with the power to get Moscone elected mayor or it could have happened later in the relationship when Moscone shared private conferences with Jones and the top ranking Washington politicians like then vice presidential hopeful, Walter Mondale. As one of the few outsiders in a position to know Jones' ultimate secret, Moscone would have posed a potential threat to the agency in the aftermath of Jonestown. Appalled by the federal government's sponsorship of such an atrocity, Moscone might have gone public with the information, even though doing so would probably mean exposing his own involvement in fixing the 1975 election. If Moscone did pose a serious threat to the security of the Jim Jones/CIA connection, he did so for only nine days.

Milk could have been killed for similar reasons. Though he was opposed by Jones, Milk's political savvy might well have helped him to identify the true nature of his enemy. He may also have been killed just to disguise the murder of Moscone, shifting the obvious motive from the Peoples Temple to Dan White's political problems. But overall, if the CIA had a reason to kill Harvey Milk, it would have been homosexual in nature as this was the predominant characteristic of Milk's public career.

The CIA has always gone to great lengths to explain that they will not employ homosexuals because they are highly susceptible to being blackmailed into working for a foreign country. As is the case with most of the agency's exaggerated rhetoric, the CIA's

statements about homosexuals are exactly opposite the truth. True, homosexuals are blackmailed into service by intelligence agencies but, like any competitive game, the intelligence game is fought with certain rules and techniques common to all players. Actually, the CIA realizes that the agents most vulnerable to blackmail are parents, whose children can be used to coerce them into co-operating. Homosexuals, on the other hand, do not generally foster children, raise families or have more than a distant relationship with members of the family into which they are born. Incidentally, the technique of blackmailing homosexuals into the CIA only works in the United States. Homosexuality does not carry a sufficient stigma in European societies to blackmail a person. The precariousness of the technique might well be the heart of the conflict between the CIA and Harvey Milk. Milk was receiving increasing national media attention as the country's first openly gay politician who advocated that gays nationwide should follow his lead, "come out of their closets" and assert their rights as homosexuals. The focal point of Milk's country-wide campaign would have been his proposed gay rights march on Washington, scheduled for the fourth of July, 1979. If Milk had lived and succeeded in encouraging millions of Americans to step forward and admit they were gay, the effect might have been to alter the national consciousness and eliminate the stigma associated with homosexuality in America. The CIA would then stand to lose its stranglehold on the thousands of agents they have blackmailed into service. This alone is more than sufficient motive for the CIA to kill Harvey Milk.

Finally, it might have been the CIA's hometown rival, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, that

prompted the agency to murder Moscone and Milk. At the time of the assassinations, there were no fewer than three separate FBI investigations into the main characters of this story: Moscone, Milk, and White.

Moscone was the subject of an ongoing FBI investigation into an illegal $10,000 campaign contribution he received from the Summa Corporation that was considered to be a political pay-off. Summa Corporation is a well known joint venture between Howard Hughes and the CIA and any investigation into the company's illegal support of Moscone would certainly boil down to a question of the CIA's illegal support of Moscone. The investigation, which was receiving an increasing amount of news coverage, might have lead the FBI to uncover yet another agent of the CIA who had given illegal support to Moscone; namely Jim Jones. The FBI investigation into Moscone's association with Summa Corporation ended abruptly with his death.

In a separate investigation, the FBI was gathering information on Moscone's and Milk's attempt to obtain federal funding for their proposed gay community center in San Francisco. Milk laughed off the investigation, never considering the FBI to be a direct threat to him, nor did he consider his proposal for government sanction of a gay community center to be a direct threat to the status quo of the CIA.

The FBI's third investigation was into the Pier 39 scandal, and Dan White was the prime suspect in what had every appearance of being a political pay-off. The probe, which the FBI files noted "should not be discussed outside the bureau," officially ended when White was arrested for murder. No explanation for closing the case has ever been given; other than that

White then faced more serious charges. It is possible that Dan White had been convinced to resign as supervisor and pursue the more lucrative Hot Potato that Dianne Feinstein had helped him to acquire. After he resigned he was told that the FBI investigation might result in his losing his new business, so he attempted to regain his only other source of income by demanding to be reinstated in his City Hall job. His frustration and anger may have been a result of the realization that he had been manipulated into a no-win situation. Dan White was a notoriously poor loser.

The basic premise of this chapter is that Jim Jones, or his superiors at the CIA, ordered the deaths of Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk just nine days after Jones ordered the destruction of Jonestown. They had the close association, the opportunity, the ability and more plausible motives than that of the convicted assassin. Though it may never be proven in a court of law, this theory survives close scrutiny.

VIII PUBLICITY, PROVOCATEURING AND POLITICAL POWER

If Jim Jones had his way history would remember him as a psychopathic communist whose drug-induced paranoia triggered the mass suicide of his followers. Nothing could be further from the truth. Anyone who has studied Jones knows that he projected an image to the public that was almost exactly opposite reality and that unravelling the cloaks of illusion that surrounded him might well be compared to viewing the dance of the seven veils. As each veil is removed another is exposed; a veil on top of a veil, on top of a veil... To date, many of Jones false covers have been exposed but, unlike the dance of the seven veils, researchers have had no prior indication of the number of covers that surrounded Jones and have fallen short of revealing his bare essence; that is, until now.

In the last year and a half of his public career and especially in the last six months, Jones went out of his way to give the impression that he was a communist. Temple aide Deborah Layton courted the Russian and Cuban embassies in Guyana; she volunteered

her help in planning their local May Day celebration and arranged for their officials to attend social events in Jonestown. Despite the fact that Jonestown had the finest medical facilities in Guyana, Jones insisted on retaining a doctor from the Russian embassy as his personal physician. Russian language classes were compulsory for Jonestown residents as Jones claimed the group might one day immigrate to the U.S.S.R. "What about Russia?" was the main objection presented by a Jonestown woman on the tape recording of the final White Night. What about Russia, indeed. Jones began the deceit in San Francisco when he befriended Angela Davis, a prominent figure in the American Communist Party. He continued the cover in Guyana, when he persuaded the Russian News Agency TASS to publish an article about Jonestown. In the rubble of the aftermath, several taped sermons and Jones' dictated memoirs were found to contain claims that the preacher was a Communist since his work in the Brazilian coup d'etat fifteen years earlier. And then there was the matter of Mike Prokes, a high ranking Temple aide whom Jones sent to the Russian Embassy on the day of the final White Night with $30,000 that supposedly represented the Temple's wealth being returned to its sponsors. Considering the Temple's $50 million net worth and the millions in cash in Jonestown, $30,000 can only be seen as a token gesture intended to give the impression that Jones was somehow affiliated with the Russians. To dispel one of his outermost covers, Jones was not a Communist. Actually, judging from the politicians and governments he supported as well as the "government" he created in the Peoples Temple, Jones was a fascist.

Another, perhaps more effective, cover was that Jones was an insane drug addict, an image that even today permeates public opinion. It was based largely on his attempt to provide a logical explanation to what he knew would be viewed as the very illogical demise of his followers.

Jonestown was a pharmaceutical field test so there was a disproportionately large amount of drugs in the community, but the drugs were intended for the human guinea pigs and not Jones, whose heightened awareness of the potential dangers prompted him to abstain from tobacco, alcohol and even moderate drugs like aspirin. Though he would often make reference to his imaginary drug habit, the only pills he took were vitamin and sugar pills.

Jones' insanity plea was a well-organized illusion that began in San Francisco when a Temple aide, who had been instructed to locate some papers, happened upon a psychiatrist's report stating Jones was a psychopath. The report, found hidden behind a couch, was a fake. Jones would never have agreed to a psychological evaluation nor would he have treated such a discrediting piece of evidence so carelessly. The aide eventually defected from the Temple to present her discovery to the public which was exactly the predetermined result that Jones desired. As Jonestown neared its finale, he tape-recorded several of his long-winded sermons; recordings that survived the carnage as evidence that the ranting and raving preacher was a madman. He also performed crazed dances with live snakes for video cameras. The film of these little stage performances also conveniently survived the carnage, as did several witnesses who claimed Jones continually warned that there was a CIA agent behind

every tree surrounding the jungle community. Actually, Jones was quite knowledgeable in the field of psychology and along with the professional staff of psychologists employed in Jonestown, he was able to create a medically accurate picture of a deranged drug addict, a self-created image that survives today as most Americans think of him as just another "crazy Californian."

The Temple's California corporate charter clearly states in Article 10:

> No substantial part of the activities of this corporation shall consist of carrying on propaganda, or otherwise attempting to influence legislation, and the corporation shall not participate or intervene in any political campaign on behalf of any candidate for public office.

Article 10 was a joke for, as with the other images Jones projected to the public, the truth was exactly the opposite. The Peoples Temple was an army of political campaign workers that swayed and even fixed elections, advised politicians on pending legislation, proposed appointments and controlled virtually every political arena they entered. They were careful not to run any Temple members for public office but scores were appointed to strategic positions in government by politicians indebted to the Temple for their campaign efforts. The Peoples Temple exerted a considerable and often underrated political influence on a local, state, national and even international level.

Internationally, Jones was renowned in certain circles of the CIA as the agency's foremost authority on the politics of the Caribbean which, in the broad sense envisioned by President Kennedy, included the South American country of Guyana. His early assignments in Cuba, Guyana (then British Guiana) and Brazil established Jones as a right-wing conservative for his support of the Brazilian military coup, his opposition to the left-wing government of Cheddi Jagan in Guyana and his organization of anti-Castro Cubans. His cover varied from one of a socialist to one of a communist, depending on what the situation required, but the results of his activities always benefitted the fascist faction and were generally within the reported objectives of the CIA.

The political history of the capital city of St. George's, Grenada, bears a striking resemblance to that of Georgetown, Guyana. The Caribbean countries, both former British possessions, gained their independence within eight years of each other. Both experienced a brief period of communist control before CIA-sponsored coups installed governments that were sympathetic to, if not controlled by, the United States. Also, more pertinent to this story, both governments in the course of their evolution were largely influenced by one particular CIA operative: Jim Jones.

Eighty miles off the coast of Venezuela lies the tiny nation of Grenada, a volcanic island paradise discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1498. Centuries of exploitation from the Spanish, the British and the French have exterminated the native Carib peoples and transformed the island into a spice producing, health and pleasure resort with the perfect climate, lush

tropical flora, exceptional bathing beaches and hot springs. Grenada became a British possession in 1783 during the period immediately following the American revolution when England sought to secure as many colonies as possible in the New World following their loss of the United States. It was also during this period that Britain annexed British Guiana (Guyana). For nearly two centuries, Grenada remained a British possession until February 7, 1974, when the island gained its independence under a government headed by Prime Minister Eric Gairy, an unlikely statesman. Gairy was a street corner eccentric, a Rosicrucian who experimented with astral projection and soul travel, practiced a form of witchcraft called "Obeah" and counted the Reverend Jim Jones among his friends.

On May 7, 1977, Jones, his wife Marceline, attorney Tim Stoen and several Temple aides traveled to Grenada to meet with Prime Minister Gairy and to deposit one million dollars in the cash-poor Grenada banks. Jones also initiated negotiations to purchase the Grenada Holiday Inn; the largest hotel on the island. Less than a month later, Gairy traveled to the United States to meet, not with officials in Washington, but with Jim Jones in San Francisco where he was photographed in the Peoples Temple with Jones, San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and California Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally. Jones introduced Gairy to his congregation as "the valiant black leader arrested fifty-one times for resisting colonialism, internationally respected and recognized for his achievements."[151] If Gairy <u>was</u> arrested for resisting colonialism, it was by the British which presents a paradox as he then flew to London to receive an award from Queen Elizabeth. Sir Eric Gairy then set out on a

peculiar campaign to discredit himself. Three weeks later he opened the United Nations general assembly with a plea for an international investigation into flying saucers. Rumors began to circulate that Gairy had recruited a secret police force from Grenada's prison to torture and kill his political opponents. In any event, the oppressive government of this staunch anti-socialist was overthrown on March 13, 1979 by a rebel insurrection headed by a London-educated lawyer, Maurice Bishop. Gairy was in New York at the time. Within a few months, Prime Minister Bishop announced that Russia and Cuba had agreed to provide physical and financial assistance to build the one thing Grenada needed the most -- a military jetport.

For the next four years, from five hundred to one thousand Cubans labored to construct a 10,000 foot airstrip bridging two peninsulas in the southwest corner of the island while a comparable number of CIA operatives, under the cover of medical students, monitored their progress from the True Blue campus of St. George's Medical College located at the end of the runway. One of the American leaders was John Pfister, a West Point graduate, a foreign service agent and a U.S. consul in Laos during the Vietnam War. Then in his late thirties, Pfister, whom Newsweek called a "mystery man" and whose colleagues nicknamed "Field Marshal Von Fritz," found it difficult to maintain the image of a medical student, but under that cover he succeeded in establishing a network of agents and at least three radio-equipped command centers on the island.

By mid-October of 1983, the Cubans had completed 95% of the project. Pfister informed his superiors in the U.S. that the airport would soon be

operational and that it was time to begin "Operation Urgent Fury;" the code name for the CIA's planned coup. On October 13, Prime Minister Bishop was placed under house arrest. Six days later he was freed by several thousand supporters who carried him to a rally at Fort Rupert where he was shot and killed by an unknown assassin. President Reagan, citing the ensuing civil disturbance as a threat to the safety of the seven hundred American "medical students," ordered an invasion of Grenada. U.S. troops parachuted onto the airport and established headquarters on the True Blue campus. Pfister's ham radio operators guided the invasion force on their conquering march across the island. Operation Urgent Fury was such a success that the entire island was taken with the loss of only nineteen American lives, and some of those deaths were accidental. President Reagan had banned any news coverage of the operation so the only reports were from the American military and the "medical students" whom they had rescued.

Contrary to Reagan's claim, the invasion of Grenada was not prompted by the assassination of Bishop and the civil unrest that followed, but by the Cubans' near completion of the military jetport. The CIA wanted the strategically located jetport for relaying supplies to underground forces they supported in Central and South America. They did not want the Cubans to control it but were pleased to allow them to build it. The first planes to land were U.S. C141 transports. The CIA wrote Grenada's history; a history that ended in a U.S. military take-over but that began with the involvement of Jim Jones. Though the federal government never openly joined Jones in his support of Prime Minister Eric Gairy, they certainly opposed

Gairy's political opponents. Ironically, in the end, the occupying U.S. Marines in Grenada set up their headquarters in the Holiday Inn; the same Holiday Inn that just a few years earlier Jones had offered to purchase, presumably for the CIA station that was eventually established on the True Blue campus. In the aftermath of Jonestown, over twenty thousand dollars of Temple funds remained unclaimed in a Grenada bank.

Ninety miles south of Grenada lies the capital city of Port of Spain, Trinidad, another focal point in Jones' work in Caribbean politics. The Temple's ocean-going ships, that reportedly smuggled everything from drugs to guns, often called on the Port of Spain. California's Lieutenant Governor, Mervyn Dymally, one of Jones' foremost political allies, was a native of Trinidad as was Shiva Naipaul, an Oxford graduate who authored a well-written book on Jonestown published in England under the title Black and White. Though interesting in its approach to the subject, Naipaul's work fails to expose Jones' affiliation with the CIA.

The one country outside the Caribbean that received the most attention from Jones was Chile. Chile had been listed as one of the "Nine Places to Hide" in the 1962 Esquire article that had such a profound effect on Jones career. The article reported:

> The Central Valley of Chile, from the modern capital city of Santiago south to Concepcion, is as fertile and attractive as the central valley of California...where it is possible to grow any animal or vegetable one might want and to vary it with

> the rich seafood brought north by the Humboldt Current from the radiation-free waters of the Antarctic... there would be friendly and predominantly European neighbors."[152]

Regardless of any speculation that the Esquire article was some sort of coded message for CIA operatives, agency personnel did migrate to the South American country where they would later be instrumental in the murder of Chilean president Salvador Allende and the Nazi-like regime that assumed power. Chile was one of the sites Jones considered for his South American community, but the plan was abandoned early on as Jones' reputation as a left-wing humanitarian was more valuable to the agency in that he could befriend the deposed Chilean government and insure their silence regarding the CIA's plot to overthrow them. Central to Jones' work as an agent provocateur to the exiled Chileans was Laura Allende who, in response to Jones' invitation, visited the San Francisco Peoples Temple where he introduced her to the congregation,

> I have seen sainted people, people that are living epistles. And I think Laura Allende is in that category. You see other people making sacrifices, as she is, and you say to yourself, 'What less can I do?'[153]

Other exiled Chilean officials, like the former Minister of Finance, were also guests of the San

Francisco Temple, which boasted an active role in the Chilean refugee movement. Top Temple aide and political paralegal Jann Gurvich housed at least one such refugee and eventually relinquished her California apartment to the Chilean when she left the country for Jonestown. Somehow, Jones managed to obtain copies of Chilean torture films allegedly taken by the CIA during interrogations conducted in a ship anchored off the coast of Chile. Though the films have not survived, Jones required his congregation to critique the macabre movies and some of their reports, describing the torture of two women, have survived. One victim, who was pregnant, was given a Caesarean section without anesthetic while her husband was forced to watch the painful death of his wife and child. The other victim was repeatedly raped by a team of trained police dogs. Jones used the torture films as evidence of the true nature of the CIA; a terror tactic intended to frighten his congregation into remaining under his "protection" in the Peoples Temple. Jones' relationship with the exiled Chilean government undoubtedly provided the CIA with valuable information and helped to suppress stories of the agency's involvement in their overthrow.

On a national level, Jones was very close to the Oval Office. He first worked in the Eisenhower administration planning the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, he was number two man in President Kennedy's British Guiana operation and boasted that Lyndon Johnson was a member of the Disciples of Christ, the denomination that had ordained him a minister. He worked for the election of Richard Nixon and counseled him on a Supreme Court appointment. He advised Carter and Mondale on U.S./Cuban relations and provided over 10% of their campaign volunteers in California.

Statewide, in California, Jones worked closely with then Governor Ronald Reagan and his successor Jerry Brown. Brown often attended services at the Peoples Temple as did Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally, who visited Jonestown on two separate occasions. California Assemblyman Willie Brown, Art Agnos and Senator Milton Marks were also supportive of Jones' work.

In San Francisco, Jones directed the massive voter fraud that resulted in the election of Mayor George Moscone, Sheriff Richard Hongisto and District Attorney Joe Freitas. He also had at least a working relationship with City Supervisor Dianne Feinstein and City Manager Thomas Mellon.

Jones claimed that the Peoples Temple had helped every political prisoner in the United States. His statements are only partially true. He did have a relationship with nearly every political activist in the country but his intention was not to help them but to spy on their activities. With his left-wing humanitarian image, Jones was in the perfect position to play the role of an agent provocateur to the radical element in the country. Among the many domestic political activists courted by Jones were Angela Davis (head of the U.S. Communist Party), Jane Fonda and her husband Tom Hayden, Cesar Chavez, (leader of the United Farm Workers) and Dick Gregory, to mention just a few.

Since Jones' work in the agency was primarily concerned with the control of Black and Native Americans, it was only logical that he would infiltrate their existing organizations to learn as much as possible about their leaders, plans, and aspirations. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (the NAACP) was an obvious objective. Jones,

his adopted son, Johnny, and several Temple aides were elected to the board of directors of the NAACP as the peoples Temple controlled several hundred of the two thousand member votes in the local San Francisco chapter. Eventually, Jones would exert such a tremendous influence on the NAACP that the Black membership began to question the motives of this Caucasian leader of their organization. Jones' control of the NAACP would wane but remain sufficient for him to be recommended for the distinguished "Martin Luther King Humanitarian of the Year" award in 1977.

The Black Muslims' Temple was several doors down the street from the Peoples Temple in San Francisco and Jones often took the opportunity to escort a Temple contingent to the Muslim services and they reciprocated. He had so gained their trust as to be invited to give the keynote address to the 20,000 who attended the Muslims' Spiritual Jubilee held in Los Angeles in 1976. Of the several dozen dignitaries on the stage of the Los Angeles Convention Center, Jones' was the only white face.

Certainly the Black Panther Party did not escape Jones' attention. The complicated and often confusing story begins, for lack of a better place, with a California conspiratorialist writer named Donald Freed. Freed had co-authored a book entitled Executive Action with the country's foremost authority on CIA assassinations, Memphis attorney Mark Lane. Freed was also the leader of "Friends of the Black Panthers," a Caucasian group of intellectuals who sympathized with what, despite public opinion, was a very valuable organization. When the co-founder of the Black Panthers, Huey Newton, was wrongly accused of crimes in California and fled in exile to Cuba, it was Donald

Freed who recommended that he retain attorney Charles Garry as counsel. Charles Garry, who represented Johnny Spain, a Black Panther defendant in the San Quentin Six trial, encouraged Newton to remain in Cuba, something that eventually would have totally discredited Newton. Political paralegal and Temple spy Jann Gurvich worked in Garry's office to keep a finger on the pulse of the story. About this time, Jim Jones entered the story when he traveled to Havana, Cuba, for the express purpose of meeting with Huey Newton. What transpired is not known, but upon his return, Jones would criticize Newton in what may or may not have been intended as "private meetings"with his top aides. Jones also recruited Newton's nephew, Stanley Clayton, into the Peoples Temple probably as a bargaining chip. Newton would ignore Garry's advice and return to the U.S. to face charges of which he was acquitted. Garry went on to represent Jim Jones, along with Donald Freed and Mark Lane, whom Jones hired to sue the CIA and other federal agencies for their alleged harassment of the Peoples Temple. Jones obviously used his attorneys to give the impression he was opposed to the CIA. There were as many agents provocateur (under the COINTELPRO project--a federal government attempt to discredit and destroy organizations like the Black Panthers) as there were legitimate workers in the Black Panthers and researchers in the CIA conspiracy field. It is very difficult to assess who was working for whom but, in the final analysis, there were only four people who were allowed to overtly escape Jonestown after the mass suicide had begun; Charles Garry in the company of Mark Lane, and Stanley Clayton in the company of Odell Rhodes, a Special Forces Green Beret who was once the majordomo of what was then President Kennedy's military

pet project. What Jones was trying to accomplish with the Black Panthers is not known. It suffices to say that he courted a close relationship with the Black Panthers to monitor their activities for the CIA.

Another target of Jones' work as an agent provocateur was Dennis Banks, leader of the American Indian Movement (AIM). After having played a major role in the 1973 Indian uprising in Wounded Knee, South Dakota, Banks had fled to California where he fought extradiction to South Dakota and what he believed would be certain death. His fears were not unfounded as his co-defendant, Russell Means, who surrendered to the authorities, had been the victim of a near-fatal knife attack in a South Dakota prison.

Dennis Banks was in deep trouble. His California sanctuary was in question, his children were forced into hiding on a reservation in Oklahoma and his wife, Ka-mook, and the couple's newborn child had been imprisoned in Oregon. In addition to all this, he was being plagued with a rash of spies, informants and provocateurs from the Treasury department and particularly from the Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. Amidst this, the most critical period in Banks' life, entered the one man with the power to resolve all his problems at once: Jim Jones.

Jones introduced himself as a clergyman who had encouraged American Indians into his fold. They knew him as a man who often boasted of a Cherokee ancestry on his mother's side of the family. Though his facial features resembled the classic Native American, Jones' claims of Indian heritage have never been accepted outside the Peoples Temple. Characteristically, he said whatever was required for a particular situation, in this case to gain a representative sampling of

Native Americans and the confidence of their national leader, Dennis Banks. Jones assured Banks that through his connections in Sacramento he could arrange to stay any attempts to extradite him to South Dakota. He also paid the $19,500 bail to free Banks' wife and child and arranged for the entire family to be reunited in California where, in an address to the Peoples Temple, the Indian leader expressed his appreciation. "A week ago, my wife was behind an iron door, my children in Oklahoma. You, in your love, have moved the iron door."[154] Banks honestly felt indebted to Jones but he began to question the motives of this self-appointed Caucasian patron of the Indian cause. Perhaps it was Jones' unexpected generosity or his many questions about AIM or the fact that the Treasury Department had stopped their harassment as soon as Banks had aligned himself with Jones but, nevertheless, Banks' suspicions threatened to expose Jones' work with the federal government. The possibility that Banks might discover that Jones was a CIA operative forced the agency to classify him in the negative. Whether he lived or died depended largely on David Conn, a Treasury agent (according to a sworn statement signed by Banks and corroborated by others including Conn's ex-wife, Donna, who once said of the couple's employment with the Treasury Department, "We both have high priority numbers." David Conn was employed as a surveyor at the Chevron Oil Refinery in the San Francisco East Bay. He counted Temple members Elmer Mertle, Grace Stoen and Michael Prokes among his friends.

In May of 1977, as Jim Jones prepared his final departure to Jonestown, David Conn arranged a meeting with Dennis Banks in the El Cerrito home of Indian leader Lehman Brightman, presumably to discuss

his possible extradition to South Dakota. At the meeting, Conn would speak of little besides Jim Jones. He claimed to be part of an interagency investigation into the Temple's shipment of weapons to Guyana. At other times, he claimed to have been investigating the Peoples Temple for "personal" reasons since about 1970. Banks couldn't understand what Jim Jones had to do with his possible extradition, except that he had promised to stay any attempts, that is until Conn strongly suggested that if he wanted immunity from extradition he first must issue a public statement condemning Jones and his Peoples Temple. Conn insisted that Banks meet that very evening with another Treasury agent he identified only as "Jim." Banks refused. The next day, Conn phoned to try and persuade Banks to attend a meeting with the Treasury Department. Banks wanted to bring his lawyer. Conn insisted he come alone. Again Banks refused out of fear he would be kidnapped and released perhaps unharmed but in South Dakota.

Jones proceeded to tell Banks and others that Patty Cartmell's Temple intelligence agents had gained access to the crawl space under the home of David Conn's ex-wife to overhear the plans of the Treasury agents. Banks fell for the deceit. He had been purposely manipulated into believing that he and Jim Jones shared a common enemy in the U.S. Treasury Department. Though he probably doesn't realize it, Banks' acceptance of the charade saved his life for, if he continued to question Jones' true motives, he would have had to have been killed either before or during the White Night in Jonestown.

By early September, Jones had taken his last leave of the United States. Banks was left without a patron and, due to Conn's proposal, on the horns of a

dilemma. He took the only honorable way out and signed a sworn statement on September 6, 1977, attesting to what he believed was the Treasury Department's attempt to blackmail him into discrediting Jones.

With the help of Larry Lee Litke, an attorney for Alameda County, David Conn went on to co-author a book about the Peoples Temple, entitled The Cult That Died. Though the work is interesting and rather accurate in its account of Jones' career, it fails to expose his employment with the CIA or the true nature of the Jonestown massacre.

In his public career, Jones played the role of a communist sympathizer, a socialist, a left-wing liberal Democrat, and a humanitarian who championed the cause of the Black and Native American people. But in reality, for the twenty-five years prior to his rise in San Francisco, Jones was a registered Republican whose ultra-conservative, right-wing politics were reflective of the Ku Klux Klan or the Nazi Party and are best evidenced by the fascist form of his Peoples Temple. The politics of Jim Jones are those of the son of a mid-western, Bible-belt marshall and Ku Klux Klan member. Those were his true political roots, which surfaced only occasionally, as with his close relationship with the head of the John Birch Society in California.

It is difficult to grasp Jones' political maneuvering as most of the crucial exchanges occurred in private, unreported meetings. But the number of important political leaders who accepted him as a virtual head of state attests to a power that was obviously disproportionate to his ministry. Jones' political clout stemmed not from his Peoples Temple but from his employer: The Central Intelligence Agency.

IX OF DOGS AND MONKEYS

The public life of Jim Jones began, progressed and ended with his manipulation of dogs and monkeys. Throughout his career, Jones surrounded himself with a variety of animals. These were the pet mascots for his preliminary experiments in behavior modification that helped him to develop his tremendous power to manipulate people. Over the years, these animals provided their master with money, recruits, favorable publicity and security guards for his Peoples Temple. They helped maintain the fallacy that Jones was a humanitarian who suffered constant attacks from racist enemies. In the final analysis, the Temple's animals provide an insight into the mind of Jim Jones. Perhaps the most accurate accounting of the Reverend Jim Jones comes from viewing his career through the eyes of dogs and monkeys.

The first congregation of the child preacher's "pretend church" was comprised of several stray dogs that young Jim had adopted. His canine congregation followed the Bible-toting boy everywhere he went and sat patiently whenever he practiced preaching to them.

Jones' pretend church grew to include the other children in his neighborhood but it remained oriented towards animals as Jim's primary function was to conduct funeral services for his playmates' deceased pets. Judging from his later treatment of animals, it is highly possible that young Jim murdered the pets just for the opportunity to officiate at the funerals. Jim Jones learned at an early age that a dead animal could give him power over people.

Years later, in an effort to finance his Peoples Temple, Jones embarked on the most absurd fund-raising campaign in religious history. He sold live Rhesus monkeys door-to-door. According to an interview published in the Indianapolis News on December 5th, 1953, Jones got the idea from an unidentified South American student who promised that there was money to be made in the monkey business. His first acquisition was a pet chimpanzee that he trained in table manners and the use of the toilet. Jones named the chimp "Sugar." Sugar enjoyed all the privileges of the other members of the household but received most of the attention as Jones had began an intensive study in primate behavior. Sugar would die of strychnine poisoning. By Jones' account, he then imported several dozen Rhesus monkeys from South America, Africa, Thailand and India, housed them in his garage and sold them, one at a time, for $29 each. The local Black residents must have been quite surprised to discover the young White preacher at their door with a Bible in one hand and a live monkey in the other. It was the Christmas season and Jones convinced many parents that a monkey would make an excellent present for their children. The unlikely combination of salvation, racial equality and monkeys was successful in raising

funds while providing a foot-in-the-door to recruit new parishioners. It was also good publicity; at least for a while.

A front page article in the Indianapolis Star, dated April 10, 1954, heralded the death of Jones' monkey business. According to the report, Jones had abandoned a recent shipment in the customs warehouse in the Federal building in Indianapolis when he refused to pay the air freight bill. Of the seven monkeys in the crate, three had died in transit and the remaining four were very sick. Despite efforts by the customs officials to nurse the four back to health, only two survived to be sold at the unclaimed freight auction. Though the article tarnished the preacher's reputation, it did serve to disguise the true source of the monkeys.

It would have been impossible for Jones to have profitted from the sale of imported monkeys at $29 each; the cost of the operation was too prohibitive. Aside from the normal business overhead, there was the high cost of international communications, the initial price of the monkeys, the expensive crating and air freight to Indianapolis, the high mortality loss in shipment, the required vaccinations against communicable disease and, of course, bananas, bananas and more bananas. Jones, whose business background which would later build an empire valued between $20 and $50 million, would never have sold at a loss. Indeed, he did sell several dozen Rhesus monkeys for $29 each but they had not been imported. Jones had acquired the monkeys from a domestic research laboratory where they were to be used as subjects in medical experiments. Fearing that his association with the research lab might prove embarassing, if not incriminating, Jones

staged a media manipulation by ordering a token shipment, refusing to accept it and reporting his activities to the local newspaper.

The monkey business was bizarre but important as it established Jones' early interest in behavioral science and his covert association with a medical research laboratory that apparently was of sufficient size that the loss of several dozen lab animals went unnoticed. It also attests to his ability to manipulate the press, a skill he would later hone to perfection, as well as his devious, yet intelligent, planning, as this one project built the first Peoples Temple with money, parishioners, publicity and purpose as the first in many studies in behavior modification. In retrospect, the monkey business had all the elements of sadistic irony that marked the Temple's future projects. Whenever Jones set the record wrong he provided posterity with a glimpse of his sick sense of humor. The fact that this son of a Ku Klux Klan officer bankrolled his self-destructive interracial church by selling monkeys to his prospective Black victims is, in itself, a racial slur. There is also strong symbolism in selling lab animals to finance a medical experiment that used "lab people." It was almost as if the experiments in behavior modification had progressed to the point where Jones, or his superiors, said, "Out with the monkeys; in with the Blacks" and, with his talent for logical planning, Jones accomplished both goals in one step.

Once he completed the transition from selling monkeys to saving Blacks, Jones returned to murdering dogs in an attempt to control people. The Indianapolis Temple was full of new Black faces but Jones realized he needed to do something spectacular to keep their

attention and ensure their return. He also knew that nothing could bind a group closer than the threat of a common enemy. Since their only common enemy was Jim Jones, himself, he proceeded to invent a fictitious one. From the very beginning, Jones claimed that his doctrine of racial equality and Utopian socialism had made him a target for the racist Ku Klux Klan and Nazi Party. According to Jones, he was constantly harassed by threatening phone calls and night riding vigilantes who vandalized his parsonage. He tried very hard to impress upon his predominantly Black congregation that he was somehow a champion for their cause.

Jones had converted his then defunct monkey house into an animal shelter where he fed and found homes for stray dogs; one in particular. He brought the dog to church services and introduced it to the congregation as a wayward stray that he had compassionately adopted as his personal pet. The following Sunday morning, the congregation arrived at the Temple to discover that the building had been vandalized during the night. There was garbage spread on the front steps and swastikas painted in red on the doors. Over the entrance were written the words, "Nigger Lover." The faithful ascended the steps, passed the garbage, and into the door marked "Nigger." In the vestibule they had to side-step the corpse of their preacher's "pet dog." Its throat had been slit and the body had obviously been thrown through a nearby broken window. There was a large puddle of blood on the floor and, for the first time, the parishioners realized that the warnings on the church facade had been painted in dog's blood. They proceeded to take their places inside with the uneasy silence of a wake. When everyone was assembled, Jones made his entrance.

The air was electrified with anticipation as he walked stiff, tight-lipped and determined to the pulpit. He paused long enough to make eye contact with each of his followers and then, in the loudest voice he could muster, he screamed, "Nigger Lover! Nigger Lover! You better believe I'm a nigger lover!" The audience roared in wild applause, spurred on by White provocateurs positioned throughout the crowd. Pent up emotions from years of discriminatory treatment were released and focused on this one dramatic incident. The scheme succeeded, not only in drawing the congregation closer to Jones, but in spreading the word to other Blacks that the young White preacher was a champion of their cause. Blacks flocked to the Peoples Temple as a sanctuary from the retribution of an enemy that they perceived as growing stronger with each passing day. It was amazing what Jones could accomplish with a dead dog, a broken window and a few cans of garbage.

When the Temple moved to California in 1965, Jones made the trip in the company of his family, his Black maid and a stray dog with her litter of puppies -- all in the same car. The dogs were important as, even before he established a permanent headquarters for the Temple, he opened another animal shelter. The Redwood Valley shelter introduced the Reverend Jones to the tiny Northern California community as a civic-minded "good Samaritan" and provided an endless supply of stray dogs for his use. Once the new Peoples Temple building was completed, unseen vigilantes again hurled dead dogs onto Temple property. This time, Jones blamed the Nazis and the John Birch Society, as the Ku Klux Klan was not active in Northern California. He used the incident as an excuse to tighten security at

the church and to explain the high metal fence that was erected around the perimeter. The fence apparently did not deter the alleged enemies of the Temple as they simply threw the dead dogs over the gate and onto the front lawn. Barbed wire was added to the fence, a guard tower was built at the front gate, search lights were installed and sentries, with trained German Shepherds, patrolled the compound twenty-four hours a day. The Redwood Valley Temple evolved to look very much like a Nazi concentration camp and when anyone asked why, the answer boiled down to dead dogs.

Though the dead dog tactic was, once again, successful in achieving the desired results, it was a mistake for Jones to stage the deceit in California. This was a new Peoples Temple, 2,000 miles from the old one, with a new membership and, according to Jones, a new set of invisible enemies that, against all odds, employed the same tactics as his alleged enemies in Indianapolis. The use of dead dogs in Indiana as well as in California provides posterity with an obvious clue that Jones, himself, had perpetuated all the deaths. Jones realized that most people are as appalled at the murder of a helpless dog as they are at the murder of a fellow human being. With his understanding of human nature, he was able to create martyrs for his cause without risking capital punishment. The penalty for killing a dog is, at worst, a sharp reprimand from the SPCA and a nominal fine from the courts, yet it was just as effective as the murder of a human advocate of the Peoples Temple.

All of the dogs in the Redwood Valley animal shelter were put to use. Temple aides would call on prospective recruits under the pretext of giving away

free puppies from the shelter. Once inside the prospect's home, the conversation would change to a dissertation on the good works of Jim Jones and an invitation to attend the next services at the Temple. The technique was a variation on the monkey business in Indiana but this time the prospective recruits were mostly Native Americans as there were very few Blacks living in the Redwood Valley area. Jones would later look to the ghettoes of San Francisco and Oakland to complete the required number of Black parishioners. Temple aide Carolyn Layton provided a record of the puppy give-away program in a typed memorandum dated June 21, 1973, in which she described a recent housecall,

> (basis of C (call) giving away puppies--Mrs. S--_____ wants a dog Melvina says)[155]

The older canines in the shelter, which were too large for the puppy program, were trained as attack dogs and released in the Temple's compound at night. Their presence was as effective at keeping parishioners inside the building as it was in keeping the alleged enemies out. When the Temple moved its headquarters from Redwood Valley to San Francisco, Jones ordered Jim McElvane and Jack Beam to shoot the thirty or so remaining dogs in the kennel and bury them in a large pit on Temple property because they had outlived their purpose.

In 1973, Jones acquired a new mascot for his Redwood Valley Temple, a young chimpanzee he named "Mr. Muggs." Mr. Muggs was introduced to the congregation in the first issue of the Temple Reporter, published

late in the summer of 1973. According to Jeannie Mills, a member of the Temple's publication staff,

> After thousands of papers had been printed and folded, Jim found a sentence that had to be deleted. We destroyed thousands of papers because of that one sentence. In an article about "Mr. Muggs," the chimpanzee that our church had adopted, the newspaper stated that Muggs had been saved from scientific experimentation. Jim was afraid that sentence (containing the word 'vivisection') might offend the scientific community, so we had to reprint the entire paper saying that Muggs had been "grossly mistreated."[156]

Jones was certainly not afraid of offending the scientific community in general as much as he was afraid of exposing the particular medical research laboratory that had given Mr. Muggs to him. For the second time in his career, he had gone to great lengths to suppress the identity of the benefactor of his monkeys. In all probability, Mr. Muggs came from the Berkeley laboratory of Dr. Lawrence Layton, the former chief of the Chemical Warfare Division, whose family played such a prominent role in the Peoples Temple and the experiment in Jonestown.

In addition to serving as the Temple's mascot and living testimony to Jones' humanitarian heart,

Muggs provided another important service to the Redwood Valley compound. Muggs's huge outdoor cage was built near the entrance to the estate in order to camouflage the guard tower, searchlights and short wave radio antenna that were installed on its roof. To outside observers, who questioned the concentration camp setting, Temple members would respond that the unusual structure was not a guard tower but the home of Mr. Muggs, the chimpanzee that their beloved leader had rescued from a torturous existence at the hands of its former owner.

Sometime in 1974, Mr. Muggs was shipped from California to Jonestown with the advance party that cleared the jungle floor for cultivation. Following the carnage in 1978, Max Krebs, the U.S. Ambassador to Guyana from 1974 to 1976, provided a statement to the Congressional committee investigating the Peoples Temple in which he described his brief inspection tour of the early stages of Jonestown. Krebs reported that the Americans and the local Guyanese laborers they hired toiled to build a town in the muddy, seemingly uninhabitable, jungle. He noted that the accomodations were primitive, that is, except for the new home of Mr. Muggs, of which he wrote,

> ...the comparatively sumptuous roofed cage in which was housed a chimpanzee (or some kind of primate), reportedly rescued from an unkind fate with a circus or zoo in California and brought to Guyana.[157]

The key words in the testimony are "reportedly rescued." Krebs, no doubt, received his information from a Temple worker who inadvertently perpetuated the lie regarding Muggs' former owner but who could only speculate on Jones' explanation that Muggs had been "grossly mistreated."

By 1977, when Jones and the balance of the Temple pioneers arrived in Guyana, there were several dogs living in Jonestown. These were the communal pets and watchdogs that provided an early warning system against the jaguars that frequently prowled the jungle community at night. On one occasion, Jones boasted to a visiting dignitary that he had invented a wheelchair-like device for three legged dogs. This would not have been the first time that Jones amputated an animal's leg as a publicity stunt.

In the final hour of Jonestown, with most of the residents lying dead in neat, orderly piles, Jones and his surviving guards were preparing to depart on their planned thirteen mile hike across the Venezuelan border when they realized the dogs presented a hindrance to their escape as they would undoubtedly follow the group into Venezuela rather than remain with the nine hundred dead in Jonestown. Jones ordered the dogs assembled and shot. Also, in a symbolic move, he ordered that Mr. Muggs receive a dosage of cyanide. Muggs died in his cage, as did the other guinea pigs in the experiment. The killing of Mr. Muggs and the Jonestown dogs has been reported as evidence that the crazed Bishop Jones wanted to destroy all life in his jungle community, but such was not the case as the community's collection of exotic birds was spared. Days later, when the first outsiders arrived to survey the death scene in Jonestown, they found the birds

resting on their perches like silent sentinels above the carnage.

Dogs and monkeys; throughout his career, Jones used and abused them to achieve his desired results. It is essential to fully understand his inhumane treatment of these animals for it was with this same ruthless brutality that Jim Jones treated people.

X IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE

In 1593, after exploring the rain forests and savannahs of the Northeast shoulder of South America, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote: "If God aides me to settle Guiana, Trinidad will be the richest trade center in the Indies, for if Guiana was one-twentieth of what it was supposed to be, it would be richer than Peru." With this and other encouraging reports, Europe soon sought to colonize the sparsely populated region that eventually was subdivided into French Guiana (famed for its Devil's Island), Dutch Guiana (now known as Surinam) and British Guiana (now called simply Guyana). In the early 1800's, following the loss of their North American colonies, Britain declared sovereignty over a tract of jungle about the size of the state of Idaho. Poison dart guns and arrows were no match for the British musket; there was little or no resistance to the take-over and the primitive natives simply retreated into the interior. British Guiana was rich in gold, diamonds, manganese, bauxite and timber, but more important than its mineral and natural resources was the tremendous potential for agriculture. The

English imported Black African slaves and East Indian indentured servants to labor in their lucrative rice and sugarcane fields as well as in the colony's mining, timber and fishing industries. The capital city of Georgetown, named for the king of England, was built on the coast where most of the English enterprises were concentrated. Few ventured into the hostile interior. Today, most of the 800,000 inhabitants of Guyana are the descendants of Black Africans and East Indians with only a few scattered Amerindians: the native people. Guyana is the only South American country where English is the official language. It is bordered on the south by Brazil, on the east by Surinam, on the west by Venezuela and on the north by the Atlantic Ocean which is the only border that is not contested. It is so isolated that there are no roads or railway lines connecting it to neighboring countries.

The political scenario in Guyana that led to the Jonestown Agricultural and Medical Mission began in 1953 when the People's Progressive Party suspended the British constitution and, though still a British colony, took the first step towards independence. The PPP, a coalition of the two major indigenous factions, was controlled by Forbes Burnham, representing the Blacks, and Cheddi Jagan and his American wife Janet, representing the East Indians. A year later a power struggle ensued and the two factions split. Jagan's socialist PPP maintained control for the next ten years while Burnham formed the People's National Congress and waited for his turn. His opportunity came in 1963 when, with the help of the British Colonial Office and the Central Intelligence Agency, Burnham was installed as Prime Minister. Three years later, Burnham severed ties with England, declared independence and renamed

his country the Cooperative Republic of Guyana. Until his death in 1985, Burnham remained in power through elections that the opposition party claimed were fraudulent. Janet Jagan often cites the example of a mysterious American who appeared in Georgetown just prior to the balloting. She contends he was a CIA consultant in election rigging and she is probably correct.

Prime Minister Burnham (who almost everyone except the CIA agrees was a puppet of the CIA) formulated a masterplan for the 1970's that would make the decade prominent in his country's history for more than just the Jonestown experiment. He faced several problems. Though he controlled the capital city of Georgetown, that was about the extent of his domain. Most of the natural resources in the interior were owned by foreign business concerns and over 80% of its land was claimed by neighboring Venezuela and Surinam. Regarding the former, Burnham nationalized Canadian and U.S. bauxite mining operations and British sugar plantations from 1971 until 1976 when the purge of foreign interests was completed. Nationalizing the mining operations of Reynolds Aluminum, Union Carbide and Alcan in 1974 is of particular interest to this story as their mines in Port Kaituma and Mathews Ridge were only about fifteen miles from Jonestown. The Port Kaituma airstrip that served Jonestown, and as a stage for Congressman Ryan's assassination, was built by these American mining interests to support their local operations. Guyana did not immediately profit from nationalizing its industries as production ceased due to a lack of domestic experience and ambition.

Guyana's relationship with the United States continued to decline until reaching a low ebb in late

1976 when, on October 6th, sabotaged Air Cubana Flight 455 exploded just minutes after taking off from Barbados. It crashed into the sea. On board the flight bound for Havana were the Cuban National Fencing Team, a delegation of North Koreans and eleven Guyanese diplomats; all 73 passengers were killed. Only eight bodies were recovered. It was the culmination of a three-month reign of terror by the Miami-based Cubans under the direction of the CIA. The first bombing, like the last, was an attempt to down an Air Cubana flight but the time bomb exploded on a baggage cart in the middle of the airport runway. The bomb was on time; the plane was late. In September the U. S. based Cubans claimed responsibility for bombing Guyana's consulate in Trinidad; there were no fatalities. About the same time, Orlando Letelier, former Chilean Ambassador to the United States, was killed in a car bombing in Washington, D.C. credited to the same group under the direction of CIA mercenaries in the service of the new Chilean regime. Finally, the exiled Cubans claimed to have downed Air Cubana Flight 455, using an altimeter instead of a clock for detonation. According to a BBC interview, taped days before his disappearance, CIA arms dealer Frank Terpil described the agency's common use of this device that detonates only when the plane reaches a predetermined altitude, insuring total destruction. The altitude detonation device works only in the non-pressurized baggage compartment. According to Terpil's last testimony, it was quite easy to buy a ticket, check a bag with the bomb and never board the plane, or hide the bomb in a gift and give it to the intended victim or, since it did not matter, anyone else booked on the flight. Terpil admitted to selling such devices. He

also admitted that one of his customers was Jim Jones. Eventually, CIA operative Luis Posada and Miami terrorist leader Dr. Orlando Busch were jailed in Caracas, Venezuela, charged in the bombing of Air Cubana Flight 455. In the end they were just two more anti-Castro Cuban exiles, sacrificed by the agency that claimed to support them.

Fidel Castro held a memorial service for the crash victims in which one million Cubans, one-tenth of the population, gathered in a square to hear their leader say, "The CIA is behind all these deeds." Washington frustrated the situation by delaying several days before they reluctantly sent their condolences to Forbes Burnham at the loss of his ministers. Burnham proceeded to broadcast a fiery speech in which he claimed, "The friends of the CIA, the people that are harbored by the CIA, the people that have been encouraged by the CIA, the people who had guns from the CIA to invade Cuba in 1961 are responsible." The U.S. State Department immediately responded in a note of protest to Burnham. John Blacken, the U.S. Charge' in Guyana was recalled to Washington as further evidence of their indignation. Henry Kissinger, dissatisfied with the initial State Department response, issued a second statement referring to Burnham's accusations of U.S. complacency in the bombing of Flight 455 as "bold faced lies." Three months later and a few days into the new Carter administration, Blacken was sent back to Georgetown, ending whatever threat the State Department wished to convey and beginning a resumption of normal relations that would prove to be very profitable to Burnham.

Dictators, like Castro, Burnham and others installed by the CIA, all seem to follow the same

pattern. First, the agency puts their man in power. Then, after a few years, an international incident serves as a stage to disassociate the leader from his CIA sponsors when in reality it was no more than the mass murder of his political enemies. For Castro, it was the Bay of Pigs. For Burnham, it was Flight 455. The accepted theory is that the Miami-based Cuban terrorists, under the direction of the CIA, sabotaged the flight for some unstated Cuban reasons. Though the loss of the Cuban National Fencing Team was regretable, from the point of view of a politically-motivated terrorist, the deaths were insignificant compared to the assassination of the North Korean and Guyanese delegations. They were more important to the CIA than the Cuban Fencing Team was to the CIA-backed terrorists. Burnham grieved the loudest at the loss of the Guyanese delegation (which included the wife of his ambassador to Cuba) but in reality their deaths improved his political position. He said he somehow felt personally responsible as it was he who recommended they take, not only that trip, but that particular flight.

The day after the bombing, Jim Jones flew from Havana to Georgetown where he surfaced in the offices of the Guyana Chronicle. Amid all the activity of what must have been a heavy news day, Jones was granted a one hour interview in which he claimed to have booked a seat on Flight 455 but had refused to board the plane at the last minute following a premonition that the CIA would try to kill him. "They've tried to kill me three times in the U.S.," he told the reporter who eventually wrote glowing accounts of the almost martyr. According to Jones, it was a very close call, so close that he had even checked his baggage on the flight before

deciding not to board the plane. His bags were destroyed in the explosion. Whether related or not, one account described a Temple Planning Commission meeting in San Francisco held just prior to Jones' trip in which he passed a note around the table that read, "We now have the last part we need for the bomb." After the note had circulated, informing some and puzzling others (who would later recount the event), Jones burned it. Jones did have the motive, ability and opportunity to bomb Flight 455 but, in any event, both he and his old friend Forbes Burnham used the incident to disassociate themselves from their CIA sponsors.

While in Georgetown, Jones met with Burnham, reminisced about the past and planned the last project in their long history. Few realize how close the two men were. Jones had helped Burnham establish control in the early 60's and had kept in communication since, visiting Georgetown and Burnham often. Burnham once reciprocated and visited Jones in California but they tried to keep that a secret. Now, the two set out to solve a recurring problem that had plagued Guyana and the United States for over a century.

In Sir Walter Raleigh's time, the term "Guiana" encompassed Venezuela as well. When Venezuela achieved independence in 1821 no clear border was established with British Guiana because the region is a dense jungle inhabited only by a small number of apolitical natives. In 1840, a British agent surveyed the region and published a map which gave Britain all the hinterlands drained by the rivers that emptied into the Atlantic Ocean along the narrow strip of coastline that they occupied. Venezuela immediately protested British rule over an area that their maps referred to as

"Venezuela Esperia." England stalled for forty years while they tried to fortify the frontier. In 1886, Venezuela broke off diplomatic relations with Britain and looked to the United States for help. In 1895, the U.S. Congress passed a resolution recommending arbitration, which, along with a strong note from the Secretary of State, was sent to London. The British government refused until President Grover Cleveland convinced Congress to appropriate $100,000 for an independent commission to investigate the dispute. The British agreed to arbitration with a supposedly-impartial Parisian board that eventually awarded most of the disputed territory to Britain. And so it was that the issue was laid to rest in 1899, only to be reborn in 1966 when Venezuela, tempted by the weakness of the fledgling Guyanese government, claimed to have discovered evidence that the French arbitration board was in collusion with the British. They immediately invaded Guyana's Northwest territory and occupied the river island of Ankoko which Guyana claimed was half theirs. A few years earlier, a 166-ounce gold nugget had been found on the island. But more important than the region's mineral wealth was its potential to produce hydroelectric power from a proposed site on the Upper Mazaruni that could rival the largest dam in the world. With the natural resources and the inexpensive energy to convert them into finished goods, this area could become a major manufacturing center in a very short time. Fortunes were in the balance as the tension rose at the border. A war was narrowly averted when, in 1970, Venezuela signed the Port-of-Spain Protocol agreeing to forego their land claim for twelve years to see what, if anything, the new Guyanese

government would do to develop, or even just occupy, the disputed territory.

The conflict was critical, because losing it would mean losing five-eighths of Guyana. Actually, if Burnham were to lose all of the land disputes, Guyana would be reduced to just Georgetown and a small strip of coast because that is where almost all the Guyanese people live. In true Caribbean fashion, 95% of the population lives on the coast, occupying 5% of the land. The other 95% of the country, which is mostly dense jungle, is inhabited by the remaining 5% and most of them are primitive natives. Burnham's problem was that he could not claim what his people did not possess. The Guyanese people are not pioneers. They prefer to accept what exists rather than to build something new and consider venturing into the interior very dangerous. The giant anaconda and boa constrictor snakes as well as the panthers are frightening, but not as dangerous as the alligator, or the brightly colored frogs that are poisonous to the touch, or the arrows of the local natives, or the ever-present chance of getting hopelessly lost in the tangled underbrush.

In pursuit of his goal to secure the interior, Burnham formed the Guyanese National Service; a Hitler-youth type organization intended to educate "The New Guyana Man" in the hopes that the generation that was coming of age would develop the agricultural potential of the disputed Northwest territory. Service was not mandatory but without it a youth was barred from the country's only university and any but the most menial jobs. Land was cleared and outposts, which were more military than agricultural, were built by the young Guyanese who had been relocated in the jungle in the service of their country. After only three years,

twenty-five percent of his allotted time, Burnham realized the program was failing. In the ranks of the National Service, apathy was as common as expertise was rare. They lacked the drive of the North American pioneers and what has accurately been defined as "American ingenuity." Burnham believed they could succeed if his U.S. sponsors would construct a pilot project as an example for the young Guyanese to follow, and who better to help in this endeavor than his old CIA buddy, Jim Jones, who arranged to lease a 3,852 acre tract in the disputed territory, thirteen miles from the Venezuelan border. The Peoples Temple occupied the site in December of 1973 but the five year lease, which expired one month after the massacre, was not signed until 1976. There was talk of an additional 20,000 acres but this was only rhetoric to impress the Venezuelans.

The project's contribution to the security of Guyana's interior is best described by Laurence Mann, Guyana's ambassador to the United States, in a letter he wrote to his Foreign Minister in 1977,

> We have not, of course, told the press that the peopling of the North West region of the country near the Venezuelan front by American citizens is a consideration not to be dismissed lightly, since the death of American citizens in a border war cannot be a matter of indifference to the Department of State. Nor have we told the press that Bishop Jones's en-

> dorsement of the Party, the Government, and its philosophical objectives is not a matter of regret to us.[158]

While home on leave in Georgetown, Ambassador Mann regularly slept with pretty Temple aide Paula Adams; an arrangement that no doubt pleased Jim Jones. Adams survived the events of November 18th. She moved from the Temple's headquarters into Mann's home where she remained for the next five years. In October of 1983, Paula Adams, Ambassador Mann, and their infant son were found dead. All three had been shot point blank. Though the ambassador was probably aware that Jonestown was a CIA operation, he was not aware of the medical aspect of the project. But there is strong evidence, other than the well-timed land lease, to suggest that Forbes Burnham was cognizant of the date that Jonestown would self-destruct. One month before the massacre, with Jonestown at its most developed and impressive state, Burnham invited Venezuelan President Carlos Andres Perez to Georgetown for an interim conference on the disputed territory; eight years into their twelve year agreement. After viewing Jonestown from the air on his flight from Caracas, Perez was given a video-taped tour of the jungle community and reminded that any future advances by the Venezuelans into the disputed region would be met with opposition from not only Guyana but the United States as well. Perez, whose country traded with the Russians at the rate of $600 million annually, did not want Venezuela to become the focus of US/Russian hostilities. He ended his state visit by announcing Venezuela's interest in financing the Upper Mazaruni dam in exchange for the

privilege to purchase electricity from Guyana. Apparently, Perez, and perhaps even his Russian business partners, had determined that the inexpensive energy to develop Venezuela's own uninhabited interior was more important than risking a major international confrontation by claiming land that they could not occupy or develop for profit. Perez stated publicly that Venezuela had given up any expectations of ever owning the disputed Northwest territory, resolving a problem that dated back to 1821; a problem that was solved mainly through the presence of Jonestown which, with less than four weeks to live, made its last and largest contribution to the government of Guyana. Jones had secured Burnham's control of five-eighths of Guyana and the CIA's control of Burnham.

With the tropical sunshine, adequate rainfall and virgin soil, Guyana's Northwest territory has the agricultural potential to support two, if not three, growing seasons. As described in Chapter Two, the initial phase of the Jonestown Agricultural and Medical Mission was charged in part with clearing a road to the encampment where several hundred additional acres were cleared for cultivation by slash and burn techniques. Temple workers planted a wide variety of crops including sugarcane, bananas, citrus fruits, pineapples and cassava.

Cassava, also known as manioc or yuca, is the generic name for plants in the genus Manihot of the family Euphorbiaceae. Native to tropical South America, the bush, which grows to a six foot diameter, has long provided the local natives with their main staple. There are two varieties of cassava; sweet and bitter. Bitter cassava is extremely poisonous, but edible, if heated during preparation to evaporate the

hydrocyanic acid. The roots are harvested and grated by hand. The juice is the main ingredient used to prepare sauces, an intoxicating beverage and starch for clothing. The fleshy part of the root is cooked and eaten or processed into tapioca or farina, a ground meal that is the flour of cassava bread and cakes. It is not surprising that cassava was the main staple of Jonestown, but what is surprising is that they would deliberately cultivate only the poisonous variety.

Cassava production, along with every other aspect of Jonestown, was recorded in minute detail and published as a "Progress Report" to Forbes Burnham's government. One such lengthy report, issued in the summer of 1977, was concerned in part with a new type of cassava mill invented by the Americans.

> ...We can grate 100 pounds of cassava in about three minutes using the homemade mill.
>
> We collect bitter cassava from the field in open, 50 gallon drums, and wash them in the trailer wagon through the jostling action on the way to the mill. The grater is a heavy table, 3' X 8-1/2', with a hole 12" X 14" in the middle. Two iron pulleys welded together work the grater. The grater blade is made with a small three-cornered file, sharpened to make a small hole at half-inch intervals, with each row off-set to the last. We use a 5 HP electric motor to turn

the grater. One person puts the cassava in the grater, and another uses a cassava root to push the cassava against the grater.

Grated cassava comes through the bottom of the mill into a tub lined with a plastic feed bag. This is then lifted into the press, which consists of two heavy truck wheel rims, 21" in diameter, with a solid bottom, except for a 2" hole for the juice to escape. Cassava is pressed against the sides of a cylinder which has slits cut about 4" apart and 6" in length. In the bottom is a set of 5 ribs, made of crab wood, 2" square with spacing to match. On these ribs is placed a lead cylinder to give better pressing effect.

The pressing plate is applied using a 10-ton hydraulic jack. It is set against a press frame made of wood timber. The cassava water drains into buckets and sits for about 30 minutes to let the starch settle to the bottom. The water is poured off into cooking vats and then boiled slowly for a few hours. It is strained through cheesecloth, then slowly boiled again until

cooked down to a heavy syrup called cassareep. This is used in cooking as flavoring. The starch is also used in cooking, and to starch clothes.

The pressed cassava is put back through the grater and ground again, then dried on the floor. It is now about 40% of its original weight, and is mixed into pig feed. About 1,000 pounds of cassava produces 170 ozs. of cassareep; 100 pounds of cassava will make 50 cassava breads, 18" in diameter.

We have grated and pressed sweet potatoes by the same process as the cassava, producing a substance slightly sweeter than cassareep. We dried the processed potato. Some of the Guyanese have used it for porridge, which they said was very good. We have also produced a sweet potato flour which, mixed with eggs and fired in cakes has a meat-like flavor. It could easily be used as a meat stretcher. It can also be stored for periods of time in this flour state.[159]

Much of Jonestown's cassava crop was planted a few rows deep on either shoulder of the road they had

cut through the jungle to the community. It was a new idea and quite ingenious. The main obstacle in farming a jungle is the indigenous plant life that first must be cleared to allow the sun to shine on the soil and the crops. Since roads had to be cleared first in the development of any virgin land, why not use the narrow strip cut through the jungle for more than just a road? Temple workers planted cassava bushes all along the unpaved way. With the road within feet of this long, thin farm field, the crops were easy to care for and harvest and the cultivation along the shoulder helped to hold the jungle at bay and prevent it from engulfing the road.

Cassava production was only one small aspect of the Jonestown Agricultural and Medical Mission and has been presented here as an example of Jonestown's work for the Guyanese government as a pilot project; an example to follow in settling the Northwest territory. It is also a study in American ingenuity. The Guyanese would never have thought of building a cassava mill out of what was basically salvaged junk. Though ideas like planting along the roadside and washing the harvested root through the jostling action of the trailer on its way to the mill might seem simple enough, they served to elevate the science of cassava production, which, after centuries, was thought to have been perfected.

There was equal attention paid to the other agricultural experiments. Every edible plant imaginable was planted in the vegetable garden, many for the first time ever in the jungle. Successes and failures were noted and reported to the Guyanese government. The experimentation was not restricted to the fields and the processing but extended to the "Jonestown

Experimental and Herbal Kitchen" that even published recipes for the Guyanese.

Shelter and especially energy were also subjects covered in the Temple's progress reports. In the aftermath of the 1974 Arab oil embargo, the United States was thrust into an energy crisis that, whether real or contrived to raise prices, resulted in a search for alternative energy sources. Guyana, too poor to afford to import and rely on vast quantities of oil, was affected little by the embargo but shared with the United States the need for inexpensive energy. Power black-outs were a daily occurrence even in Georgetown and, though the Upper Mazaruni power plant might one day solve Guyana's shortage, it would take years to construct the plant and even longer to run the electrical lines to remote places in the interior. Part of the task of Jonestown was to develop an energy self-sufficient jungle community, something the Guyanese National Service had failed to do.

It was impossible to ignore the energy potential of wood, especially since large quantities of timber had to be removed to clear the jungle floor for cultivation. The Jonestown sawmill cut lumber for the construction of the town. In characteristic detail, every plank, every nail and every form of design or construction of even the resident piggery was meticulously reported to the Guyanese. An entire town was built from the natural resources around it. Little more than tin roofing, nails and tools were brought in from the outside. Every part of the tree was used. Less desirable pieces were cut into firewood and burned for cooking, some heating (what little was needed) and to dry clothes. Daily rainfall makes hanging laundry out to dry in the jungle an unreliable method.

Jonestown technicians invented a wood-fired clothes dryer that solved the major problem faced by the "Jonestown launderette." Wood chips and saw dust from the mill were used as litter for the chickens and pigs and, after soiled, spread on the fields for fertilizer. Other solid waste from humans and the few dozen cattle was first composted to produce methane gas (a clean-burning fuel used like natural gas in cooking) and then spread on the fields.

The free methane gas was used to fuel the town's electric generator; a slightly modified conventional gasoline-powered unit. Power was supplemented by a homemade wind generator built from halved 50 gallon drums and an alternator from an automobile engine. But, of all the clever inventions, Jones was particularly proud of the solar powered water heating system in the communal showers. His son-in-law, Forrest Ray Jones (not a blood relative -- he had married Jones' adopted daughter, Agnes) designed and built the thermosyphon solar water heater from conventional building materials. The system worked well and stands as another example of Jones' successful efforts to bring U.S. technology to the jungles of Guyana.

Jonestown's value to Burnham's government is almost always underrated, due primarily to Jones' attempts to hide his success from everyone except the Guyanese. One rumor claimed that the first fields cultivated were plowed up and down the hills and the rain washed the thin layer of topsoil away, exposing the barren subsoil and destroyed the land forever. Another rumor reported that the electricians had ruined the generator by miswiring it. The sawmill was said to be a failure, unable to cut the jungle hardwood. It

was all Jones' propaganda. An experienced farmer (Phil Blakey), under the direction of a senior scientist in the U.S. Department of Agriculture (Dr. Laurence Layton) must certainly have remembered learning the technique of contour plowing in grammar school. Besides, the fields surrounding Jonestown were flat. Even if it were possible to completely ruin the generator and sawmill, it would seem to be a minor set-back for a man who possessed millions of dollars and the ability to buy anything he wanted from the United States, even a drum of cyanide. At worst, replacement would seem easy. In truth, the Jonestown electrical system worked well, better than the government operated generators elsewhere. The sawmill produced enough wood to build the town, with enough left over to construct wooden boardwalks throughout the community. The walks kept one's feet out of the mud; a convenience made possible by the lavish supply of lumber from the sawmill. In the end, the rumors about the failing of the mill were quickly accepted because Jones had deliberately left clues supporting them. Though the community had always produced its own lumber, in the aftermath of the carnage, a large order of wood for Jonestown awaited their pick up on the docks in Georgetown which gave the impression that Jones, in the midst of a jungle, could not produce his own wood. It also implied that he had a future in mind for Jonestown when actually he had only ordered a load of lumber that he never intended to pay for or pick up. The entire purpose of the propaganda was to create the image of failure intended to mask the project's value to the CIA-installed government of Guyana and help explain the project's unexplainable demise.

Thus was the nature of Jones' last published work for Prime Minister Burnham. The two men had been friends since the early 1960's when the CIA put both in their respective positions. And now, fifteen years later, they closed their last business deal. The Jonestown Agricultural and Medical Mission was a tremendous success but, despite the obvious advantages to Burnham, he wanted more in exchange for hosting the atrocity. In the last year of Jonestown, U.S. aid to Guyana went from $500,000 to $31.5 million; an increase of 6,300%. Burnham profited handsomely from his relationship with the U.S. State Department which had taken him from obscurity and made him one of the ten richest Black men in the world. He was sufficiently confident in his knowledge of the true nature of the Jonestown experiment that, amid all rumors of a Temple hit squad and hundreds of missing, he sent his wife Viola to tour the carnage. Escorted by Guyanese soldiers, the first lady was the first outsider on the scene. Most accounts imply that she was there to confiscate anything of value, but moreover, her visit stands as evidence that Burnham felt in control of a situation that all others considered extremely dangerous.

In the end, Jonestown reverted back to Burnham, who ordered all the personal effects, even the mattresses, burned, as if he feared contamination. Jonestown remained intact and today stands like a ghost town except for groups of aspiring members of the Guyana National Service who tour the facility as an outdoor classroom. The curious inventions and ingenious adaptations that represent a marriage of modern technology and pioneering spirit remain on

display as the prime example of how to secure and settle Guyana's Northwest territory.

Of course, in the wake of the tragedy, Burnham tried to deny his association with Jonestown but his speech to Parliament was drowned out by the representatives' cries of "Cover Up! Shame! Cover Up!" On the eve of the next national election, in December of 1980, Burnham was accused of padding the voter registration rolls with the names of deceased Jonestown residents. Guyana's Information Minister confirmed the accusations, adding that even if the cultists were alive they were American citizens and could not vote in a Guyanese election. This postscript is insignificant except that everyone concerned with the incident had automatically assumed that the bogus Jonestown ballots would be cast for Burnham. Such was the undeniable relationship between the CIA-sponsored Prime Minister and the CIA-sponsored experiment in Jonestown. Burnham was eventually pressured to conduct an official state investigation into his government's relationship with Jonestown. All the files and records were entrusted to the Chief Justice of Guyana's Supreme Court who stored the documents in a building that soon afterwards burned to the ground. Witnesses claim that the arsonists wore GDF uniforms.

XI THE EXPERIMENT

Jim Jones was an expert in the psychic science of coercive persuasion, behavior modification, mind control and brainwashing. It was his favorite subject ever since the early days in Indianapolis, when he studied and altered primate behavior. The first modern studies into the psychic sciences took place in Nazi Germany. Following World War II, the United States, impressed with the superior knowledge of the Nazi scientists, placed them and their research under the security and direction of the newly formed Central Intelligence Agency. The CIA employed hundreds of scientists and behavioral experts in over 149 different projects located in laboratories throughout the world. This multi-million dollar, supersecret project was given the code name MK ULTRA. Their psychic research encompassed hypnosis, sensory deprivation, electro-shock, ESP, subliminal projection, sleep deprivation, sleep teaching, and the development of hundreds of mind altering drugs. By the early 1960's, most of the work had progressed as far as it could in a laboratory and the CIA gathered the results of the lab experiments to

compile a comprehensive study in the psychic sciences. The compiled data was then given to their agent, Jim Jones, who was assigned the task of conducting an actual field test to verify and improve upon the results of the lab tests. Considering the vast amount of knowledge he possessed, both from his personal research and from the MK ULTRA project, Jim Jones was the foremost authority on the psychic sciences in the world.

When Jones moved his Peoples Temple to the Ukiah, California area in 1965, the group immediately infiltrated the Mendocino State Mental Hospital which would provide, not only test persons (TP's as the Nazis called them) for his preliminary experiments, but also a training ground for the many medical technicians he needed for the ultimate experiment. Within a very short period of time, every employee of the hospital was a member of the Peoples Temple. From nurses, to therapists, to counselors, to cleaning women, every worker in the facility was replaced by a Temple member. California virtually gave the Mendocino State Mental Hospital to Jim Jones. A few of the mental patients were coerced into joining the Temple, but, moreover, they provided the Temple with state funding, both as patients in the hospital and as outpatients assigned to one of several Temple operated care homes financed by the Department of Social Services.

The Mendocino Plan was a pilot program of the federal government designed to evaluate the feasibility of deinstitutionalizing the nation's mentally ill. It was a study in whether private enterprise could provide adequate patient care for less money than government-run institutions required to provide the same services. Dennis Denny, Mendocino's Director of Social Services

has speculated that the Mendocino Plan was the sole reason that Jim Jones moved to Ukiah.

Eventually, most of the patients at Mendocino State Hospital were released in the charge of the peoples Temple. The public funds previously allocated to Jim Jones via the hospital's budget, the staff's salaries and their subsequent donations, now came directly from the state to Jones, who reportedly bled the program by providing a minimum of patient care for a maximum profit. By 1972, the absence of mental patients at Mendocino State Hospital prompted then Governor Ronald Reagan to close the facility which, after all, was the desired intent of the Mendocino Plan. Jones protested the closing, but, in truth, it mattered little to him. The hospital had outlived its usefulness as a training center for the Temple's medical staff. The patients and their state subsidy were now under his direct control. Jones' wife, Marceline, exemplified the transition, leaving her job as a nurse at Mendocino State Hospital to be appointed state inspector of private care homes. Among her official duties was the oversight of the Temple's facilities.

Jim Jones contributed more to American society than has previously been accredited to him and his successful management of the Mendocino Plan is a prime example. His Peoples Temple was the vanguard of a reform movement that swept the country to such an extent that, within a decade of the project's completion, the total number of mental patients housed in public institutions nationwide had been reduced by over 75%, saving the government a proportionate amount of revenue.

The Temple's medical staff conducted several experiments in behavior modification both on the mental patients in their care and on the general congregation during the organization's stay in California. The "Board of Education" was the name Jones gave to a large wooden plank that resembled a fraternity initiation paddle, and that was used to beat Temple children into submission. The child to be disciplined was called to the Temple's stage where he was paddled in full view of the congregation, as a deterrent to other children who might misbehave. Jones would stand off to one side and call out the blows, usually given by 250 pound Ruby Carroll. Upon completion of the predetermined punishment, the child was expected to say "Thank you" into the microphone that Jones extended down to him. It was this "Thank you" plus the signed authorization from the child's parents giving the Temple permission to discipline their children that protected Jones from any legal ramifications resulting from the beatings that were so brutal that many children were rendered unconscious.

The Temple also used electroshock treatments to modify the behavior of the children entrusted to their care. In a locked room of the San Francisco Temple was a machine that only the children to be disciplined and an attending nurse were allowed to see. The machine was named "The Blue-Eyed Monster" though later reports referred to it as "The Blue-Eyed Demon." Some said this Aryan devil was a simple cattle prod, others claimed it was a heart defibrulator or the shock treatment machine the Temple had acquired from Mendocino State Hospital. Few children would describe the apparatus; but those who did said it was a scaled-down version of an executioner's electric chair. The

child was strapped into the metal chair and electrodes were attached to various parts of his or her body. Though the machine itself was hidden from the general adult congregation, the existence of the machine was not. At closed meetings of the congregation, Jones would call out the names of those children to be disciplined and they would be taken into the Blue-Eyed Monster's den. A microphone, attached to the public address system, was placed in the room. The general congregation heard no noises from the machine only the screams of the children attached to it. The child emerged from the room and ran to Jim Jones; groveling at his feet to say "Thank you -- Thank you" in robot-like repetition.

Later, in Jonestown, the physical beating and shock treatments of Temple children were replaced with sheer terror in the form of "Big Foot"; a monster that Jones told them lived in a shallow well on the outskirts of the jungle community. Children who misbehaved were lowered into the well, where, unknown to them, adults were hiding in the darkness. The adults made animal sounds and grabbed at the child's dangling legs in a feigned attempt to pull him into the abyss. Kicking and screaming, the child was pulled out of the well and told that if he misbehaved again he would be dropped into the well and Big Foot would eat him. Of course, Big Foot was only effective on the very young children who honestly believed in its existence.

Sleep deprivation was also used to break the will of Temple children and adults and render them open to Jones' strong willed orders. For no other apparent reason, the subjects were forced to go days without sleep. Many were so deprived that they would fall

asleep standing up. This brainwashing technique, originally developed by the Chinese, was used extensively by Jones throughout the history of his Peoples Temple.

Sensory deprivation was also widely employed as a means of breaking down the will of a test subject. Early Temple experiments in sensory deprivation are not well documented, but it is known that Jones imparted his expertise to Donald DeFreeze, who utilized the technique to brainwash Patricia Hearst, as described elsewhere in this work. It was not until the Temple moved to Guyana that their experiments in sensory deprivation surfaced. Tom Grubbs, a psychologist with a degree from the University of California, was in charge of "the box." Grubbs, who was also the principal of the Jonestown school, personally constructed Jones' sensory deprivation chamber. Test subjects were locked in the chamber which was then placed below ground in a root cellar. The effect was that of being buried alive. Jones recognized the terror in the technique and ordered several additional chambers built in the shape of coffins. The test persons interred in the boxes were totally deprived of all sensory input. Without input, the mind goes blank and the subject emerges from the ordeal in a very receptive state for further conditioning. Tom Grubbs, who had been the Temple's expert in sensory deprivation for eight years, reportedly died in the Jonestown massacre but this cannot be confirmed as his body has never been identified. His wife, Beatrice Orsot Grubbs, a former legal secretary for the Internal Revenue Service, was also one of Jones' top aides. She conveniently escaped the massacre as she was in Georgetown at the time for a "dentist appointment."

Upon her return to the United States, she reported to the New York Times that her stay in Jonestown was, "the happiest year of my life." One year later, on November 18, 1979, the New York Times Magazine published an interview with Beatrice Grubbs under the title, "Jonestown The Survivors' Story" in which she defended herself by expressing regret at having missed the chance to die with her friends. She also told her interviewer that she "thinks the C.I.A. had something to do with what happened in Jonestown." Her Temple companion and bodyguard during the trip to the Georgetown dentist office had been Tyrone Mitchell who also escaped the carnage. On February 24, 1984, Mitchell opened fire with an AR 16 semi-automatic rifle on a group of young children in the school yard across the street from his Los Angeles home. He killed one ten-year-old girl and wounded thirteen others before reportedly taking his own life. The newspaper reports attributed his actions to allegations that he was a known user of many drugs, most notably alcohol and PCP, and that he had suffered from an "unremitting bleakness" ever since his parents, four sisters and one brother had been killed in Jonestown. No mention was made of the possibility that Tyrone Mitchell survived because he was a brainwashed Temple assassin whose subconscious programming exploded to the surface five years later. In the fall of 1978, the sensory deprivation chambers were dismantled so as not to leave any evidence of the experiment in the inevitable aftermath of Jonestown.

One of the most important aspects of the Temple's early medical experiments was their research into ethnic disease. Jones' Sickle Cell Anemia clinic was one of the finest such facilities in the United

States. Understanding both the affliction and Jones' interest in it is a critical prerequisite to understanding the experiment that followed in Jonestown. Sickle Cell Anemia first appeared as a human mutation in Black Africa sometime in prehistory. The blood cells of a Sickle Cell victim change form from the normal disc-shape to a spiny "sickle" shape when the cell gives up its carbon dioxide wastes. Such mutations have come and gone throughout man's evolution; most being quickly bred out of existence. The sickle cell deviation however, had one major advantage that insured its survival through natural selection. The malaria parasite, a predominant killer in ancient Africa, cannot invade the sickle-shaped cell as readily as it invades normal cells, thus persons with sickle cell anemia were more likely to survive, breed and perpetuate the trait. Though malaria has since been all but eradicated, the sickle cell trait remains locked in the genetic structure of the Black race. The basic problem is that the odd-shaped cells tend to block intersections in the body's blood system. Cells then back up in a massive "traffic jam" that stops the flow of blood to various parts of the body, which become starved for oxygen and suffer irrevocable damage. From a very early age, victims suffer a variety of paralyses and strokes that render them bed-ridden and completely helpless. All victims die prior to their twentieth year. Presently, one out of every ten Blacks in the United States carries the sickle cell trait. If a trait carrier mates with a non-carrier there is a fifty percent chance that their children will also carry the trait. If a trait carrier mates with another carrier, all of their offspring will carry the trait and one out of four will have Sickle Cell

> teaching Love for ones own kind, not Hate of others. There are but a few Aryans left, you Niggers want us white people to mix with you, and you white Nigger loving punks make me even sicker...If you are still reading this letter the next Reich will be here in the USA. And this time there are not going to be any of your kind left to write this Kind of Shit...Heil Hitler.[161]

Another Peoples Forum editorial warned,

> No, it couldn't happen here. We are freedom loving people after all. White Power? Nazism? Dictatorship? I mean this is America. We have to let people have their say. But do you really think they can...I mean, like in Germany? No, that was different...no, not here... (but)...the poison begins to work. Maybe we should stop these 'niggers' and 'riff-raff' from terrorizing our neighborhoods, driving down property values, eating up our taxpayers' hard-earned dollars on welfare checks, spreading crimes, drugs, mayhem, corrupting our children...maybe

Anemia. Since there is no medical means of altering the genetic structure of the Black race, the study of Sickle Cell Anemia is a study in genetic engineering that eventually becomes a question of dictating who mates with whom. Jones viewed his Black congregation with much the same detachment that a farmer views his livestock. His research in breeding out (or breeding in) the sickle cell trait attests not to a humanitarian intention, but rather to Jones' superior attitude toward Blacks. It is this superior attitude that dominates and even dictates the story of Jim Jones.

With his research in the psychic sciences and ethnic diseases as background, Jones was prepared for the next phase his work; the development of weapons of that would affect only specific racial groups, namely Blacks and Native Americans. The science of ethnic weaponry was first developed in Nazi Germany and Jones did not hesitate to credit the Nazis in his warnings that Blacks and Native Americans were targetted as the victims for a second holocaust. He claimed that fascism was simply "capitalism gone mean" and that the United States was already preparing to wage a race war in which the targetted groups would be interned in concentration camps, enslaved, and eventually exterminated. He reminded his congregation that the government had maintained the World War II Japanese detention centers for just such a purpose. His threats were not without basis in fact. The U.S. Indian Health Service had recently sterilized nearly 4,000 Native American women without their consent. Black prisoners were being used as guinea pigs in macabre experiments in genetic engineering, mass sterilization, and ethnic weaponry. There was talk of mandatory sterilization According to Jones, the for all welfare recipients. According to Jones, the

New Nazis were closing in on the Blacks in the U.S. and, though his warnings were exaggerated, they were basically true. Jones, however, neglected to inform his congregation that he was the foremost proponent of the New Nazi ideology.

Issue after issue of The Peoples Forum, the Temple's newspaper, was devoted to the subject of the pending Nazi persecution of the Blacks. The e following examples of Temple news articles speak for themselves.

> A state which, in an age of racial pollution, devotes itself to the cultivation of its best racial elements, must someday become the master of the earth...we all sense that in a far future mankind may face problems which can be surmounted only by a Supreme Race supported by the means and resources of the entire globe. -Adolph Hitler[160]

Another_ _ _P_e_o_p_l_e_s_ _ _F_o_r_u_m issue included one of the Nazi hate letters the Temple reportedly received daily but which were actually written by the Temple's publication staff.

> First of all let me say at this time your paper 'the peoples forum' is really sick... you say that the Nazi party is, or does teach, Hate, well you got it all backwards. The Nazi party is

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> send them all back to Africa or just get RID of them somehow, as Hitler rid Germany of the Jews and all other minorities...[162]

One Forum article told of a recent experiment conducted by a Yale psychologist in which test persons inflicted what they believed to be near fatal electric shocks on another test person simply because an "authority figure" assured them that he would take responsibility for their actions. According to the article, the experimenter concluded, "that ordinary Americans were perfectly capable of carrying out genocidal acts such as those devised by Hitler and his henchmen."[163] The Peoples Forum also went to great lengths to describe the U.S. government's plan to use racial weapons. Articles elaborated on the U.S. Army's "Population Genetics" program which mapped the distribution of various blood types across the country. Articles told of drugs that only affect certain races, leaving the rest of the population unharmed. Lactose incapacitated only Blacks and Asians. One antitubercolosis drug caused nerve damage in persons of Egyptian and Jewish descent but had no such effect on other groups. The science of racial warfare was well established in the United States and, according to the Peoples Forum, intended for deployment "among our own ethnic populations." The Forum went on to say:

> Imagine that a military power, in pursuit of global conquest, could pinpoint genetic differences between the races and design chemical agents to ATTACK AND

> VIRTUALLY DESTROY ETHNIC OR RACIAL GROUPS!! Science fiction, you say? On the contrary, the creation of ETHNIC WEAPONS presents a terrifying present day threat.[164]

One could write volumes on the deceitful nature of Jim Jones but, in the case of ethnic weaponry, he did not lie. The CIA was developing ethnic weapons and their largest project was a field test called Jonestown.

Between 1973 and 1975, foreign management, employed by the CIA used Jonestown as a training base for mercenaries bound for Angola, but by 1975 the site was under the complete control of the Peoples Temple and was known, not as an agricultural project, but as a "medical mission." It was a medical mission but, for obvious security reasons, all references to "medical" were dropped and the community was renamed Jonestown and billed as an agricultural project.

At the height of the experiment, the Jonestown medical staff numbered seventy. Most were psychiatrists, psychologists, behavioral scientists, therapists, pharmacologists and an army of nurses. There was but one doctor, Larry Schacht.

According to the Temple's reports, Larry Schacht, a former art student from Texas, was a homosexual drug addict and vagrant who wandered north to Redwood Valley in 1971 because I Ching, a Chinese book of philosophy, told him that he would find there a man possessed with divine powers. The man was Jim Jones. Jones reportedly welcomed the eighteen year old, cured him of his drug addiction and assigned him

to his harem where Schacht became his favorite male lover. There has been some speculation that Schacht's family had a working relationship with the CIA and that he was a direct descendent of the notorious Nazi Doctor Hjalmar Horace Greely Schacht. Though this is unconfirmed speculation, it is far more believable than the Temple's account of how the two met.

Jim Jones decided that Larry Schacht would be a doctor and offered to pay for his education. He enrolled Schacht in a pre-med course at Santa Rosa Junior College where he would live in a Temple student commune with other future professionals whom Jones was educating. Jones then sent him to medical school in Guadalajara, Mexico. California has some of the finest medical schools in the world; why Jones sent him to Guadalajara is a mystery. The city was listed as one of the nine safe places in the even of nuclear war according to the 1962 article in Esquire magazine. Perhaps that was the reason or perhaps Jones did not want to incriminate any educational institutions in the United States in what he knew would be Schacht's destiny. Schacht completed his education and returned to California to serve his internship at San Francisco General Hospital and at another facility in Irvine, California. Just days before Schacht would be licensed to practice medicine in California, Jones sent him to Jonestown. Jones interrupted the education of several other members of his medical staff just prior to receiving their credentials. Some say that he was trying to prevent them from working anywhere but in the Temple but they could have easily left the Temple and finished their training on their own. The true reason was probably just expedience. Larry Schacht's education seems to have dictated the scheduling of the

Jonestown experiment but more than likely Jones timed his education to coincide with the experiment.

Reports of Dr. Larry Schacht's performance in Jonestown vary to the extremes. Several visitors to Jonestown claimed that he was the most gifted, brilliant physician they had ever encountered, while some residents reported that he was so incompetent that they would not even allow him to treat a cut finger. The truth lies somewhere in between. Dr. Schacht was in charge of the Jonestown Medical Clinic, reported to be far better than any hospital in Guyana. Many visitors, such as Temple attorney Charles Garry, said the Jonestown clinic was the finest medical set-up they had ever seen. Dr. Schacht also oversaw the Extended Care Unit, where unruly residents were kept under heavy sedation. In the end, Dr. Schacht would mix the poison potion that would kill most of the Jonestown residents. He reportedly died with the others.

Jim Jones supplied his expertise in the psychic sciences and ethnic weaponry as well as the laboratory, medical staff and test persons for the experiment designed by Dr. Lawrence Layton and others. The following is presented as a summary of the parameters of the experiment their cooperative efforts produced.

Purpose: To evaluate the effectiveness of two different mind control drugs on Blacks and Native Americans. The selected drugs must only have an effect on these two racial groups and no others. The existence in the test person must be undetectable in standard medical examinations and render the test

persons without a will of his own but capable of heavy manual labor.

Laboratory: The laboratory must be totally isolated and controlled so as to minimize any outside influences that might affect and alter the test results.

Test Persons: The Test Persons must be of significant numbers to effect a quantitative result. They should be representative of the typical American Black and Native American. The group should encompass the entire range of ages with a proportionate number of males and females. The Test Persons must never be aware that they are subjects of an experiment. They will be divided into three groups. Group A will receive drug A. Group B will receive Drug B. And Group C will receive no drug and act as the control group. The diet of the TP's should be closely monitored and work must be assigned to ascertain their ability to produce under the influence of the drugs.

Procedure: The test drugs must be administered to the Test Persons in small dosages at regular intervals, following which a definitive test will be performed to determine the extent of the drug's long-term effect.

The Test: There is but one definitive test to determine a subject's mind in under complete control. The experimenter must ask the subject to commit suicide,

> the ultimate sacrifice. Those TP's who voluntarily killed themselves could be considered under the control of the experimenter, those who did not were not under control and, due to the top secret nature of the experiment, they must be eliminated.

There were additional medical experiments conducted in Jonestown and one of these, the most frightening of all possibilities, was concerned with the virus responsible for Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome or AIDS. The ancestral AIDS virus has existed for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years as a relatively harmless parasite in African monkeys. Scientists theorize that sometime in the late 1970's, the virus evolved naturally into the killer it is today. To accept this conventional theory on the origin of AIDS, one must contradict logic, ignore history, and defy all probable odds.

Timing is everything. Science accepts as some sort of happy coincidence the fact that the virus first surfaced precisely when the study of immunology had progressed to a point where the experts could at least understand the affliction. Had the outbreak of the epidemic occurred even a few months earlier, it would have totally baffled scientists. Considering the length of man's recorded medical history, it is highly unlikely that the virus evolved on the cutting edge of man's research without being a product of that research. Since monkeys do not have AIDS and humans do not suffer from the ancestral parasitic virus, one must also accept that the virus evolved during or shortly after it was first transmitted from monkeys to humans.

Beastiality has been suggested as one possible conduit but a more common, though less sensational, means might have been a monkey bite. The uncanny timing of the epidemic is an indication that the virus was genetically engineered by man and not nature.

Since 1983, Soviet news agencies have circulated articles which accuse the U.S. Army's Chemical and Biological Warfare Division of creating the AIDS virus in their Fort Detrick facility in Maryland. The Soviet's published evidence is based largely on the fact that this laboratory is concerned with both the development of biological weapons and AIDS research. Even if the virus was engineered at Fort Detrick, a field test would still have been required and this is where Jonestown enters the story. The only element that the Jonestown theory shares in common with the Soviet theory is the U.S. Army's Chemical and Biological Warfare Division, a rather small department that was formerly under the direction of none other than Dr. Laurence Layton.

In the summer of 1978, CIA conspiratorialist Mark Lane and his colleague Donald Freed traveled to Guyana to meet their new client, Jim Jones. As a 'courtesy', they were offered the free services of the Jonestown Medical Clinic. Lane would later write glowing reports about what he considered to be the most thorough physical examination that he had ever received. Freed was less enthusiastic because Dr. Larry Schacht diagnosed him as suffering from a fatal immune deficiency that he had contracted from a homosexual act. The entire concept of such an affliction and its means of transmission were not known to medical science in the summer of 1978 which makes

Dr. Schacht's diagnosis the first recorded reference to AIDS.

All the elements that would have been necessary to conduct a field test in the transmission and implementation of the epidemic were present in Jonestown. As evidenced by their own published articles, the Peoples Temple was very concerned about the development of racial weapons. They had the medical expertise, the required lab monkeys, and even a group of supposedly 'reformed' homosexuals and drug addicts who made up a disproportionately large number of the Jonestown residents. Initially, the virus could have been transported to Jonestown in the body of one of the Temple members or perhaps Mr. Muggs, the community's chimpanzee mascot. Since sex of any kind was banned without the consent and often command of Jones, transmission of the virus could have easily been monitored as it spread through the community. In her sworn affidavit that warned of the possibility of a mass suicide, Deborah Layton wrote that by 1978, "half of Jonestown was ill with severe diarrhea and high fevers," two early symptoms of AIDS.

In the fall of 1978, Jones sent a few of his infected homosexual followers on a paid vacation to nearby Haiti, a frequent port of call for the Temple's ship and a popular winter resort for New York City gays. While in Haiti, they infected a number of male prostitutes just prior to the tourist season. This was the origin of the AIDS epidemic in the gay community. It first surfaced in the Haitian homosexual whorehouses in December of 1978 and in New York City in January of 1979. Statistically, 73% of the AIDS victims in the U.S. are male homosexuals, 155 are intravenous drug users and the remaining 12% are mostly hemophiliacs who

contracted the virus from blood donated by someone from one of the other two groups. U.S. health officials first coined the phrase "intravenous drug users" who they say contracted AIDS by sharing infected hypodermic needles but this does not explain how the epidemic started among this group that should have been defined as heroin addicts. Though addicts do share needles, they share more in common with the smuggled shipments of heroin, a tainted batch of which could have been the source of the epidemic. Soon after the White Night, an unidentified group circulated a handbill in San Francisco that claimed the CIA had smuggled two kilos of heroin in the stomach cavity of each of the corpses shipped from Jonestown to the United States.

Outside North America, AIDS is most prevalent in Central Africa where the virus first appeared in the blood supply of Sickle Cell Anemia Clinics from where it spread quickly through the Black heterosexual population. Jones had very powerful connections in Central Africa and, as outlined elsewhere, he might have sought sanctuary there after his escape from Jonestown. It would have been very easy for him to volunteer the services of his Sickle Cell Anemia experts, taint the blood supply and start the distinctively different African epidemic.

It is now the ninth year of the epidemic and there is no cure in the foreseeable future. To date, the federal government has done little to combat the disease. Most of their token, under-financed, research programs have produced only the means to test whether a person has been exposed to the virus. Confinement of the disease to gays and addicts seems to be the government's only concern. Today, blood tests for AIDS are required for anyone in the military or in prison.

It is also a prerequisite for an entry visa, life insurance policy and, in some areas, a marriage license. Soon, everyone in the country will be required to take a test for AIDS. Fear of the epidemic has created a growing public animosity towards gays. The governor of Colorado recently said, "There are two kinds of AIDS victims; the dead and the dying and we should not spend money on either." "Shoot the queers!" was one Texas candidate's solution to the problem. There are presently hundreds of candidates campaigning for public offices nationwide on a platform that promises the mandatory testing of every citizen and the compulsory internment of anyone exposed to the virus. Many of these politicians are members of the Neo-Nazi cult of Lyndon LaRouche who advocate the quarantine of AIDS patients in special "medical treatment centers"; a euphemism for the death camps of the 1990's. (Lyndon LaRouche's intelligence organization has strong ties with the CIA and there has been some speculation that they are actually a private, right wing faction of the agency.) In April of 1986, popular conservative and former CIA operative William Buckley, Jr. used national television air time, (that had been designated for the promotion of his new book) to present his plan to tattoo everyone who tested positive for AIDS. He rationalized that diagnosed patients are knowingly passing the disease onto others who need some means to identify the carriers. Fifty years ago, the Nazis used a similar health excuse when they rounded up all the homosexuals and drug addicts and tattooed them on the inside of their left forearm just before they were sent to the death camps. The forearm might satisfy Mr. Buckley but, since he is concerned with the social transmission of AIDS, perhaps he would prefer something

more obvious to the public, like a simple "666" across the forehead.

AIDS is the perfect biological weapon. It can be confined to specific groups and, since the incubation period can be as long as seven years, thousands can be infected before the first person in the chain displays any symptoms. Also, it is not itself a killer. It merely defeats the immune system so that some opportunistic disease can claim the victim. Rather than waste millions of research dollars in pursuit of a cure for a 'natural' condition, it might be wiser to dismiss the natural theory, accept that AIDS was artificially created and seek the cause of the epidemic for within the cause one might fight the cure.

This was the nature of the Jonestown medical experiments. Had they remained this simple, they might have gone undetected but the CIA proceeded to add so many other desired results to the project as to make their sponsorship all too obvious.

XII ONE COOKIE

The first outsiders to reach the Jonestown Medical Clinic in the aftermath of the carnage found enough drugs to supply an average U.S. city for over a year. Predominant in the stock of narcotics were the hypnotic drugs Pentothal and Nembutal as well as over ten thousand injectible dosages of a chloral-hydrate compound known as chlorpromazine or Thorazine. Thorazine increases the production of certain histamines in important parts of the brain. It is used primarily to alter the violent behavior of mental patients and, according the one article published by the Black Panthers, Thorazine and its related compounds are common ingredients in the CIA's MK ULTRA experiments. The article buttressed its argument by quoting Jones who reportedly told a visiting Swiss psychologist that his Black followers were given Thorazine on a regular basis as per orders of the CIA. Although these drugs <u>are</u> used to alter a person's behavior, it is highly unlikely that they were the test drugs used in the Jonestown experiment as Jones would never have allowed such incriminating evidence to be

discovered in the aftermath. The two unidentified drugs used in the experiment were far more advanced than those found in the rubble of Jonestown but, due to the top secret nature of the experiment, the precise chemical formulas will never be disclosed.

In order to accurately compare the effects of mind control or behavior modification drugs on a group of test persons all other stimuli must first be removed. The jungle community provided the isolation necessary for Jones to substitute himself for all outside influences of society. Jonestown residents were forbidden to consume alcohol, tobacco and even sugar; necessary but ironic as Guyana ranks among the world's sugar-producing nations. The diet of Jonestown, though prepared by the kitchen staff, was under the direct and stringent control of the medical staff. Once all outside influences had been removed and "ground zero" reached, the medical staff proceeded to drug the different test groups without their knowledge. Since the intent was long-term control, the drugs were administered in small repeated doses rather than one large dose. The most successful drug tested could then be deployed in society by introducing it into fast foods or the water supply or the glue on the back of postage stamps.

A few visitors to Jonestown noted that the residents were drugged. One such observer was Frank Tumminia, the State Department's desk officer for Guyana, who visited Jonestown on February 2, 1978, with John Blacken, the Deputy Chief of Missions at the United States Embassy in Georgetown. Tumminia stated:

> One of the things that struck me at the time and upon which I

> remarked to Embassy staff as well as to Department officials, was my feeling that many of the people with whom I met and spoke appeared drugged and robot-like in their reactions to questions and, generally, in their behavior towards us visitors.[165]

Tumminia and Blacken held positions in the State Department that were very important to this story. Tumminia's predecessor was President Kennedy, who was so concerned about a possible communist take-over in Guyana in the early 1960's that he personally manned the Guyana desk at the State Department to direct the efforts of the CIA operatives there. Among the operatives was one Jim Jones. Blacken's successor was CIA operative Dick Dwyer, who would be present at the airstrip to witness the assassination of Congressman Leo Ryan.

Though it will never be known which mind control drugs were administered to the test persons, it is known <u>how</u> the drugs were administered. In the post-Jonestown murder trial of Larry Layton, the defense attempted to establish that Layton had been drugged into participating in the assault team that killed Congressman Leo Ryan and others at the airstrip. According to his defense lawyer, "Layton looked spaced out and was mumbling of a CIA conspiracy during the fatal airstrip shootout."[166] Prosecution witness Dale Parks, a member of the Jonestown medical staff who allegedly defected with the Ryan party and wrestled the gun from Layton at the airstrip, was pressed under cross-examination to admit to drugging Layton and

others. According to a newspaper account of the court proceedings:

> Parks agreed that large quantities of Thorazine and other drugs used in mental hospitals were available at Jonestown, but he denied knowing that milk shakes "spiked" with so-called mind-control drugs were given to Jonestown cultists on a regular basis.[167]

If milk shakes were used in administering the drugs, the practice was abandoned early in the experiment as this method would have been terribly inefficient. The experimenter would not have been able to determine if the test person had consumed the entire drink (hence the premeasured dosage) or, worse yet, had given some of their drink to others unobserved. Also, the milkshake containers might survive and under chemical analysis expose the true nature of the experiment.

Larry Layton's sister, Deborah Layton Blakey, hinted at the truth in her post-defection affidavit that warned of the threat of mass suicide in Jonestown, "On Sunday we each received a cookie."[168] She later elaborated on her statement in an account published in the Layton family's history in which was written:

> But the culinary high point came every week on Sunday evening, when the entire population would line up to receive a cookie from the hand of Jim Jones. The

> cookies, made from cassava flour, were the only sweets allowed in Jonestown, and they were doled out by Jones himself.[169]

The cookies were made in Jonestown's "Experimental and Herbal Kitchen" that a 1977 Temple brochure described as: "The all-purpose kitchen where meals and treats are provided for workers and residents."[170]

The test drugs were added to the cassava flour in the Jonestown flour mill. It was quite simple to keep the batches of flour, hence cookies, separated through the baking and distribution process. Extreme precautions were required in handling the potent drugs and the "Experimental Kitchen" soon adopted the stringent procedures of a research laboratory, as indicated by this published Temple report:

> The dishes are cold water rinsed, washed and stacked, then washed in a soapy detergent with bleach and boiling water and put away...all surfaces are continually scrubbed and sanitized from ceiling to floor to provide the most healthful environment.[171]

On Sunday evening, as each of the test persons approached the throne, Jones would select a cookie from one of the three containers at his side. He was intelligent enough to have memorized which test persons were in which group but, more than likely, the person's group was designated by his or her Temple membership

number or perhaps just in the predetermined order in which they lined up every Sunday evening to receive their one cookie.

One and only one cookie was the rule. No one, not even a preferred aide who otherwise enjoyed special privileges, was allowed more than one cookie. On one occasion, a young Black girl who was baking the cookies in the kitchen, unaware that the flour had been spiked with drugs, handed one out an open window to her boyfriend. Temple guards, who monitored every step of the cookie production, reported the infraction to Jones. At the next community-wide meeting, the young girl and boy were called to the stage, ordered to disrobe and forced to have sex in full view of the entire congregation. Such was the humiliating punishment for violating the one cookie rule and understandably so, as such an infraction would alter the controlled dosage and taint the test results.

There were only two other mandatory weekly rituals in Jonestown and both were related to the one cookie. The first was a weekly TPR examination in which the medical staff examined each of the test persons and recorded their temperature, blood pressure, respiratory system, weight and other health monitors in the Test Person's medical records. This was necessary to determine if the mind control drugs could be detected in standard medical examinations. Though the average American might have a physical examination once in five years, and the medical profession recommends (to their profit) a yearly exam, the Jonestown residents received a weekly examination. The second weekly ritual in Jonestown was the White Night rehearsal in which Jones ordered his congregation to

drink what they were told was poison and commit suicide for the "cause."

Following the final White Night, the Jonestown guards identified the dead and catalogued them in two separate groups -- those who voluntarily drank cyanide and those who had to be forcibly injected. This took some time to accomplish which accounts for the long delay before outsiders were allowed to enter the compound. As the cause of death was noted on the medical records of each Test Person, the corpses were dragged to one side and placed in neat, orderly piles. This was a mistake, as death from cyanide poisoning is preceded by such violent contortions that victims often die with only the top of their head and the heels of their feet touching the ground. The Jonestown residents could never have died in the neat, orderly piles in which they were found.

The medical records, the embodiment of racial weaponry, were missing in the aftermath of Jonestown which was another mistake. The existence of such extensive records had been well documented and their absence in the aftermath confirms that some unknown residents escaped and considered the records worth taking; an interesting priority judgment considering that several hundred thousand dollars in cash was not taken. It would have been better to have kept two separate sets of medical records and left one phony copy behind but, considering the complexity of the project, Jones is granted these few damning mistakes.

XIII THE WHITE NIGHT

The assassination of Congressman Ryan and the mass suicide/murder that followed was not the flippant reaction of a crazed preacher but a calculated political assassination and medical field test that had been planned or at least outlined ever since Jim Jones ordered the first White Night rehearsal five years earlier. The demise of Jonestown is an historic incident that has been widely reported, so rather than duplicate the heretofore published accounts, this chapter will explore some of the behind-the-scenes activities that occurred before, during and after the White Night.

A major item in Jones' preparation was the safety of the agency's personnel who had been assigned as his middle-management in the experiment. The exodus began several months before Ryan's visit when top Temple aides like Deborah Layton, Terri Buford, Bonnie Thielmann, Tim Stoen, and Stoen's wife, Grace Grech, feigned their defection from the Temple to disassociate themselves from the scheduled carnage in Jonestown and to help orchestrate the event from outside the organ-

ization. Thielmann and the Stoens would accompany Ryan to Guyana, but only as far as Georgetown, relying on the limited number of charterable airplane seats as their excuse for not accompanying him to Jonestown and what they knew would be his death. There were other ways to "escape" the Peoples Temple. Lisa Layton staged her own death just eighteen days before the Event. Other top aides were conveniently sent to Georgetown just prior to the massacre. Jones' son Stephan and several others were in the capital for a basketball tournament with the Guyanese National Team. Beatrice Grubbs, Jonestown's resident expert on U.S. tax legalities, was also in Georgetown, missing the mass suicide for a dentist appointment of dubious necessity as, reportedly, Guyanese dentists regularly visited Jonestown to provide one of the few medical services beyond the abilities of the Jonestown clinic. But, for all the shuffling and positioning of people just prior to the Event, the story of one Gordon Lindsay is most interesting.

As shown earlier, the CIA's activities in Guyana were always conducted with the full cooperation of British Intelligence and Jonestown was no exception. In the early 1960's, Jones and the CIA had worked with the British in a cooperative effort to establish Forbes Burnham as Prime Minister of what was then a British colony. It was Phil Blakey, a British subject, whom Jones sent to Guyana to command the early stages of Jonestown when the site was used as a training camp for mercenaries bound to fight in Angola's Civil War. From the perspective of British Intelligence, the South American mission would always be closely connected with African politics. So it was with no great surprise that a British subject with experience in reporting

African affairs be enlisted to tie up the loose ends and cover British tracks in the final stages of Jonestown. Such a man was Gordon Lindsay.

After a career reporting African political uprisings from the British point of view, Gordon Lindsay emerged as a free-lance reporter in Los Angeles in 1978. He was working for the National Enquirer on an expose of the Peoples Temple; an expose that Jones loudly protested and that was never published. Jones claimed (in a conversation with Temple attorney Mark Lane) that the publisher of the National Enquirer worked for the CIA as demonstrated by his ability to convince the U.S. Embassy in Georgetown to intercede on Lindsay's behalf to acquire an extension on his Guyanese visa. It was rather odd that the U.S. government would ask a South American country to help an Englishman. Both Lindsay and Jones made a big fuss over an incident in which Lindsay flew very low over Jonestown in a plane he had chartered in Trinidad. Jones complained to Guyanese authorities that Lindsay's low-altitude aerobatics so frightened an elderly resident that the woman had a heart attack and died. According to Lindsay, in all the months he spent on assignment in Guyana, this was as close as he was able to get to Jonestown. Actually, the incident successfully established Lindsay as an enemy of the Peoples Temple and provided several aerial photographs of Jonestown that equally impressed Will Holsinger (son of Joe Holsinger) whom Congressman Ryan had hired to investigate the activities of the Peoples Temple. In his conversations with Holsinger in California, Lindsay learned of Leo Ryan's congressional inquiry into Jonestown and suggested the Congressman invite the press to accompany him for some degree of protection on

what could be a dangerous mission. Ryan, who always played to the cameras, agreed and Lindsay took it upon himself to invite the newsmen he wanted to attend. He convinced the National Broadcasting Corporation, the Washington Post, the San Francisco Chronicle and the San Francisco Examiner to assign specific reporters to the congressional junket.

Lindsay managed to be hired as a guide by the NBC-TV news crew, headed by Don Harris, with reporter Bob Flick, cameraman Bob Brown and soundman Steve Sung. They were NBC's combat crew, having covered the Vietnam War individually. The Washington Post assigned their Argentina correspondent, Charles Krause. The San Francisco Chronicle's first choice was their resident expert on the Peoples Temple, Marshall Kilduff, but they feared that Kilduff's presence might aggravate Jones, who had publicly protested the reporter's expose of his organization. They decided instead to send Ron Javers, a recent addition to their staff whose prior journalistic experience dealt primarily with investigating prison conditions in Pennsylvania and a bizarre Black cult known as "MOVE." The San Francisco Examiner assigned their award-winning journalist, Tim Reiterman and cameraman Greg Robinson. When the roster of newsmen was complete, Lindsay radioed the list to Jonestown. Jones, in turn, informed the U.S. Embassy in Georgetown, which forwarded his report to the State Department in Washington. Including Lindsay, the news crew numbered eight, of whom five would return alive.

After several tactical delays in Georgetown (which most agree were engineered by Jones), Gordon Lindsay boarded the chartered plane to Port Kaituma and Jonestown. On board were Congressman Ryan; Jackie Speier, the Congressman's assistant; Dick Dwyer, the

Deputy Chief of Mission at the U.S. Embassy; Neville Annibourne, an official of the Guyanese Ministry of Information; Attorney Mark Lane, representing Jones; Attorney Charles Garry, also representing Jones; eight newsmen, including Lindsay; and as many Concerned Relatives as there were remaining seats on the plane. Ryan was well prepared but somewhat confused about the conflicting reports he had received about Jonestown. From ex-Temple members and Concerned Relatives in California, he half-expected to find a barbed-wire concentration camp where the inmates were drugged, beaten or tortured into submission for reasons no one could explain. On the other hand, during his few days delay in Georgetown, Dick Dwyer had shown him slides and home movies which gave the impression that Jonestown was a utopia. Ryan pondered the discrepancies during his one hour flight over some of the most isolated jungle in the world. A small clearing soon appeared in the rain forest below. It was the Port Kaituma airstrip, the nearest airfield to Jonestown. The disembarking passengers were met by a contingent of Temple guards, a minister of Guyanese Region Development and a local Port Kaituma policeman, Corporal Rudder. Rudder had no uniform, badge or credentials. His authority rested solely on the 12 (some say 30) gauge shotgun cradled by his young, sad-eyed assistant. Corporal Rudder stepped forward and announced,

> I was informed by a superior officer that Peoples Temple do not request the parties present (to go) into the Peoples Temple...I don't know the rea-

> sons. I was informed three days ago of this...You can wait around.[172]

Mark Lane and Charles Garry emerged from a conference with the Temple guards to say that Congressman Ryan, Jackie Speier and Dick Dwyer had been given permission to enter Jonestown. They boarded the Temple's dump truck for the fifteen mile trip through the jungle to the remote settlement, leaving the reporters and the Concerned Relatives sequestered on the airstrip with Corporal Rudder and his unidentified assistant. Corporal Rudder escorted Don Harris to a shack in the village where Harris radioed Rudder's superiors to confirm his story and see if he could arrange for permission to visit Jonestown. Meanwhile, those on the hot and humid airstrip had sent one of the locals into the village for two cases of cold Banks Beer. They relaxed in the shade of a passenger shed and it was there that the young constable with the shotgun began telling them stories about Jonestown. He spoke of escapees who reported brutal treatment in the encampment and of strange nighttime activities at the Port Kaituma airstrip that Temple members lit with red flares for mysterious landings in the dark. It was the beginning of a special relationship between the press and the young constable who carried the shotgun that would be used to kill Congressman Ryan.

After about two hours of waiting, a Temple farm tractor appeared in the clearing. A Caucasian woman standing behind the Black driver announced, "Everyone who wants to come out to Jonestown can come, except Gordon Lindsay. The truck is coming now."[173] Unlike Tim Reiterman or Ron Javers' colleague, Marshall

Kilduff, Gordon Lindsay had never written a published article on the Peoples Temple, yet he was singled out as the only one denied entry into Jonestown. He accepted Jones' wish without protest or even a display of disappointment and, while the others boarded the truck for the forty-five minute ride to Jonestown, Lindsay boarded the twin engine Otter for its return flight to Georgetown where he filed his co-reporters' first stories. For the next several critical days, he would remain in the safety of the Pegasus Hotel relaying news of the historic event to the outside world.

By the time that the newsmen and relatives finally reached Jonestown, it was about seven o'clock and the sun was setting. Clearly, their visit was intended to be a night encounter. They soon joined Ryan, Dwyer, Lane, Garry and Jones in the open-air pavilion for a welcomed and reportedly delicious barbequed pork dinner. Mark Lane refused to eat the meal, choosing instead to consume a box of cough drops that he had brought with him. Some time later, Lane would be accused of coercion based on speculation that he feared that the dinner had been poisoned. In other words, Lane was an accessory in that he had prior knowledge that Jones had murder on his mind. Actually, the truth was much more basic. Jones had intentionally served a very healthful pork dinner to the guests, which included his Jewish attorney. No sooner had they finished eating than the evening's entertainment began with the singing of the Guyanese National Anthem and a rendition of " God Bless America." The very professional rock and roll band, the "Jonestown Express" took the stage directly in front of the visitors to accompany a number of entertainers like the

"Soul Steppers" dance team and an elderly Black singer/comedienne billed as the "Moms Mabley of Jonestown." The evening was well orchestrated in more ways than one. If Ryan and the newsmen didn't have a mouthful of food, they had an earful of noise. Conversation had been reduced to screaming above the electrically-amplified music. Ryan did manage to comment to one of the newsmen regarding the strange, trance-like reactions of some of the elderly residents to music that ordinarily appeals only to the young. He said their reactions were "unnaturally animated." His implication was that they were drugged. Jackie Speier was quoted as telling Ryan, "There is no question in my mind that there is mind control being exercised here." While the band played on, the print media reporters interviewed Jones though the music was so loud that they couldn't even record the shallow exchange. The NBC news crew wandered about the Pavilion filming the residents and their visiting relatives. Though they wanted to see more of Jonestown, it was easy to confine them to the pavilion area as they were reluctant to venture into unlit areas as this was the middle of the jungle at night. Ryan had come with a list of residents he wanted to see. He had a letter for Lisa Layton but was told she had died two and a half weeks earlier. He asked to see Brian Bouquet as he had promised his relatives he would do. Temple members giggled because Brian Bouquet had been standing in front of Ryan for most of the evening, playing saxophone in the "Jonestown Express." After a few interviews, Ryan took the microphone and announced to the gathering: "I can tell you right now that by the few conversations I've had with some of the folks here already this evening that...there are some people who

believe this is the best thing that ever happened in their whole lives."[174] The crowd responded with a roaring applause that is said to have lasted for twenty minutes, well past the point of embarrassment. When Ryan was again allowed to speak he joked that he was sorry they could not all vote in his congressional district. Jones yelled back that they could, by absentee ballot. Ryan replied in a serious tone, "I want to pull no punches. This is a congressional inquiry."[175]

It was about 11PM when the crowd dispersed in unison like so many fish in a school responding to some mysterious mass communication. It was obvious that the evening encounter had drawn to a close. As the residents made their way back to their cabins, Jones concluded the interview with reporters, complaining of a conspiracy to destroy the Peoples Temple. When asked who was plotting his demise, Jones responded, "Who conspired to kill Dr. Martin Luther King, Malcolm X and John Kennedy? Every agency of the whole government is giving us a hard time. Somebody doesn't like socialism."[176] It was another calculated statement from the master of deceit. In so few words he gave the reporters the impression of a paranoid man with delusions of grandeur who was persecuted by the U.S. government for his socialistic beliefs. To add credence to his claim, at his side was Mark Lane, the foremost authority on the CIA conspiracies to assassinate King and Kennedy. Actually, Jones was working for the CIA which had issued a "hands off" order to the other agencies of the government permitting him to perpetuate his many crimes in the U.S. unabated. The "somebody" who didn't like socialism was Jim Jones.

Ryan, Dwyer, and the attorneys would spend the night in the Jonestown guest house that, until recently, had been occupied by Lisa Layton. The reporters were told that there was not enough room in the community to accommodate them. They said that they would be perfectly comfortable on the floor of the pavilion but Jones resisted and sent them, sleeping bags and baggage, back to Port Kaituma. As Don Harris boarded the Temple truck for the return trip he was handed a note that read, "Help us get out of Jonestown. Vern Gosney, Monica Bagby." He told only his NBC news crew.

Between the dinner, the darkness, the rock music and the deafening applause,there was almost no opportunity for serious investigation or even conversation and the reporters left with little or nothing to show for their first day's visit to Jonestown, except an impression of Jones who, in Tim Reiterman's words, "seemed paranoid if not crazy." Jones had been manipulating the press for years and was a far better actor than they were investigators. "Crazy" was just the impression he wanted to effect.

The newsmen and visiting relatives were driven to "Mike's Disco and Rum House" where the Temple had reserved accommodations that were no better than the floor of the pavilion and not worth the bumpy, fifteen mile trip to Port Kaituma. But their comfort was not important to Jones; getting them out of Jonestown was all that mattered. The women in the group shared a bedroom while the men were told they could sleep on the kitchen floor.

By then it was after midnight and the reporters sat about the bar drinking rum and beer and discussing the events of the day with some disappointment at

coming away with so little. Into the midst of their conversation wandered Corporal Rudder's unnamed assistant but the reporters did not recognize the young constable at first because he did not have the one thing that distinguished him from the other local Black men, his shotgun. After a few beers the young constable invited the print media reporters, Krause, Reiterman and Javers to accompany him to the village police station where he wanted to relate some information about Jonestown in private. They left the bar, one at a time, and regrouped outside so as not to alert the NBC television crew. (Reporters can be a very competitive lot.) They walked down a dirt road that followed the river, passed the Temple's ship -- the "Cudjo" and into an adobe shack. It was so dark that they had to feel their way through the door. It was sometime between 2 AM and 4AM (reports vary) when the four men sat down around a wooden table in the small room lit only by a candle in a beer can.

The young constable recounted an incident that had happened a year and a half earlier when Leon Broussard escaped from Jonestown and staggered out of the jungle and into that very room. Broussard had told the constable he escaped after having been repeatedly beaten by Temple guards. He described an underground cell used as solitary confinement for resident offenders and gave the constable directions on how to locate the torture chamber, which he did in his subsequent investigation. It was a root cellar-type cave containing a black box that resembled a coffin. When the constable asked Jones about the cave, he said it was for the storage of fresh produce though it was located in the jungle about 1/4 mile to the rear of the "Jonestown Experimental and Herbal Kitchen." What he

quite accurately described was the sensory deprivation tank used, not to punish, but as an experimental tool. In the light of one candle, the constable opened a safe plastered flush in the wall. He retrieved a ledger and read the names of three Temple members who had been airlifted out of Port Kaituma two evenings before the Congressman's party arrived. One was an elderly woman, reportedly ill. The other two were middle-aged men, one with a cast on his arm, the other with a cast on his leg. The constable took their alleged injuries as additional evidence of beatings in Jonestown and their departure as Jones' desire to hide the evidence from the probing eyes of Ryan and the press. The reporters believed what is, in retrospect, a very unlikely story. Jones' techniques of punishment were far more sophisticated than breaking bones and, if he had done so, he never would have sent the victims out of his control and especially not to Georgetown where they could have told their story to Ryan and the reporters who were waiting there for permission to visit the interior. Nor would there be any medical reasons to send the three out of Jonestown. Between Larry Layton's X-ray machine and Dr. Larry Schacht's skills as a physician, the Jonestown clinic could provide as many, if not more, services as any hospital in Guyana. The chartered plane and the rather dangerous nighttime landing was probably for another, more important reason. Conceivably, it was the last-minute evacuation of key agency personnel assigned to the experiment. Perhaps the woman was Lisa Layton or Charlotte Baldwin. The reporters never identified the three or even the constable who played a significant role in establishing their opinion of Jonestown. A fifth man, wearing a construction hard hat, entered the shack and, without

invitation, joined in the conversation. He was introduced as the electrical engineer who, every morning at this time, shut down the town's generator as a part of a nationwide energy conservation program. He was very, even suspiciously, knowledgeable on the subject of Jonestown. The conversation drifted to reports of automatic weapons and the constable confirmed that the government of Guyana had issued one such permit to the Peoples Temple. The discussion ended when the constable promised to accompany the reporters the next day to show them the underground torture chamber. He never did.

The reporters made their way in the dark back to "Mike's" Disco" for a few hours sleep before the Temple truck was to pick them up at the prearranged time of 8:30 AM. All three would survive the next day's carnage. All three would write books about Jonestown. All three were influenced by the unnamed constable, but none more than Tim Reiterman. It seems that Leon Broussard had left Port Kaituma and made his way back to San Francisco in the summer of 1977 to retell his story of the brutal treatment in Jonestown to none other than Tim Reiterman who doubted his claims. Now, a year and a half later and several thousand miles away, Broussard's testimony was being confirmed.

The Temple truck pulled up to "Mike's Disco" at about 10:30AM, two hours late. The driver cited mechanical problems but, in fact, his tardiness was just another means of restricting the reporters' access to Jonestown. After an uneventful trip they were greeted at the front gate by Marceline Jones who announced that a lavish breakfast and an all-day tour awaited them. Not wanting to be tricked into another

nonproductive day, Don Harris, the most outspoken reporter, said that they had a lot of work to do and no time for breakfast though "coffee would be nice." Impatiently looking at his watch, he said something to the effect that they would begin the tour of what they wanted to see in just a few minutes. Mrs. Jones backed off.

For the first time the reporters viewed the well organized community in the light of day and they were both impressed and suspicious of what they saw. Everything seemed staged. A group of children lethargically played on the grounds as if they had been ordered to do so. Another group watched a children's movie on the video-tape machine in the pavilion while others sat attentively in an outdoor classroom. It was Saturday and the reporters had learned that Jonestown maintained a typical Monday through Friday school week. No one seemed to be working. Everyone was relaxing in pastoral, picnic-like settings. Whenever a reporter would stray from the chosen path he was confronted by a friendly "Hi! Can I help you"? and herded back into line. They were too often told not to venture into certain areas because they would disturb the residents who were sleeping there. It was another wasted day. They did confront Jones with the constable's allegations of the presence of automatic weapons and an underground chamber; Jones denied the existence of both. The firearms had been locked away and the sensory deprivation tank long since destroyed in preparation for the day and the investigation that would inevitably follow.

Ryan announced over the public address system that anyone wishing to return to the United States with him should gather up their belongings and board the

truck to the Port Kaituma airstrip. Vern Gosney, Monica Bagby, the Parks family and several others stepped forward. Jones spoke privately with each to either convince them to stay or to give them last-minute instructions. Fifteen residents, mostly Caucasian, wanted to leave. Jones gave each their passport and 5,000 Guyanese dollars for the passage home.

Some said they would return after visiting relatives in the U.S. Jones was noticeably shaken at the little more than 1% of his followers who wanted to go home. He grasped his chest as if in pain and said to his wife, "A pill," loud enough for the reporters to overhear. Tim Reiterman later reported that "Lovingly, his wife resisted his entreaty." Though Reiterman and the other reporters recognized that some aspects of the tour had been staged, they failed to realize that all aspects of the tour, including Jones' reference to "a pill", had been staged. They were convinced, and in turn convinced the world, of Jones' imaginary drug dependency. Their portrayal of a crazed drug addict was exactly the public image Jones needed to explain the bizarre events that would take place later that day.

From over the public address system echoed, "Bonny Simon! Bonny Simon! Please come to the radio room!" A few minutes later, a very upset Bonny Simon ran past Congressman Ryan. She was chasing after her husband Alvin and screaming, "I'll kill you! You bring those kids back here! Don't touch my kids!"[177] Alvin Simon, a full-blooded Pima Indian from Arizona, was herding his three small children towards the front gate and the truck that was about to depart for the Port Kaituma airstrip. Bonny caught up to her family near the pavilion and tried to wrestle the children from

their father who obviously intended to take them back to the United States. With Ryan as an audience, Bonny and Alvin played tug-of-war with young Alvin, Jr. Ryan, Lane and Garry intervened and determined that questions of child custody should be settled in the courts. Alvin Simon conceded, deciding to remain with his children in Jonestown. Jones reassured everyone present that he would not punish Alvin for his attempt to leave and the situation calmed down. The U.S. State Department would later inform the Pima Indian tribe that Alvin Simon and his father Jose--a Pima chief and Jonestown resident--did not voluntarily drink the poison later that day. They had been injected.

Everyone was in position and everything on schedule for the planned assassination at the airstrip; that is until Ryan decided to stay another night in Jonestown to document others, like Alvin Simon, who might wish to return to the U.S. at some future date. Jones was not about to rely on some unrehearsed contingency plan to kill the Congressman. He had to force Ryan to leave. As a last resort, Jones called upon his knife expert Don Sly to get the Congressman Ryan on the road to his death.

Jones, Ryan, Lane and Garry were standing outside the pavilion when Don Sly approached the group, grabbed Ryan in a stranglehold, put a knife to his throat and screamed, "I'm gonna slit your throat you motherfucker." Ryan fell backwards on top of his attacker and the two attorneys wrestled the knife away but not before Sly reportedly cut himself between the thumb and forefinger. There was blood everywhere but mostly on the front of Ryan's shirt. Sly, an extremely strong athlete who had once trained for the Olympic swimming team, could have easily killed Ryan but the

plan was not to kill him there, only to scare him into leaving for the airstrip where the assassination team was waiting. The knife attack was staged. The blood was real but it came from a Hollywood special effects capsule Sly had concealed in his hand. Ryan, obviously shaken, ghostly white and spattered with blood, still wanted to stay another night. Jones, who never apologized or showed any remorse over the incident, asked, "Does this change everything?" Ryan responded, "It doesn't change everything but it does change some things." Jones assured Ryan he would have Sly arrested for the attempted murder although he had no intention of doing so.

Meanwhile, the truck loaded with newsmen, relatives and Jonestown defectors was delayed at the front gate because, according to the driver, it was stuck in the mud. Actually, they were stalling, waiting for Ryan. Back at the pavilion, Jones huddled with several of his aides as Dick Dwyer pleaded with and even ordered Ryan to leave. Finally, Ryan agreed to go with the others after Dwyer promised that he would return to Jonestown to document any other residents who might wish to leave but first he would see Ryan off at the airstrip. At that precise moment, the truck was freed and Ryan and Dwyer had to run to catch up with it. Out of the huddle with Jones and running alongside the two men was the sixteenth Jonestown "defector," Larry Layton.

The ride to the airstrip was uneventful. The mood was one of relief; relief that everyone had gotten out alive, relief that Ryan had not been hurt in the knife assault, relief that it was all over--or so they thought. The only thing to spoil the moment was an apprehension everyone felt at Larry Layton's presence.

Those who knew him warned the others that his defection was probably feigned as he was too close to Jones. The truck swayed back and forth in the muddy ruts of the road built in the early days of Jonestown and into the clearing of the Port Kaituma airstrip built years earlier by United States mining concerns. The passengers disembarked and assembled in and around the only structure, a tin roofed passenger shed. Dick Dwyer quietly slipped into the village and returned with the unnamed constable before the group (which now numbered about thirty) had noticed he was missing. The airstrip was deserted except for some local onlookers and four (possibly six) armed men in Guyanese military uniforms camped near the end of the runway to guard a "disabled military plane" that someone said had a broken wheel.

Before long, two planes landed; the Otter from the day before and a six-seater Cessna that Ryan had ordered over the Jonestown radio after the defectors joined his party. It is interesting to note that just a day earlier Ryan could not charter enough seats to fly all the Concerned Relatives into Jonestown but he had no trouble arranging for this additional plane on short notice. In this story, when things worked smoothly it was because Jones wanted them to. Even with the additional plane there was still not enough room for everyone. Ryan decided that the defectors and the reporters with deadlines would be the first to fly to Georgetown; he and the others would wait for the Otter to return. Reporter Charles Krause begged defector Jim Cobb for his seat. While Jackie Speier organized the passengers and baggage, Ryan pat-searched the boarding male passengers following the advice of Dwyer and some of the defectors who suspected trouble

from Larry Layton, among others. Layton managed to smuggle a handgun onto the Cessna. Everyone was milling about the two planes, except Dick Dwyer and the shotgun-toting constable who stood off the runway near the shed.

The Temple's dumptruck returned and, along with a farm tractor towing a trailer, emerged from the Jonestown road and parked near the far end of the runway across from the disabled military plane. The truck remained stationary but the tractor/trailer moved down and across the runway to a vantage point between the Cessna and the Otter. When the driver of the tractor began questioning the defectors as to who was assigned to which plane, the others became alarmed and hurried to board and fly out of there before any trouble started. The tractor driver and his passengers who rode in the high sided trailer (identified by Harold Cordell as Stanley Gieg, Tom Kice, Sr., Albert Touchette and Joe Wilson) walked over to the small group of Port Kaitumans and pushed them back out of the way. They then approached Dick Dwyer. The young constable handed them his shotgun and both he and Dwyer backed away. The Temple guards went back to the trailer and picked up automatic weapons described by survivors as M-16's. Shots were heard in the distance; probably the signal to begin the assault from the Temple guards in the dump truck. The Cessna, fully loaded, began to taxi when the shooting started. From inside the plane, Larry Layton shot Vern Gosney and Monica Bagby but, as difficult as it is to believe, he reportedly missed the pilot. According to Dale Parks, he then pointed the .38-caliber Smith and Wesson revolver at him and fired. There was noise but no bullet as if the gun had been loaded with a blank

cartridge. Parks wrestled the revolver from Layton, ending that half of the attack. Meanwhile, from the trailer, marksmen fired a volley low into the crowd surrounding the Otter, hitting several below the waist. This first round was obviously intended, not to kill, but to immobilize the crowd, all of whom "hit the dirt." About half of the thirty had been shot but only Patty Parks died in the first round. She was struck high in the torso because she was bent over when the shooting began. Her death was probably an accident. Bob Brown bravely continued to film the assault as the Temple guards moved in for the kill carrying the shotgun they had confiscated from the constable. One blast to Brown's head and his brains splattered over his video camera. Greg Robinson, who had been snapping still photos as fast as he could, was the next to fall to the shotgun. With both photographers dead, the assassins turned to Ryan who lay wounded near the Otter and shot him point-blank in the head. Don Harris suffered the same fate. In all, five were dead, five seriously wounded, five slightly wounded.

The Temple assault team could have easily killed everyone at the airstrip. No one fought back and, thanks to Dwyer's advice to Ryan, no one could as they had been searched and disarmed moments before the attack. During the shooting, Bob Flick had pleaded with the Guyanese soldiers for protection or the loan of a weapon but they refused to even allow him near the disabled plane in their charge. In their words this was "Americans shooting Americans" and none of their business.

Obviously, it was not the intention of the Temple assault team to kill everyone or to stop the Jonestown defectors from leaving. The intention was to

assassinate Congressman Ryan. Cameramen Bob Brown and Greg Robinson were killed just before Ryan because they were filming the assassination. Patty Parks' death was an accident. Only the motive for killing newsman Don Harris remains unclear. It is possible that he too was an intended target who had been deliberately recruited for the trip to Guyana and his death. Harris did share a common history with the other dead newsmen in their coverage of the Vietnam War. He was so close to the action that he witnessed the fall of Saigon from the roof of the U.S. Embassy. If he was an intended victim, the root of the reasoning may have been a result of his Vietnam experience. In short, he learned something he shouldn't have. But there is another very interesting, yet unfortunately unconfirmed, report that Harris' hobby was the study of Howard Hughes' connections with the CIA, which if true would be as good a motive as any for his murder.

Of the five slightly wounded, one was visiting relative Beverly Oliver, three were the print media reporters Javers, Reiterman and Krause. Krause, however, could hardly be considered wounded; his leg was scratched while he squeezed through the baggage compartment door of the Cessna for cover during the assault. The U.S. Embassy's Deputy Chief of Mission, Dick Dwyer, was the fifth, claiming to have been grazed by a bullet in the buttocks. There was blood on his pants but that's all anyone saw. His wound, if it was a wound, did not stop him from assuming command of the group after the shooting stopped and the Temple assault team retreated. Dwyer was out of the line of fire and was probably not shot as further evidenced by the fact that he waited several days before seeking any medical attention in Georgetown. Years later, he

claimed to still carry a bullet that was lodged near the base of his spine, but this is pure conjecture because he has never backed his claim with hard evidence such as a verified X-ray.

Despite Dick Dwyer's support of Jim Jones prior to the incident, his leadership of the survivors of the assassination went uncontested. He was, after all, the only ranking U.S. official on the airstrip. Dale Parks recognized his authority when he brought Larry Layton and his revolver, not to the local police, but to Dwyer.

There was a commotion at the end of the airstrip and Dwyer yelled, "They're coming back! They're coming back!," which was enough of a real threat to send any ambulatory survivors scrambling for cover in the nearby high swamp grass and jungle. Only the two pilots and Dwyer remained and after, a brief conversation the pilots boarded the Cessna and took off for Georgetown with Monica Bagby, leaving the others stranded in Port Kaituma under threat of another attack. There was no pilot to fly the Otter; besides, one of its engines had been damaged in the assault. The police radio that Don Harris had used the day before was conveniently inoperative (some say broken, others missing). There were no working telephones in Port Kaituma; no way to communicate with the outside world. There was but an hour or so of daylight left and, even if the Cessna had radioed Georgetown for help, there was not enough time for a rescue plane to arrive at the unlit strip before dark. Dick Dwyer quietly confiscated the group's only flashlight. Obviously, they would have to spend the night in Port Kaituma.

While hiding in and around the village from Dwyer's imaginary second assault, Tim Reiterman was confronted by several men he believed to be locals. One stepped forward, handed him a book on CIA conspiracies and said, "We were told that you, the group with the congressman, were CIA and heavily armed."[178] Reiterman replied that he was a reporter and neither armed nor employed by the CIA. He would later report that the man's peculiar remark was evidence that Jones had primed the locals to be against the congressional inquiry. He failed to realize that, from the perspective of a Port Kaituman, all Americans were the same whether they be congressmen, Concerned Relatives, reporters, or the heavily armed CIA technicians who had filmed the entire assassination from their vantage point within the so-called "disabled" military plane.

With the exception of the constable providing the murder weapon, neither the Guyanese police nor the military (if that is who they really were) played any role in the attack other than that of witness. The police claimed they were helpless because their only armed constable had been disarmed by the assailants. The soldiers, who incidentally had not been disarmed during the attack, remained aloof to the whole affair, that is until Dick Dwyer approached them. They agreed to house the severely wounded, not in the plane that they were guarding, but in their small camp tent. With old bedsprings for litters and rum for anesthetic, the four critically wounded were carried to the tent. The dead were left lying on the airstrip overnight, during which time the bodies were looted of everything but their clothing. This has been attributed to the local natives who have a reputation for stealing anything of

value that isn't nailed down but the most valuable items on the bodies were their notes on Jonestown; the missing notes that someone took from the bodies under the cover of darkness.

One at a time, the survivors emerged from the jungle and returned to the airstrip after Dwyer's false alarm. Dwyer sent them to the Port Kaituma Rum Shop where he had arranged for them to spend the evening. Everyone was sheltered by sunset. The wounded in the tent certainly could not move and the others in the Rum Shop certainly would not move. They were so afraid of a second Temple assault that they sent two escorts with any of their number who exited the rear door of the shop to relieve their bladders from another evening of over indulging in drink. Between the cases of beer at the airstrip, the first evening at Mike's Disco and Rum House, and the second evening at the Port Kaituma Rum Shop, whether intentionally or not the reporters would pass their two days in Guyana's interior under the influence of alcohol. Only Dick Dwyer remained mobile during the long night. He shuttled between the Rum Shop and the tent on the airstrip, being away from both for hours at a time.

Out of the dark and into the Rum Shop stumbled the unidentified constable, obviously drunk. "I'll kill them! I'll kill them! I'll kill them all in Jonestown!" he screamed. The reporters tried to calm him down, fearing that in his enthusiasm he might decide to kill them instead. No one suspected that, at that precise moment fifteen miles away in Jonestown, the residents were killing themselves. The constable left the Rum Shop, never to be heard from again. This man, who knew so much about Jonestown, who had such a profound influence on the reporters and the stories

they told to the outside world, who provided the murder weapon to kill Congressman Ryan, has never been questioned or even identified, which exemplifies what would be a mediocre investigation into the assassination. No attempt was made to even locate the murder weapon or the Temple guard who fired the fatal shotgun blasts. Nor were several critical questions even addressed. For example, though reports vary as to the caliber of the shotgun, all agree it was a single-shot, but even if it were a double-barrel the assassin would have had to reload to have fired the four fatal shots. Where did he get the additional ammunition? Reports indicate that the constable provided only the shotgun. Was the Temple assault team equipped with just the right ammunition for the constable's gun? If so, this is evidence of collusion as the Temple guards must have had prior knowledge that Dwyer's companion would be present during the attack and would give them his gun.

As absurd a miscarriage of justice as it would appear to be, in the final analysis, a U.S. Congressman was assassinated in full view of at least four dozen people, some of whom, like the constable,have never been identified or even questioned as to what they witnessed. No attempt was made to bring anyone to justice or to even locate the murder weapon. Larry Layton would be the only one tried in U.S. courts for the crime and he was charged, not with murder, but with conspiracy to murder. As to who actually killed Leo Ryan, no one seems to care and everyone has a preconceived, precontrived rationale. To a privileged few, Ryan was killed by the CIA. To the rest of the world, Ryan was killed by the crazed Jim Jones. Though both opinions are basically correct, it is still

difficult to fathom that U.S. authorities would not search for the man who pulled the trigger. In the Layton trial, the prosecution not only did not indict the other Temple guards identified as members of the airstrip assault team, they did not even subpoena them to testify. The investigation into Ryan's death was sloppy to the point of suspicion.

It was early morning, California time, when the phone rang in the Foster City home of Ryan's attorney and close friend, Joe Holsinger. It was the White House informing him that Ryan had been killed in Guyana. "How do you know this?" he asked. The White House spokesman answered that CIA personnel had witnessed the assassination. To pinpoint the agent the White House was referring to is difficult as there were many on the airstrip at the time. There was the U.S. Embassy's Deputy Chief of Mission (by definition, a legal agent) who, when later asked about his employment with the CIA, gave the agency's standard, up-against-the-wall, reply, "I can neither confirm nor deny the allegation." Dick Dwyer would later leave Guyana and take up residence in, of all places, Grenada where he continued the work started by Jones in preparation for the U.S. invasion of the island nation. There is no doubt that Dwyer worked for the CIA. Then, there was Larry Layton, whose entire family had been cleared for top secret work by the federal government. Layton was too close to the true nature of the experiment to be anything but CIA. And then there were the current and former Temple members on both sides of the assault. All were top aides in a CIA operation and some realized it. Even the reporters were suspect. Charles Krause's position as the Buenos Aires correspondent for the Washington Post as well as his future work

investigating political turmoil in Central and South America make it difficult, if not impossible, for him to deny at least an affiliation with the CIA. There are other suspects like the unnamed constable and the man who carried a book on CIA conspiracies through the enactment of a CIA conspiracy. But more than likely, the White House was referring to the group of CIA observers who filmed the entire event from their command center in the disabled plane that had the only operative radio outside of Jonestown. There were only three possible ways that the message could have been sent out of the interior. First, there was the Cessna that returned to Georgetown. If the message was sent by them, then one of the two pilots, or Monica Bagby, was a CIA operative. The other two possibilities were the two radios; one in Jonestown and the other in the disabled plane.

Meanwhile, the assault team had returned to Jonestown to report their success. Jones switched on the reel-to-reel tape recorder to document the White Night. Into the microphone he said, "Take Dwyer to the East House." Many have seen this as a mistake on the part of Jones who supposedly thought that Dwyer had returned as he had said he would but, in reality, it was a calculated statement designed to give the impression that Jones had no knowledge of Dwyer's whereabouts or activities in order to disassociate him from the masterplan.

> The Congressman is dead! The Congressman is dead! Come to the pavilion. What a legacy! What a legacy! It's time to pass over. This isn't just a suicide, it's a

> revolutionary suicide. Come my children before the GDF (Guyanese Defense Force) parachutes in here to castrate, rape and kill.

Obviously, Jones was using the assassination as a mechanism to trigger the experiment. He had put Guyana's Prime Minister in power and neither the GDF nor any Guyanese authority were about to interfere with his project. It was all a bluff.

A few minutes earlier Jones had sent Mark Lane and Charles Garry to the East House under the armed protection of none other than Don Sly, the same man they had wrestled to the ground just a couple of hours earlier. Jones' odd selection of a bodyguard was a two-fold plan. Overall, his intention was to discredit Mark Lane and his association with Ryan's assailant after the incident was at least a vague reference to collusion. Besides, Sly got to show off the bandage on his hand that, in the minds of the attorneys, reinforced the impression that he had been injured in his attack on Congressman Ryan. Jones never intended to kill the attorneys. If Lane had been murdered in Jonestown just prior to his scheduled Congressional testimony about CIA assassinations, the press might have accused Jones of working for the CIA. Instead of taking Lane's life, Jones and the CIA decided to take his career, hence influence. The intention was to discredit Lane, hence he and Garry were allowed to "escape" the White Night. Don Sly disappeared, leaving only the Temple guards Jimmy Jones and Jim Johnson between the attorneys and the open jungle. Lane claims they convinced the guards to let them leave so they could write the truth about the Peoples Temple but the

guards would have allowed them to leave anyway because that was Jones' plan. Together, Lane and Garry tore small strips of cloth from a spare pair of underwear, tied the strips to the vegetation and, like Hansel and Gretel, made their way through the jungle to Port Kaituma, where the following morning they were reunited with the survivors of the airstrip attack. Later that day they would be rescued by the GDF who were obviously in no hurry to reach Port Kaituma or Jonestown. The troops didn't fly, but took the train, and then walked the last twenty miles fearing the train might be sabotaged. The delay allowed Jones the time to count bodies and record the results of the experiment.

Back at the pavilion, about a dozen staffers, under the direction of Dr. Larry Schacht and poisons expert Faith Worley, gathered around a metal vat to mix and distribute the Kool-Aid/ cyanide/tranquilizer potion, the recipe for which had been formulated some five years earlier during the first White Night rehearsal in 1973. Despite one report that Jones had threatened mass suicide by fire the year before, poisoned wine had always been the intended medium for the Temple's "Last Supper" communion. Early on, Jones had asked Faith Worley what poison to use. "Cyanide" was her reply. Jones agreed and reportedly added, "That's what the Germans used."

Recipe for Mass Suicide

15 gallons of grape drink mix--The grape Kool-Aid (many say it was actually an imitation product called Fla-Vor-Aid) was as close to wine as practical but it was not a last minute substitution. Several months earlier, Jones was conducting a video-taped tour of

Jonestown when he went out of his way to describe the community's stock of Kool-Aid in the supply room; another example of his off-beat sense of humor and evidence of his awareness of and plans to use the drink mix as flavoring.

100 pounds of potassium cyanide--More important than the flavoring was the cyanide, or rather the timing of the cyanide. It is critical to understand that even though Jones had rehearsed the White Night for over five years and had threatened mass suicide in 1977, he did not have the ability to carry it out until just two days before Ryan arrived in Jonestown when the Temple ship, "Cudjo" brought the plastic drum of poison from Georgetown to Port Kaituma. It was Wednesday, November 15th, when Harold Cordell unloaded the drum on the dock for the last leg of its long journey to Jonestown. Jones had purchased the cyanide compound from a chemical company in Upstate New York about the same time that the dates of Ryan's visit had been scheduled, which disproves the federal government's position that Jones did not plan the assassination or the suicide/murder that followed.

Tranquilizers--Liquid Valium and Darvon were were added to the potion to ease the pain of death--a twisted compassion in an inhumane act.

The medical staff filled hypodermic syringes, squeeze bottles and hundreds of paper cups with the poisoned brew. Jones called everyone to the pavilion and, with the reel-to reel tape recorder operating, he ordered the final White Night. "Please get the medication before it's too late. . . The GDF will be here . . . Don't be afraid to die . . . It's all over . . . The Congressman is dead . . .How many are dead?"[179] He then took a few minutes to debrief the assault team

before returning to the microphone. "Oh, God almighty. Patty Parks is dead."[180] Jones, who showed no remorse for the death of Ryan and the newsmen, or for that matter, the pending death of his congregation, was honestly upset with the news of Patty Parks' demise, which supports the theory that her death was an unintentional accident.

From time to time Jones left the pavilion and the services for various errands. Once he radioed the Temple's Georgetown headquarters in Lamaha Gardens to instruct them to begin their own White Night. When they asked how, Jones replied, "K-N-I-F-E" as he spelled out the murder weapon. Sharon Amos and her three children died from having their throats slit with a large kitchen knife. Some say that Amos killed her children and then herself but others claim they were all murdered by long-time Temple aide Charles Beikman, who witnessed the deaths but survived uninjured. Beikman was a Caucasian ex-Marine who operated the Temple's thrift store in Kumaha. As further evidence of premeditation, the store was closed seven days before the massacre.

The first to die in Jonestown were the babes-in-arms. On Jones' order, mothers holding small children were the first to line up in front of the vat of poison where the technicians squirted the potion into the throats of the children. The infants swallowed and screamed. "Don't be afraid," Jones reassured them. "It isn't painful, just a little bitter tasting." The very young were not a part of the experiment as they had not reached the age of reason. This first step was not to test the children but the willingness of the mothers to kill their children. Many mothers wandered aimlessly about the pavilion,

holding their dead or dying offspring. In this first round, only the infants were poisoned, the mothers were not. Next to the vat of poison stood Annie Moore holding a box of colored Magic Markers. She placed a black "X" on any mother who cooperated in the murder. Their time would come soon as, clearly, the order of execution was by age.

The older children were next. One at a time they drank their paper cup of death. The adults followed and so did the trouble as many refused to drink the poison. Force-feeding would have been a waste of precious time. Uncooperative residents were captured by armed guards who had formed two concentric circles around the pavilion. The guards dragged them to the vat of poison where they were injected and somehow labelled involuntary (an essential procedure necessary to document the results of the experiment). The last to die were the seniors. Death from cyanide poisoning takes several minutes, during which time the victim suffers uncontrollably wild convulsions and finally succumbs to suffocation.

Eventually, only the guards, medical technicians and Jones were left standing. They gave three loud cheers at the successful completion of the experiment but they were not finished; there was still a lot of work to do. Corpses were counted, identified, recorded as suicide or murder and dragged by the arms to areas outside the pavilion that had been designated for the documented dead. They labored for several hours into the night.

The first outsiders to view the carnage arrived the following morning to find the dead in neat, orderly piles, head-to-head, toe-to-toe. Aside from the tropical birds pecking at the bodies, there were only

two Jonestown residents found alive, a lone dog and Hyacinth Thrash, an old woman who reportedly slept through the entire White Night. Viola Burnham, wife of the Prime Minister, was in charge of the expedition that included a contingent of Guyanese soldiers and Dr. C. Leslie Mootoo, the country's chief medical examiner. Mrs. Burnham and her guards ransacked the office, kitchen and Jones' cabin. They confiscated money, documents, weapons and just about anything of value. With the booty in hand, they then returned to Georgetown with Mrs. Thrash (who, by one report, was suspected of actually being Lisa Layton). Meanwhile, Dr. Mootoo and his two unnamed assistants stayed behind to examine the remains. Temple members Odell Rhodes, Stanley Clayton and Tim Carter (all of whom were in Guyanese custody) helped Dr. Mootoo identify and tag many of the bodies. About eight autopsies were performed on the site but, oddly, Dr. Mootoo selected only children as subjects and not Jim Jones. Eleven year old Nawab Laurence was of particular interest as one of the medical assistants remembered the child entering the country through customs. The boy had been born a heroin addict in California. Jones had somehow (probably through Mendocino State Hospital) gained custody of the child who now lay dead. Dr. Mootoo determined that the examined had "died from asphyxia due to violent convulsions." Their stomachs contained cyanide and traces of Valium. He also reported that at least "eighty-three people had been injected with cyanide." Dr. Mootoo never addressed the unusual placement of the bodies. The "violent convulsions" of nine hundred dying people could never have resulted in the neat, orderly piles in which the corpses were found. The press would later quote Dick Gregory as

saying that the positioning of the bodies was "evidence of a CIA conspiracy." Though his conclusion was correct, his rationale was ridiculously simplistic and served only to discourage anyone who might otherwise have investigated the CIA's role in Jonestown. (Dick Gregory had once co-authored a book with Mark Lane about the conspiracy to assassinate Dr. Martin Luther King).

Dr.Mootoo and his assistants worked for thirty-two hours nonstop before they ran out of energy and supplies. One account claims that forensic pathologist Dr. Robert Stein of Chicago radioed Dr. Mootoo to offer U.S. assistance but Washington never gave him permission and later denied the offer. Another account claims that Dr. Mootoo asked the U.S. for help but, regardless of who initiated the exchange, no medical personnel were sent. Dr. Mootoo would later accuse the U.S. government of suppressing his initial investigation into the deaths in Jonestown by denying him both official U.S. aid and unofficial offers to help by private citizens like Dr. Robert Stein.

Washington was very slow to react. At first they relied on the State Department's request that Guyana dig a pit and bury the dead in Jonestown. When Mayor George Moscone, the relatives of the victims and the government of Guyana refused to accept this plan, a U.S. military team was dispatched to recover the bodies. The U.S. Army's Director of Operations in South America, Colonel William Gordon, left his station in the Panama Canal Zone to command the mission. Accompanying Colonel Gordon's troops were two doctors; Dr. Lynn Cook, a forensic pathologist from the University of South Carolina Medical Center, and Dr. Bruce Poitrast, an Army surgeon. This first official

U.S. delegation arrived on the scene four days after the massacre. Since Jones had ordered that most of the dead be dragged outside the pavilion's roof, the four days of intense tropical sun, rain and high humidity had greatly accelerated decomposition. Most of the bodies were inflated like balloons near the bursting point. The first chore of the U.S. recovery team was to bayonet the bodies to release the internal gases. Over nine hundred corpses were stabbed,most split the length of their torso. (This may have been the basis of one claim that the stomach cavity of each of the Jonestown victims was used by the CIA to smuggle heroin into the United States). The U.S. medical experts on the scene did absolutely nothing because, according to Dr. Cook, "I didn't even have a pocket knife, no equipment and no preservatives for specimens." There is really no wonder in why the U.S. government waited so long to send only two doctors and no medical supplies or equipment to gather evidence. It was obvious, as it was to Dr. Mootoo, that Washington was trying to suppress any investigation into Jonestown. Acting on orders from the office of Zbigniew Brzezinski (President Carter's National Security Advisor) "all politically sensitive papers and forms of identification were removed from the corpses." The U.S. government had made it impossible to identify the victims that were then placed in bags and air-lifted by helicopter to the Georgetown airport for the flight back to the United States.

Shock wave after shock wave shook San Francisco as the headlines heralded an increasing death toll in Jonestown. First reports claimed 400 had died. Days later the figure was revised upward to 780 and finally, one week after the Event, the news media reported the

total as 903. Jim Jones had claimed the lives of more San Franciscans than had the devastating 1906 earthquake. The U.S. and Guyanese troops sent to clean up the experiment explained that their confusion over the body count was the result of the fact that corpses lay concealed under other corpses and were not discovered until the bodies were removed. If this ludicrous explanation is to be accepted, then 503 bodies were hidden under a pile of 400. In the lowest common denominator, four bodies concealed another five. It is very unlikely.

There is one plausible, though purely speculative, answer to the mystery of the ascending death toll. U.S. troops sent to Jonestown expected to find what they were told were 1,200 residents. According to their reports, after the initial body count of 400, rather than look for more bodies around the pavilion, they spent much of the first few hours combing the surrounding jungle expecting to find the missing 800. Military helicopters were employed to fly low over the tree tops and announce on loudspeakers that it was safe to return to Jonestown. Reportedly, no one answered their calls; no one emerged from the jungle. It is possible that only 400 residents committed suicide and the rest fled into the jungle. At first, 400 were reported dead because that was all that had died by the time that the military reached the settlement. As the escapees emerged from the jungle they were injected and their bodies dragged over to the pile. The revisions in the body count could have been made as the test persons were being located and murdered but this is only one possible scenario which would explain what has heretofore not made much sense.

Perhaps the mystery of the ascending body count was necessary to help cover-up the fact that, in the final analysis, the total count of 903 does not compare with the 1,200 that everyone, inside or out, agreed was the population of Jonestown. Approximately 300 people are missing. Some of these can be accounted for in the ranks of those top aides who"defected" from Jonestown just before the Event to escape any possible persecution for their association with the experiment. There were also those residents who had defected with the Ryan party or who were in Georgetown at the time for such questionable excuses as basketball games and dentist appointments. Even a meticulous study of Temple members who had recently defected, died, or for other reasons left Jonestown, accounts for less than 100 which should have left 1,100 to die in the Event that only claimed 903. The fate of the missing 197 is explored elsewhere in this work.

One of the basic misconceptions is that Guyana is in Africa. It is not. Guyana is an ocean away in South America, but to British Intelligence whose personnel trained mercenaries in Jonestown to fight in an African war, the project will always have legitimate African connotations. So it is not surprising that British subjects like Gordon Lindsay, who played an active role in Jonestown, would also have had a history of involvement with British interests in Africa.

Gordon Lindsay's contributions to this story are too often underrated. He had been instrumental in the process of convincing Ryan to visit Jonestown and had single-handedly organized the news crew that would accompany him and, to a large extent, give him a false sense of security. Spared by Jones' refusal to permit him entry, Lindsay returned to Georgetown where he set

up headquarters at the Pegasus Hotel, amid the Concerned Relatives and the Jonestown basketball team. In the aftermath of the Event, no news left Guyana that wasn't first filtered through the CIA, or their British counterpart in Gordon Lindsay, or both. While the reporters with the Ryan party were either isolated, in transit, or in the hospital, Lindsay was readily available to relay the story to the outside world from his hotel headquarters. To the other reporters and news agencies throughout the world who received their information from telephone interviews initiated by Lindsay, the man was qualified and knowledgeable on the subject because he had studied Jonestown, knew all the major characters including those in Ryan's party and could even produce current and former members of the Peoples Temple. Though Lindsay never wrote a published article about Jonestown, there are few, if any, such works that were not influenced by him.

Books on Jonestown, published in the United States, outline Lindsay's role in the story, though one may have to read several to compile a comprehensive overview of his contributions. But his name is noticeably missing from books on the subject published by his British colleagues like Shiva Naipaul who authored a work on Jonestown, distributed in England, Canada, Australia and New Zealand under the title Black and White. A resident of London, Naipaul is best known for his coverage of African politics in published journals like, North of South: An African Journey. Nor was Lindsay's name mentioned in White Night, a book by Californian John Peer Nugent. Nugent shared Lindsay's and Naipaul's interests in both Jonestown and the politics of Africa, having been Newsweek's chief African correspondent during the politically tumultuous

early 1960's. Author of Call Africa 999, Nugent presently acts as an advisor to several elected officials in Washington on U.S./African relations.

It would appear that the primary intention of British post-Jonestown propaganda was to mask their use of the facility in the training of mercenaries bound for Africa, hence the logical choices for the assignment were British reporters and writers who had already worked with the British Intelligence operations in African conflicts. Though the British may have shared in the mind control test results for use in Africa, they were concerned with covering up only the early training camp period of Jonestown while, as will be explored in the next chapter, the CIA concentrated on covering up only their involvement in the second half of the project. Their individual efforts were not totally coordinated so to best understand the CIA's role one must read the British reports, and vice versa. In the end, the only common denominator to both disinformation campaigns was Gordon Lindsay.

To date there has been only one official government investigation into the assassination of Congressman Ryan and the massacre that followed. The study, conducted by three staff members of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, was based largely on a series of interviews with U.S. State Department officials, CIA personnel and ex-Temple members (if one considers these three categories as separate). On May 15, 1979, the investigators issued their report entitled, The Assassination of Representative Leo J. Ryan and the Jonestown, Guyana Tragedy. (House Committee on Foreign Affairs--Document #96-223, 96th Congress.) In view of the truth about Jonestown, this document stands as one of the most absurd miscarriages

of justice in American history. Though the report is perforated with errors, in some areas it is surprisingly accurate as in the following passage;

> Who and what was Jim Jones? We believe it is accurate to say he was charismatic in some respects; in fact, he was especially adroit in the area of human psychology. As we have studied him and interviewed those who knew him well and had come under his influence, we have concluded that he was first and foremost a master of mind control.[181]

So much for the truth. Under the critical question of whether there was a conspiracy to assassinate Congressman Ryan, the committee went so far as to doubt that even Jones had conspired to kill him. They <u>did</u> report several facts to the contrary, such as:

--The arrival of the cyanide, two days before Ryan's visit.
--The planting of a Temple spy (Tim Carter) in The Concerned Relatives group to monitor Ryan's trip plans.
--The start of the White Night some twenty minutes prior to the assault team's return to Jonestown.
--Reports that Jones implied Ryan would be killed several days before he arrived.

Though the committee could not have avoided reporting such hard evidence,they dismissed the entire concept of a conspiracy with the following preamble:

> The possibility of any prior conspiracy tends to be diminished by the fact that Gordon Lindsay, a reporter whom Mr. Jones regarded as an arch enemy of People's Temple, was not allowed to enter Jonestown with the Ryan party.[182]

And therein lies the most common error (or cover-up) encountered in the study of Jim Jones. While the committee recognized that Jones was a manipulator, "a master of mind control" and obviously, a mass murderer, they could not envision him as a liar. They actually believed what a man like Jones would go out of his way to say, and even based their report on Ryan's death on the words of the man who had him killed. In reality, Gordon Lindsay never did anything that hurt Jones. On the contrary, he helped to organize the Ryan party which was crucial to Jones' plans. For without the security Ryan felt with Lindsay's news crew, he might not have agreed to visit Jonestown. Lindsay was not an enemy of Jim Jones. In a larger way, Jones had used the same techniques in his claims that the CIA was trying to destroy him. This produced two basic world opinions; The CIA <u>was</u> intent on destroying him or that his statements were evidence of a paranoid mind. In truth, Jones was a liar who claimed the CIA was his enemy to disguise his association with the agency.

Contrary to the implications set forth in the title of the House Committee report, the document was largely, not an investigation into Congressman Ryan's death, but a defense of the State Department's involvement in the Jonestown project. Needless to say, the committee looked favorably on the Department's role, even praising "the brave and dedicated efforts of Dick Dwyer," while many felt the actions of the State Department were suspicious for one reason or another.

Above all,the most damaging evidence against the House Committee report is their list of seemingly non-related recommendations:

--A committee review of the Privacy Act and the Freedom of Information Act to determine if legislative changes were required.

--A congressional review of Internal Revenue Service regulations about tax-exempt privileges the People's Temple had enjoyed as a church.

--Revision by the State Department of the existing system for dissemination of documents and information to provide a more candid exchange.

--Concentrated scientific research to understand the dynamics and methods of cults and their leaders.

--Inclusion of a comprehensive discussion of cults on the agenda of

a forthcoming White House Conference on the Family.

And so it was that this only official government investigation into Ryan's assassination ended, with recommendations for other investigations into tax-exemptions, the flow of government information and cults in general without even approaching the all-important questions of who killed Congressman Ryan and why.

The mass suicide in Jonestown was not without precedent in history. In 79 AD about one thousand Jews jumped to their deaths from the cliffs of Masada, choosing suicide over capture by the Romans. In a strikingly similar incident,a German woman evangelist led several hundred of her followers into the jungles of South America where,in the early 1900's, they died in a mass suicide ritual. Though there are other examples in history, Jonestown will remain synonymous with mass suicide. Perhaps it would have been better to leave the subject with such a simple, concise description for, in light of the truth, curiosity and intrigue are replaced by unadulterated horror at the significance of the White Night.

XIV VARIOUS VILLAINS AND VICTIMS

Even with all the preparation and execution, the CIA's task was only half finished with the completion of the experiment. There were many loose ends that, if left untied, might expose the agency's sponsorship of Jonestown. The situation called for a small army of agency propagandists who embarked on a massive disinformation campaign designed to disguise the true nature of the experiment. Before one can understand the post-Jonestown propaganda campaign, the often misused word "propaganda" must first be defined. The word has its origin in the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith; a committee of Roman Catholic Cardinals in charge of the foreign missions. Propaganda refers to the activity of any organization or movement working for the propagation of particular ideas, doctrines or principles, or those ideas, doctrines or practices. By definition, every work published or promoted by a group is propaganda. In recent times, it has become synonymous with deception and distortion and it is in this context that the word propaganda is used in this chapter; a study of those

who are responsible for the mostly false public opinion about Jonestown.

Jim Jones had always manipulated public opinion about his Peoples Temple but the State Department and the CIA did not begin their disinformation campaign until late in the story when they neglected to warn Congressman Ryan of the danger he would face in Guyana. In the wake of the tragedy, Prime Minister Burnham's CIA-installed government refused to allow FBI investigators into Guyana. The CIA, however, was allowed in. The U.S. military personnel who removed the bodies were allowed in. Even independent reporters and researchers were allowed in, but each was shadowed by an agent in a "buddy system" intended to direct and deceive those who would relay the story to the world. Yet the FBI was denied entry. There would be no official investigation into the assassination of Congressman Ryan or the death of over nine hundred Americans in Jonestown.

The CIA's stonewalling continued as exemplified by the experience of one Fielding M. McGehee. McGehee, a journalist with a "personal and professional" interest in Jonestown, petitioned the CIA under the Freedom of Information Act for all of their records on the Peoples Temple and Jonestown. There was an initial flurry of activity following his request in early December of 1978, but the agency was more concerned with investigating Mr. McGehee than in giving him access to their files. No reports were released. Two years later, McGehee filed suit in federal court and the CIA was ordered to respond by May of 1981. There were a total of eighty-four agency documents on Jonestown. In the end, only twelve were released in full. Eighteen additional documents were released but

these were substantially edited. To this day the CIA refuses to comply with the court order to release the rest. In January of 1983, a three judge panel in the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled that the CIA had acted in "bad faith" in denying McGehee's request. It had taken them two and a half years to release only a small fraction of the information they possessed from the very beginning. Their behavior has been attributed to a desire not to disclose the identity of their operatives in Jonestown, but very few suspected that one of those operatives was Jim Jones. Fielding McGehee's experience was typical of the uncooperative stance taken by the CIA in the wake of the White Night.

There were so many books on Jonestown, published in the few years after its demise, that one writer's guide to book publishing used Jonestown as a prime example of why there should be a registry of works in preparation. Whether justified or not, the effect of this 1982 guide was to discourage writers and publishers from producing any further works on what the unnamed "senior editor" considered an overworked subject. To date, at least thirty books have been published on the subject of Jim Jones, the Peoples Temple and/or Jonestown. Many are foreign or out of print and difficult to find. Together these full-length reports and lesser works on the subject comprise the data base from which a false public opinion has been formed. This chapter will review each of the major works on the subject and attempt to provide a logical reason why all fell short of reporting the truth about Jonestown.

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Guyana Massacre: The Eyewitness Account by Charles A. Krause with exclusive material by Laurence M. Stern, Richard Harwood and the staff of the Washington Post. New York: Berkley Publishing Corporation, 1978.

Charles Krause graduated from Princeton University in 1972 to join the editorial staff of the Washington Post, where he covered local Washington politics until 1978 when, just prior to Jonestown, he was promoted to Latin American Correspondent. Krause was one of the reporters in Ryan's party. He survived the assault at the airstrip by hiding in the baggage compartment of the Cessna. Krause and the Washington Post's writers' group, under the direction of executive editor Benjamin C. Bradlee, published Guyana Massacre in December of 1978. Laurence Stern, who was the chief of the Saigon Bureau during the Vietnam War, contributed much to the book as did Richard Harwood whose career included covering the Kennedy assassinations and the Kent State killings. Though less noted, the contributions of former Washington Post reporter John Jacobs had a major influence on how the Guyana Massacre viewed Jones and Jonestown.

Krause's book is one of the best introductions to the subject but it is by no means a definitive work as it was compiled, written, edited and printed in less than a month's time. It was the brainchild of the Washington Post which intended to capitalize on the then-current news story by being the first to publish "The Eyewitness Account" when, in fact, Krause witnessed very little from the plane's baggage compartment (at the airstrip) and absolutely nothing of

the events happening in Jonestown. As of this writing, Charles Krause is the Washington Post's Chief Correspondent in Latin America and is largely responsible for the print and electronic media's reporting about this politically explosive part of the world.

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The Suicide Cult: The Inside Story of the Peoples Temple Sect and the Massacre in Guyana by Marshall Kilduff and Ron Javers--staff correspondents of the San Francisco Chronicle. New York: Bantam Books, Inc., 1978.

Marshall Kilduff and Ron Javers, along with their colleagues at the San Francisco Chronicle, published The Suicide Cult in December of 1978 as the West Coast counterpart to the Washington Post's Guyana Massacre. Both would later be referred to as "checkbook journalism." They were hastily prepared and shallow; concerned more with the financial timing of the work than the accuracy of the information it contained. In both cases, the time from conception of the book to availability in the book stores was less than a month.

Kilduff had been writing about the Peoples Temple for about two years, ever since Jim Jones had asked him to cover a story at the "Pink Palace;" a low income apartment house under Jones' control as director of the San Francisco Housing Authority. Ron Javers began his journalistic career in Philadelphia where he was one of the first reporters to recognize the importance of the "MOVE" organization formed there in 1972. (The primarily Black organization was founded by

Donald Glassey; a Caucasian who was the son of the national vice president of the Boy Scouts of America. Glassey had once admitted that he was a government informant.) Only months before the White Night, Javers was hired by the San Francisco Chronicle and subsequently assigned to the Ryan party. He was wounded but survived the airstrip assault. Following the massacre, the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle, including Kilduff, Javers and columnist Herb Caen wrote the Suicide Cult. As soon as the book was finished, as if it were the only reason Javers relocated to the West Coast, he returned to Philadelphia to accept a position as editor of Philadelphia Magazine where five years later he once again rose to national prominence as the authority on the MOVE organization. MOVE's headquarters had been stormed by the police in August of 1978, just three months prior to Jonestown, and nine members were arrested. This lead to a second confrontation in mid 1985 when police dropped a bomb on their Philadelphia stronghold; a bomb that started a fire that would destroy over eighty rowhouses in the neighborhood and kill eleven people. Over the years, MOVE had protested for or against several causes. Most notable was their campaign against the Quakers and their stated purpose in working for the demolition and rebuilding of their neighborhood. Ironically, in the end, the City of Philadelphia did their bidding by levelling the neighborhood and, in their subsequent public humiliation at an act of government violence unprecedented since the fire-bombing of the SLA's headquarters in Los Angeles, they agreed to rebuild the neighborhood, exactly what the MOVE people wanted,but at the cost of seven adult and four child members who died in the fire-bombing. Of MOVE, Javers has been

quoted as saying, "They always seem to be on a death trip. It's a group that needs to feel the world is imploding on them to have inner group solidarity." Javers description might better have been applied to the Peoples Temple. It is odd that Javers would be the "foremost expert" on two Black organizations that would both meet a questionable and violent demise.

The Suicide Cult, like the Guyana Massacre, is a good primer but too commercial to be considered anything but an "instant book" intended to capitalize on the topical interest.

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The Broken God by Bonnie Thielmann with Dean Merrill. Elgin, Illinois: David C. Cook Publishing Co., 1979.

Little more can be said about author Bonnie Malmin Burnham Thielmann than has not already been reported. Briefly, Bonnie had conspired with Jones ever since their early days in Brazil. Her father had ordained the minister and Bonnie would remain very close to the story for years to come when she escorted Mayor Moscone to the Peoples Temple, Congressman Ryan to Guyana and Moscone to Ryan's funeral. Following Ryan's funeral and Moscone's assassination, Bonnie took the advice of a literary classic and got herself to a nunnery. The Broken God was written at the Cenacle Retreat House in Warrenville, Illinois. Under the protection of two Catholic nuns and with the help of professional writer, Dean Merrill, Bonnie composed the third instant Jonestown book which was first printed in January of 1979. The Broken God is not recommended reading but due to the author's lack of experience and

short-term deadline, her true relationship with Jim Jones is easy to see without even reading between the lines. It is for this reason, and because Bonnie Thielmann lasted the full cycle of Jones' career, that her life is well worth publication and the Broken God is as good a place as any to start. It should be studied and only sometimes believed.

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The Peoples Temple by Michael Prokes. Unfinished, unpublished, previewed on March 13, 1979.

The Peoples Temple is a forty-two page partial manuscript of dubious intent that would become the author's last will and testament.

In 1972, Michael Prokes was a twenty-five-year-old reporter who covered the Stockton area for KXTV in Sacramento. He lived in a luxurious home on a golf course, complete with fancy cars and all the amenities of an upper income California lifestyle. Prokes was CIA and, when the agency called, he gave up his job , his family, and his home to join the Peoples Temple in Ukiah as Jones' press secretary. As the highly-skilled mouthpiece for the Temple, Prokes worked closely with Terri Buford to develop a working relationship with columnist Herb Caen, reporter John Jacobs and investigative journalist David Conn as well as many others who professed an interest in the Peoples Temple. As the Temple's media propagandist, Prokes was privy to at least some of Jones' false public image as he was responsible for creating it. Minutes before the White Night in Jonestown, Jones sent Prokes on a mission to deliver a token amount of money to the Russian Embassy as his last duty as the Temple's disinformation

minister. Prokes' job was in public relations, not medicine, so he was not told about the experiment and, being so ill-prepared, was shocked and dismayed at the news of the death he so narrowly avoided. He would remain in Guyana for two months with John Jacobs and other American reporters.

Prokes returned to San Francisco in January 1979 to testify before the U.S. Grand Jury. His request for immunity was denied by U.S. Attorney William Hunter. Prokes appeared at the hearings but said nothing.

Disillusioned and depressed over being deceived into his part in the atrocity, Prokes called a press conference scheduled for March 13,1979 in room 106 at the Motel 6 in his hometown of Modesto. He had promised the press a good story. First he read a portion of his work for the electronic reporters and then circulated copies for all eight reporters in attendance. The statement was a confession of his work as a government informant and even detailed how he was paid two hundred dollars a week by a case officer he identified as Gary Jackson.

The question and answer period was too short. Prokes admitted to working for U.S. Intelligence and when asked if Jones was as well, he excused himself and went into the motel room's bath, closed the door and was never heard from again. A shot rang out and Prokes was found on the bathroom floor with a .38 caliber bullet in his head. A note read, "If my death does not prompt another book about the end of Jonestown, my life wasn't worth living." He died a few hours later. John Jacobs wrote his obituary for the San Francisco Examiner. No one reported what Prokes had said during the press conference. The New York Times did not even

report his death. The only surviving copy of The Peoples Temple comes from conspiracy attorney Mark Lane who received the manuscript in the mail a few days after Prokes' alleged suicide. Lane's copy was an admission of Prokes' guilt but a defense of Jim Jones; a continuation of the work of the Temple's press secretary.

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Six Years with God: Life Inside Rev. Jim Jones's Peoples Temple by Jeannie Mills. New York: A & W Publishing, Inc., 1979.

Elmer and Deanna Mertle changed their names to Al and Jeannie Mills in 1975 when they left the Peoples Temple. They had become disillusioned with Jim Jones and with what they came to view as his mistreatment of the congregation. Al had been the Temple's chief photographer, while Jeannie directed publication of the Temple's literature. Both were in public relations which, in this case, might better be defined as propaganda. Because of their jobs and high rank in the Temple, the Millses knew at least some of Jones' secrets and their view of his false public image contributed to their discontent and eventual defection.

In what has been described as a rambling house in Berkeley, the Millses opened the Human Freedom Center, a group dedicated to helping former cult members readjust to life in mainstream society. They formed the Concerned Relatives and along with Tim and Grace Stoen, Bonnie Thielmann, Tim Carter, Deborah Layton and other ex-Temple members of dubious intention, they petitioned Congressman Ryan's help in securing the release of their family members living in

Jonestown. There were two subgroups within the Concerned Relatives; those who, as the name implies, were honestly concerned about their relatives, and those who were using the organization to entice Ryan into a situation where he would be assassinated. If the Millses were of this second, covert, group, their cover was very deep as there is little evidence to even suggest they were co-conspirators.

It was Tim Stoen who encouraged Jeannie to use her skills as a writer/publisher to produce a book about the Peoples Temple, which she began immediately following the tragedy in Guyana. Six Years With God was published in late 1979 by A & W Publishers, Inc. Jeannie is said to have used her $30,000 advance to purchase a Mercedes Benz. She did not hold the copyright which went instead to MBR/Investments; an unidentified entity that may have been her patron and the source of the rather generous advance for a previously unpublished author.

Six Years with God is a well-written account of life in the Peoples Temple with particular attention paid to Jones' manipulation of his followers. Though the book does not expose the true nature of Jones or his experiment in Guyana, it is believed to be accurate within the limited awareness of Al and Jeannie Mills. As somewhat of an autobiography, the book is tainted by the author's attempts to justify her involvement with Jones but, overall, it makes for interesting reading. The many photographs, especially those of Temple documents from Al's collection, are of particular value.

On February 26, 1980, about a month after Six Years With God first appeared in the bookstores, unidentified gunmen entered the Human Freedom Center in

Berkeley and executed Al, Jeannie and their daughter Daphene. Al and Jeannie were each shot once in the head and died instantly. Their teen-aged daughter was shot twice in the head and died in the hospital when doctors disconnected her life support system. There was no sign of forced entry. The house was not burglarized. The murders remain unsolved. At first, the police accused the couples' young son who was present in another part of the house but no charges were ever brought against him. Days later, an associate of the Millses reported to police that a former psychiatrist with The Human Freedom Center was responsible for the murders but again no warrant was issued. The case has been closed, unsolved.

Six Years with God did not contribute much to the story that had not already been published. It does not appear that the Millses were murdered for revealing some secret about Jones but their deaths did serve to seriously discourage other would-be writers lest they suffer the same fate as these two noteworthy Temple adversaries. A & W Publishers fared no better, declaring bankruptcy soon after publishing Six Years With God.

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Jesus and Jim Jones: Behind Jonestown by Steve Rose. New York: Pilgrim Press, 1979.

Steve Rose had already established a reputation as a prolific religious writer, journalist, editor and composer when, in late 1978, a religious publisher commissioned him to write a book about Jonestown. Jesus and Jim Jones is half unedited documents related to the Peoples Temple, and for that it is a valuable

record, but this coldly logical presentation of the evidence does not carry through to the other half in which Rose attempts to draw irrelevant parallels between Jones and Jesus, using quotations from The New Testament to try to explain Jonestown. Actually, Jesus had nothing to do with the mind control experiment known as Jonestown, nor did Jim Jones have anything to do with Jesus, except to claim to be the reincarnation of Christ. He did not worship Christ or his Father whom Jones called "The Impotent Sky God." He often spat on the Bible and threw it down from his pulpit to show his disrespect for organized Christian religion. The Peoples Temple was not a religion. It was a social movement sanctioned under the tax-exempt laws as a religion. It was the Church's defense of that relationship that prompted the Pilgrim Press to publish Jesus and Jim Jones. It is recommended only as a good source of Temple documents or as a study in organized religion's attempts to disassociate itself from Jim Jones in the aftermath of the religiously-sanctioned massacre. Other works of the same genre include Deceived by Mel White and The Bible Said It Would Happen by Paul Olsen.

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The Death of Jonestown: A Crime of the CIA. Moscow: Yuridicheskaya Literatura.

Despite its rather intriguing title and the research abilities of the KGB, this Russian work fails to identify the true nature of Jonestown. It claims that the community was a legitimate experiment in socialism that was destroyed by CIA mercenaries from the outside and CIA infiltrates (like Mike Prokes) from

the inside. It exposes individual agents but is blind to the their collective project. Perhaps it was born out of their embarrassment at being deceived by Jones or perhaps, like other works, it relied too heavily on statements made by Jim Jones.

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People's Temple: People's Tomb by Phil Kerns with Doug Wead. Plainfield, New Jersey: Logos International, 1979.

Phil Kerns and his sister Jeanette lived with their father in Key West, Florida. Their mother Penny duPont and sisters Ruth and Carol lived in Redwood Valley, California where they were counted among the Caucasian members of the Peoples Temple. In 1967, at age fifteen, Phil moved to California to live, not with his mother, but in the home of assistant Temple pastor Archie Ijames. His sister Jeanette, who followed, was received with equal honor, being assigned to live in the Temple's showcase home with Tim and Grace Stoen.

Although Phil Kerns would later recount his teen-aged years in the Peoples Temple with some disdain, the "forced labor" he was subjected to was no more than a part time job and he and his family enjoyed many privileges granted to only the elite Caucasians of the cult. Phil graduated high school in 1970 and promptly left the Peoples Temple to join the U.S. Army; his rank and specialty have not been reported. He would later write that he left the Peoples Temple after he and his sister Ruth suspected foul play in the death of Maxine Harpe, the first of the 'H' file victims. Even though they suspected that he was capable of murder, Phil and Ruth left their family in the hands of

Jim Jones. After serving in the Army, Phil married and, along with his new bride, joined his sister Ruth in a "born-again Christian cult" living in a mansion in Northern California. Phil Kerns resided there for over a year yet failed to name the group in his book. Between growing up in the Peoples Temple, serving in the Army and voluntarily joining another cult, Phil Kerns had been brainwashed and trained by the best of them to the point where his history indicates a need for such external control of his life.

According to his book, Kerns continued to investigate Temple-related murders with a growing concern for the welfare of his mother and sister who remained in the cult. He had a few frustrating meetings with Joe Mazor: a private detective whose friend/foe relationship with Jim Jones warrants a study unto itself. Kerns called him "Mr. Mazzore" out of respect for his privacy or fear of a lawsuit. He also communicated regularly with Al and Jeannie Mills; which was not surprising as anyone seriously interested in the anti-Temple movement eventually gravitated to The Human Freedom Center. Since his mother, Penny duPont, and sister, Carol (who now called herself Karen Kerns) moved to Jonestown, Phil Kerns and his sister Ruth Reinhardt qualified as Concerned Relatives. Ruth was among a core group of twenty-five Concerned Relatives who signed a petition entitled, "Signatures of Petitioners for Elimination of Human Rights Violations in Guyana by Rev. James Jones." This April, 1978 document was followed by a second petition entitled, "Human Rights Abuses by Jim Jones" that was signed by Phil, Ruth, and fifty-five other relatives in early May. Whether intentional or not, the effect of both petitions was to help convince Congressman Ryan to

visit Jonestown and assess the validity of their claims. Phil also corresponded with the White House and a presidential aide was dispatched to his Portland, Oregon home to question him about the Peoples Temple. These in-depth discussions with the White House aide, which included accusations of murder and the threat of mass suicide, took place before the massacre.

When news of Ryan's death in Port Kaituma reached Portland, Kerns immediately went to his telephone and, in the next two days, placed over one hundred phone calls. He made twenty-eight calls to the White House and the State Department and would later report that, despite his Washington contacts, he was shuffled from one federal agency to another in a vain attempt to enlist the government's help in preventing what he claimed would be a mass suicide in Jonestown. He failed, but later took credit for helping to avert a similar fate in the Temple's San Francisco headquarters. Though the bodies were never positively identified, Kerns' mother and sister were listed among the dead in Jonestown.

On November 20, 1978, in the midst of his reportedly near-frantic phone calls to Washington to save his mother and sister, Kerns made one long distance call to Logos International, a somewhat obscure New Jersey publisher. This was the birth of People's Temple - People's Tomb, written by Phil Kerns with the help of Doug Wead, a professional writer who specialized in political issues. It was published by Logos International in 1979.

People's Temple - People's Tomb has its strong points, most notably an excellent appendix of reprinted data and at least a limited insight into the 'H' file homicides but, though it is an essential addition to

any serious library, it is not recommended as an accurate history. Most of the book is devoted to Phil Kerns' life experience outside the Peoples Temple and a defense of his family's activities inside the Temple. One needs only to read other works on the subject to see that Kerns' portrayal of his mother and sister as totally innocent was not universally accepted. Like Steve Rose, Kerns too often quotes the Bible to explain the events surrounding Jonestown and, in the end he poses several questions calculated to imply that Jones may have been working for the Soviets. It is odd that Kerns could view Jones as a government agent but not from the United States where the preacher had such a powerful influence on government officials and agencies. People's Temple - People's Tomb may have been written to cover-up more than just the story of the Kerns family and Jim Jones.

Logos International disappeared as quickly as it had appeared; going out of business soon after publishing the book. Kerns and also Wead "are donating their royalties to provide ways for those who have been involved in cults to receive spiritual help." Like many of the other characters in this chapter, Kerns, Wead and Logos International could be either villain or victim but, regardless, their book People's Temple - People's Tomb contributed to the then-forming public opinion about Jonestown.

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White Night: The Untold Story of What Happened Before and Beyond Jonestown by John Peer Nugent. New York: Rawson, Wade Publishers, Inc., 1979.

As described elsewhere in this work, John Nugent came from a background in African politics. He

was Newsweek magazine's chief African correspondent in the early 1960's and wrote books like Call Africa 999 that earned him a reputation as an authority on the subject. Today he advises several elected federal officials on US/African relations. Jonestown was born as a British-managed camp that sent mercenaries to Angola Africa and so it was in full circle that an authority on African conflicts would write a book about Jonestown. White Night does report an awareness of CIA influence in the politics of Guyana and other South American and African countries but it fails to see the obvious connection between Jim Jones and the CIA. Though Nugent's book falls short of the mark, it is recommended reading for any serious student of Jonestown.

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Black and White by Shiva Naipaul. First published in England in 1980 and then in America by Simon and Schuster in 1981 under the title Journey to Nowhere: A New World Tragedy.

Like John Nugent, Shiva Naipaul was a journalist who specialized in African politics. He had written North of South: An African Journey and other works that had earned him a reputation as a gifted writer. Also like Nugent, Naipaul recounted the CIA's covert activities in Guyana as well as the U.S. State Department's protection of Jonestown, but neither viewed Jim Jones as an agent of the U.S. Government. Naipaul did go so far as to support suspicions that Jonestown was a CIA experiment in mind control, but in some twisted perspective he assumed that Jones was also drugged by the CIA and as much a victim as the others.

Under a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation, Naipaul left his London home for his native Trinidad and then on to Guyana and Jonestown to begin his assignment. In Georgetown, he was shadowed by a suspicious character who offered him money. Naipaul questioned the stranger's motives but passed him off as a small-time con man and not an escort to monitor the author's activities. Naipaul arranged for a military tour of Jonestown. Along with a group of fellow journalists (most of whom were escorted to the airport by their respective guides), Naipaul traveled to Jonestown where the Guyanese Defense Force conducted a "keep moving -- don't touch anything" tour.

Naipaul then flew to California searching for some logical reason for such an insane act. He found it in California, and would devote a large part of his book to detailing the bizarre aspects of life in San Francisco to explain the deaths in Jonestown. He failed to see that the Peoples Temple had its origins, not in San Francisco or even in Redwood Valley, but in Indianapolis. The Peoples Temple was not a "crazy California cult." Naipaul, born in Trinidad, educated at Oxford and residing in London, failed to accurately describe life in California. He ridiculed and belittled everything he saw in San Francisco, mainly because he endeavored to seek out only the extremists in order to draw irrelevant geographical parallels with Jones. Naipaul's warped perspective of California might best be seen in his description of the unique town of Sunnyvale. Perhaps, after writing so many negative things about the California lifestyle, he felt it only fair to present what he termed "outwardly normal people." According to Naipaul, the residents of Sunnyvale are conservative, flag-waving patriots who

hate big government and, between trips to grandma's house for apple pie and junior's Little League games, exude what he called the clean-thinking humanity known as Middle America. Sunnyvale is unique, and anyone who knows it would not recognize Naipaul's distorted description of the small city. Most of the city's professionals work in top secret government jobs for the many defense contractors who have set up shop in the maximum security corridor that surrounds Moffet Field, Ames Research Center and Lockheed Missiles and Space Company. There are more CIA operatives per capita in Sunnyvale than in any other city or town in the United States. It is a community full of people who are not allowed to tell you what they do for a living. They do not hate big government, they work for it. There are noticeably few children in Sunnyvale to play Naipaul's Little League games as most adults are more concerned with advancing their careers than raising a family. The favorite local pastime is CIA infidelity. Since workers with security clearances cannot divulge anything about their work, even to their spouses, many use the blanket of national security to cover their extra-marital affairs. A phone call in the middle of the night is typical. The husband tells his wife that the office needs him and he leaves. She knows he cannot tell her why or where he is going or what he will be doing or even when he will return. Secrecy is part of his job and she has come to accept it just as he has come to use it as a benefit that was no doubt presented as such by his recruiter. The trend started centuries ago with the king of England who liked to host royal orgies but needed to maintain a holy image as the head of the Church of England. To solve the dilemma of his conflicting roles, the king

would grant a special dispensation to those who participated in the orgies. It was called "Fornication Under the Consent of the King" or F U C K for short. There is really nothing new under the sun.

Sunnyvale wives are privy to at least the rumors about their husbands' work. Like the time that everyone was disappointed when job #388 was canceled. All work is conducted under job numbers so as not to disclose the identity of the customer but, in this case, everyone knew the product was a reconnaissance satellite and the customer was Iran. The nearly-completed project was canceled when Iranian "students" kidnapped the U.S. embassy personnel. To the surprise of many, job #388 was reinstated during the ongoing Iranian Hostage Crisis. One night there was a phone call. "Flight #388 is up, report to work." In his amazement he drops his guard and tells his wife that they just shot the Iranian satellite from Vandenberg Air Force Base. He leaves to track his "bird" from the "Blue Cube" at Lockheed. A few days later she reads the newspaper accounts of the aborted rescue attempt in Iran and wonders what part her husband's satellite played in the failure. She knows she will never be told the whole truth.

That is the <u>real</u> Sunnyvale. A Sunnyvale that Naipaul failed to see for reasons that fall somewhere between incompetence and collusion. More important than <u>how</u> he reported Sunnyvale, is <u>why</u>. He never gave a reason for visiting this small city that, until this work, was never reported as having anything to do with the story of Jim Jones or Jonestown. Jonestown's CIA arms supplier, Frank Terpil, operated a front business there but the major connection between Jonestown and Sunnyvale was Congressman Leo Ryan. Ryan's work in

Washington was almost exclusively concerned with curbing or at least trying to control the illegal domestic CIA operatives in Silicon Valley and especially Sunnyvale. What possessed Naipual to visit Sunnyvale and give such falsely glowing reports about the place remains a mystery. The missing piece to the puzzle is his true motive.

Soon after his return to London, Naipaul's account entitled Black and White, was published in England. A year later, it was published in the United States under a new title; Journey to Nowhere: A New World Tragedy. Black and White was acceptable in the less-censored British market but it was too close to the true nature of the Jonestown experiment for the United States. The U.S. title strongly implies a fruitless, unexplainable journey while the subtitle places Jonestown in the "New World" or implied Third World arena. Naipaul fails to see that the tragedy was not born in an imaginary New World or the Third World or Guyana or even California. The tragedy was born in Indiana, in the minds of the "clean-thinking Middle Americans" he so articulately defended.

Under either title, Naipaul's book is more of an account of his own travels than those of Jim Jones. It is easy to see how he walked through his assignment and produced the equivalent of a "What I did on my summer vacation" school report. The book is extremely well-written but that could be expected from Naipaul, whose command of the English language might have been enlisted by someone behind the scenes. After all, the Guggenheim Foundation had paid for Naipaul's tour of the Caribbean and California. His report (which should have been entitled The Impressions of A Gifted British Writer Who Was Hired to Write About Jonestown) was a

corporate idea. Naipaul got a free trip and handsome book royalties, and his sponsors presumably got what they paid for. No library on the subject of Jonestown would be complete without a copy of Journey to Nowhere but, though many of Naipaul's observations are interesting, the readers must constantly question the author's motives.

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The Cult That Died: The Tragedy of Jim Jones and The Peoples Temple by George Klineman and Sherman Butler and David Conn with research by Anthony O. Miller. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1980.

The Cult That Died was born in 1970 though it would not be completed and published for another ten years. Larry Lee Litke, an attorney for the San Francisco East Bay county of Alameda, was there at the book's inception as was David Conn, an undercover operative for what he (and later his Washington contacts) would define only as an agency of the Federal government. Conn was ostensibly employed as a surveyor with Chevron Oil, though some reports claim he worked for Standard Oil. The generally accepted theory is that Conn was an undercover agent who allegedly worked for the Treasury Department but his rather flimsy cover might be an indicator that his actual employer was the CIA.

Under Litke's direction, Conn continued his unexplained investigation into the Peoples Temple until the fall of 1976 when he joined forces with his son-in-law, free-lance journalist George Klineman. Together they met with government officials and ex-Temple

members to gather source material for articles that they claimed presented a case against Jim Jones. Actually, in the fall of 1976, Jones was preparing to depart for Guyana and the anti-Temple articles were just the evidence of public persecution he needed to justify, or at least help explain, his sudden move to South America.

In March of 1978, Larry Litke "helped lay the keel" for The Cult That Died (under a different title) when he enlisted the help of Sherman Butler, a literary friend who would edit and polish the rough drafts of Klineman and Conn. While Conn maintained communications with Tim and Grace Stoen, Al and Jeannie Mills, Mike Prokes, Deborah Layton and the other ex-Temple propaganda ministers, Klineman traveled to Indianapolis to research the early life of Jim Jones. He was in Indianapolis when news of the assassination and mass suicide reached the United States. With time now of the essence, Klineman hired private detective Anthony O. Miller to continue the research while he and Conn concentrated on feeding Butler near-finished copy.

The Cult that Died was published as a group effort in 1980. The authors would like the reader to think they were privy to classified or at least exclusive information and that they were in hot pursuit of the story from the beginning. To some extent they were, but even though they admit to knowing about the planned mass suicide as early as June of 1978, they did nothing to help avert it. These "experts" on the subject even failed to meet Congressman Ryan though there is some evidence suggesting that they fed information about Temple murders to the Concerned Relatives who forwarded it to Ryan's office where it was filed under "H."

David Conn will never publicly admit to working for the federal government nor will he give even a hint as to how an oil company surveyor came to recognize a major story in a then-obscure cult eight years before they were to make headlines. His motives are never stated. His ten years of research certainly were not for profit. The book royalties, divided four ways, would not have offset expenses. Why did Conn spend his time and money investigating the Peoples Temple? He had no relatives in the cult nor are there any reports that the Temple had ever touched his life. Since the motives for his long-term involvement are suspicious and undefined, one is left to wonder if Conn was, as many have said, an agent of the federal government; a CIA agent who wrote CIA propaganda about a CIA experiment. The histories of Litke, Klineman, Butler and their sources could prove as interesting as Conn's but that is speculation because little has been published. Litke could have had contact with Tim Stoen as both attorneys worked for the same county, but that is only speculation. It is possible that The Cult That Died had its origin, not outside, but inside the Peoples Temple. Despite its dubious intent, the book is highly recommended, particularly for its accurate accounting of life in the Redwood Valley Temple.

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The Strongest Poison by Mark Lane. New York: Hawthorn Books (A division of Elsevier-Dutton) 1980.

The story of Memphis attorney Mark Lane's relationship with Jim Jones warrants a book unto itself. Due to space limitations, it is presented here in outline form with the hope that someone else will give it the detailed attention it so deserves. More

than any other character in this story, Mark Lane's presence strongly suggests the presence of the CIA. For years, Lane was recognized as the authority on CIA conspiracies to assassinate President John F. Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. He had represented Lee Harvey Oswald's mother and James Earl Ray and wrote several books on the subject. Whether he realized it or not, Lane's investigations were getting closer and closer to exposing the truth. Mark Lane was a problem to the agency; a problem that was solved when his last client, Jim Jones, killed a congressman.

When James Earl Ray was released from a Saint Louis prison, he had more to be thankful for than most new ex-cons. Ray had a generous sponsor, a mysterious benefactor who had given him more money than he had seen in years and instructions for a job that he did not fully understand. As ordered, he bought a gun and rented a particular room in Grace Walden's rooming house. Grace (who sometimes used the surname Stevens after her common-law husband) remembered Ray checking in with just a few possessions he brought from prison. She also remembers him leaving to go shopping for a car. She swears that while he was out, a stranger entered his room and gunshots were heard. The stranger quickly fled. The shots, said to have been fired from Ray's window to the balcony of a nearby motel, were those that killed Martin Luther King, Jr.

The police found Ray's gun, his toiletries and a radio he had brought from prison in the room. Ray was quickly picked up, charged, tried, convicted, sentenced and sent back to prison. No one questioned the identity of his mysterious benefactor or how Ray came to know that King would be staying in that particular motel or even why he wanted to kill him.

Grace Walden could have proved him innocent and she tried. Following Ray's arrest, Grace insisted that the police had made a mistake, that Ray was not even in the room at the time of the shooting. Grace insisted for only a few days before she was kidnapped and, through alleged due process, declared incompetent and locked in the Tennesee State Prison Mental Hospital where she would remain drugged for the next eight years.

By 1977, Mark Lane had presented sufficient evidence supporting his conspiracy theory to prompt the House of Representatives to allocate six million dollars for an official investigation they entitled the House Select Committee on Assassinations. Their hearings, scheduled for November 1978, may well have dictated the schedule of the White Night. Actually, Ryan's House International Relations Committee junket to Jonestown and Lane's House Select Committee on Assassinations were synchronized with the experiment or perhaps vice versa. Lane planned to call James Earl Ray and Grace Walden as his star witnesses and those who really killed King were not about to let that happen.

Also in 1977, Ray escaped from Brushy Mountain State Penitentiary with the help of Larry Ed Hacker, a fellow inmate who masterminded the escape but remained behind to be released under an early parole from Tennessee Governor Ray Blanton. A month after the White Night in December of 1978, Governor Blanton and several of his aides were arrested by the FBI and charged with extortion and conspiracy to sell paroles. Cited in the complaint was the case of one Larry Ed Hacker, who may have been rewarded for helping Ray escape prison and, more importantly, the House Assassination hearings. Everyone agreed that Ray had

fled the country but speculation differed as to where he had gone and how he got there. Some reports claimed he had gone to South America. If in fact he did, Guyana would have been the logical choice because it is the only English-speaking South American country. He may have even gone to Jonestown but, regardless of the route he took, he ended up at Heathrow Airport in London where he was arrested and returned to the United States. Many people questioned how Ray could have supported himself in his travels abroad. This question should have been asked years earlier regarding his unnamed sponsor who had instructed him to buy a gun, check into Grace Walden's rooming house and leave everything to go shopping for a car.

In early 1978, Lane secured legal custody of Grace Walden and she was released from the prison mental hospital into his care. Lane left assistant G. Robert Blakey in charge of the day-to-day affairs of his campaign while he took Grace into hiding in California. Where in California, no one would say, but the care of mental outpatients was one of the specialties of the Peoples Temple. While in California, Lane placed large ads in forty-two newspapers around the country requesting information about the assassinations of President Kennedy and Dr. King. One of the respondents was Terri Buford. Buford had an interesting tidbit of information about King's assassination to entice Lane. She promised that Jim Jones had much more and that he, too, the recipient of the Martin Luther King Humanitarian of the Year Award, was being attacked by the CIA. She paid Lane to fly to Jonestown and exchange ideas. He was to address the congregation in exchange for the privileged and private intelligence of Jones. Lane arrived in Jonestown in

the fall of 1978 with colleague Donald Freed with whom he had written Executive Action; a book about the conspiracy to assassinate Kennedy. The six million dollar House Assassination hearings ultimately hinged on one man -- Mark Lane -- who, just weeks before the hearings, was deep in the jungles of South America. Such was the importance Lane placed on the information he was promised by Buford. Jones was a master in persuasion and that, combined with a $7,500 monthly retainer (paid in advance) convinced Lane to represent Jones in his imaginary fight against the CIA and other agencies of the federal government. Lane was also to suppress Gordon Lindsay's National Enquirer expose on the Peoples Temple and support pro-Temple articles he was to place in left-wing publications. In late September, as he was leaving Guyana, Lane held a press conference in which he said...

> There has been a massive conspiracy to destroy the People's Temple and a massive conspiracy to destroy the Rev. Jim Jones...that was initiated by intelligence agencies of the United States.

Lane returned to the United States by way of San Francisco where, on October 5th, he announced to the press his intention of filing suit against the CIA and other federal agencies on behalf of his new client Jim Jones. And so began the final days of his credibility.

On November 1, Terri Buford traveled from Jonestown to arrive at Lane's Memphis home where she would remain for several years to come. This trip is

generally accepted as Buford's defection from the Temple but Jones' number two aide traveling from Jones to his attorney could hardly be considered a defection.

On November 3, at Jones' insistence, Lane called the office of Congressman Ryan regarding his plans to visit Jonestown. Ryan was not in but his aide assured Lane that he would return the call. He did not.

On November 4, Lane received a return call from one of Ryan's aides. Lane explained that Jones had requested his presence during the Congressman's visit but that he would be in Washington for the House Assassination hearings.

On November 6, Lane wrote a letter to Ryan outlining the phone conversation and suggesting that they, "could no doubt work out a date which would be satisfactory to all of us."

On November 10, Congressman Ryan sent Lane a letter in which he expressed some token regret that their schedules did not coincide but that Lane's "own personal schedule" was not as important as that of the House International Relations Committee's. His congressional visit to Jonestown would proceed as planned but no firm dates had been established as yet.

On November 11 or 12, Lane received Ryan's letter.

On November 14, Lane appeared before the House Select Committee on Assassinations. He had been preparing for this opportunity for years but most of his work was in vain. The committee refused to permit James Earl Ray's testimony, perhaps because of his recent prison escape. Ray, who should have been the star witness, would not even be permitted to defend himself. Grace Walden was not banned from the hearings

but it was obvious from the onset that the committee was out to discredit her. Most of the opening testimony came from a team of Grace's former doctors who described her behavior in the prison mental hospital and more than just implied that she was mentally unstable and not to be believed. The newspapers reported that Walden's testimony would be "useless" an opinion reflecting the tone of the hearings. It was apparent that the committee was going to try to discredit Lane's witnesses even before they testified.

On November 15, Jean Brown (who had since assumed Terri Buford's job in the Temple) informed Lane that Ryan had left for Jonestown where Lane was needed immediately. In the midst of the doctors' testimony, Lane screamed, "You people make me sick." He left his assistant G. Robert Blakey in charge of the duration of the hearings and stormed out, digusted not only with the hearings, but with what he thought was fate for having scheduled two of the most important events of his career at the same time, but thousands of miles apart. Between Brown on the one side with the official Temple position and Buford on the other with the alleged opposing view of a Temple defector, Jones' two top aides had Lane right where they wanted him: on a flight to Guyana.

On November 17, Lane caught up to Ryan's party in Georgetown where they were delayed awaiting Jones' permission to enter Jonestown. Jones was waiting for Lane who he insisted be present during the Congressman's tour. When Lane arrived so did Jones' permission and the delegation boarded a chartered flght for Port Kaituma and Jonestown. There was several hours delay at the airstrip when Jones refused to allow

the reporters and Concerned Relatives to enter Jonestown until he could talk privately with Lane and Ryan.

On November 18, it was Lane who helped wrestle the knife from Ryan's attacker. He was later guarded by that same man and allowed to escape about the time Jones called for the poison. He and Temple attorney Charles Garry made their way through the jungle from Jonestown to Port Kaituma, missing the carnage in both locations because of the planned scenario and timetable written by Jim Jones. Lane was not supposed to be killed. He was too famous a critic of the CIA and his murder, especially during his report on CIA assassination conspiracies, would have drawn too much attention to the truth. Lane was to be used and then discredited. He was. He was so shaken from the experience that he never returned to the House Assassination hearings. He would not have been believed anyway. In the past, he had been the foremost authority on the assassination conspiracies but only after the fact. This time, he was deeply involved in a political assassination before the fact. His career as a front line conspiratorialist lay in irreparable ruin. Despite his absence from the House hearings, the committee ended its investigation where it should have begun, with a statement that there probably was a conspiracy to assassinate Kennedy and King.

If his well-publicized, two month association with Jones was not enough to totally discredit Lane, the media barrage that followed was. He was accused of knowing about the planned mass suicide months earlier and failing to warn Congressman Ryan of the dangers in Jonestown. It was reported that he traveled to Switzerland with Terri Buford to withdraw $13 million

dollars from a Temple bank account in her name (or number). Buford was still living in Lane's Memphis home and, at last report, still is. Grace Walden is supposed to live there as well but no one had seen her since Lane checked her out of the prison mental hospital. A memo from Terri Buford to Jim Jones was discovered in the rubble of Jonestown. It was reprinted in the New York Times on December 8, 1978, under the headline, "Memo discusses Smuggling Witnesses into Guyana."

> Jim, I got a message over here that you wanted me to tell Mark Lane that he should look into some alternative means of getting Grace Walden to Guyana because the C.I.A. might try to stop her from entering the country. Therefore Mark should try to get her another passport. I will relay the message to Mark and see what he says. I will do so in person as I don't feel it is wise to discuss this over the phone. If he doesn't have those kind of contacts -- do you think we might ought to offer the tampering of Maxine Swaney's passport -- we have her passport here and it might be something that would be similar to Grace Walden and also if it doesn't look like her, maybe we can swap the picture. The drawback of this would be of

> course if a traitor were to look at the immigration list, we would be caught in a minute. The good points of this would be we wouldn't run the risk getting caught by a passport on the white market. Teri.

The New York Times reported only that the memo, titled "Confidential -- Confidential," was dated earlier in that year, leaving many to question how much earlier. When was Mark Lane's first contact with Jim Jones? Was it, as has been recorded, in September or was it as early as Ray's alleged flight to South America? And what of Grace Walden? She never testified before the House Committee. She has never appeared in public. At last report she was living with Lane and Buford but could she have been among the unidentified corpses in Jonestown? Was Lane tricked into being an accessory to murder? Buford denies writing the memo found in Jonestown and any evidence left behind is suspect, but Lane admits that sending Grace to Jonestown was discussed.

With Terri Buford's help, Lane wrote The Strongest Poison, which is half her propaganda and half a defense of his personal involvement in the tragedy. The Strongest Poison does present an interesting perspective on the story, but Lane's brief encounter with Jones is only too apparent in his often shallow interpretation of the man. The basic flaw in the work is Lane's inability to view Jones as a government agent. He concentrated his efforts on trying to prove a CIA conspiracy against the Temple and totally missed the point that the Temple itself was a CIA conspiracy.

There are several different ways to view Mark Lane's role in this story. Some investigators claim that ever since he was an Air Force Intelligence agent during World War II he has worked for the CIA. They compare him to a vacuum cleaner that sucks up any and all information on agency projects in order to identify security leaks and the individuals who possess evidence that could harm the CIA. Though there are agents provocateur who perform this function, it is unlikely that Lane is one of them because such an operative would never have pressed for a congressional hearing into the agency's conspiracy to assassinate Kennedy and King. In the end, the only service that Lane provided for Jones was to tell the public that the CIA was an enemy of the Peoples Temple. For this, he was not rewarded but discredited.

It makes far more sense to view Mark Lane as the honest investigator he claimed to be. If he was guilty of anything it was his greed. If he was motivated by anything it was money; money that his self-appointed position earned him in book royalties and lecture tours. Lane probably had good intentions in beginning his work for Jones but was deceived or bought along the way. If the stories are true, Buford's $13 million dollars was more than enough to compromise a man whose main motivation was the acquisition of wealth.

Regardless of how one sees Lane's inclusion in the story, it obviously stems from his work on the King assassination. He was within days of proving his conspiracy theory when he was tricked into participating in yet another political assassination.

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Awake in a Nightmare: Jonestown, The Only Eyewitness Account by Ethan Feinsod. New York: W.W. Norton and Company, 1981.

Odell Rhodes was born to poor Black parents, who after their divorce, sent the young boy to be raised by relatives in Detroit. Though he seldom saw his father, Odell followed in the footsteps of this career soldier when, at age seventeen, he quit school and joined the Army. In the spring of 1960, he was sent on the first of three tours patrolling the DMZ in Korea. Following his first tour of duty, Rhodes reenlisted and was assigned to Fort Carson, Colorado where he was trained in a special forces unit that was the pet project of President Kennedy and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. When the company had completed its training, President Kennedy visited Fort Carson to inspect and congratulate his elite fighting men. Rhodes was selected to carry the company's colors past the President's reviewing stand. Rhodes claimed that soon after being honored as the best of the Army's best, he was court-martialed for a minor offense that he did not commit. After serving out some of his sentence at the Army's maximum security prison at Fort Leavenworth, Rhodes was released for retraining under an Army program to parole first offenders. His dishonorable discharge rescinded, he was assigned to the Army Chemical Corps at Fort McClellan, Alabama where his company stood ready to do combat with the civil rights demonstrators whom Dr. King had rallied in nearby cities. After additional training in jungle combat, Rhodes was sent to Vietnam in 1967 and then back to Korea during the politically tense period when North Korea seized the U.S. spy ship Pueblo. In May of

1968, after eight years in the Army, Rhodes was honorably discharged in Washington, D.C. He returned to Detroit where he claims to have done nothing with his life except become addicted to heroin. The Temple's traveling bus caravan is said to have discovered Rhodes struggling to exist on the streets of Detroit. He was transported to San Francisco where this alleged reformed drug addict was put in charge of a Temple foster home for several years before the children in his care were shipped off to Jonestown.

In the fall of 1977, Rhodes again boarded a Temple bus for a cross-country trip, this time to Kennedy International Airport in New York for a flight to Trinidad and on to Guyana. He was met in Georgetown by Stanley Clayton, a Black ex-con who was his closest friend in San Francisco, and the two men boarded a Temple ship for the long journey into the interior. They arrived in Jonestown in the early morning hours to be welcomed by Jones who had stayed up all night to greet these two latest additions to his community. Both Rhodes and Clayton were unique as the only Black Temple members given positions of responsibility in Jonestown.

Clayton was a guard who worked in the kitchen. He was in the kitchen when the medical staff came to retrieve the vat used to mix the poison during the final white night. Being a guard himself he had little problem piercing the circles of armed men who surrounded the compound. He hid in the jungle until everyone in Jonestown was dead. He returned to the kitchen, made dinner for himself, changed his clothes, found his passport and left to spend the rest of the night in the home of a local Guyanese. The next day Clayton appeared in Port Kaituma.

Rhodes was much closer to the deaths. He walked among the dying with Marceline Jones, encouraging and comforting the victims, like his "good friends" the Mitchells and Judy Houston, who had been particularly close to Rhodes in Jonestown. According to his account, he was able to slip away from the pavilion area when Dr. Schacht called for a stethoscope. Rhodes offered to get it for him and passed through the armed guards and right into the jungle. He arrived in Port Kaituma about midnight with the first report of the mass suicide in Jonestown. Despite the fact that Port Kaituma was incommunicado, Rhodes was said to have relayed his eyewitness account to Cecil (Skip) Roberts, the Police Commissioner in Georgetown, who had a long history of dealings with Jones and the Peoples Temple. The next day, Roberts picked up Rhodes in a helicopter and the two men surveyed Jonestown from the air. Later, it would be Rhodes who identified those few corpses that were identified. Stanley Clayton moved to Georgetown where he met and married a Guyanese woman within the month so as to gain a dual citizenship in case he faced any charges in the United States.

Both Rhodes and Clayton soon joined forces with Dr. Hardat Sukhdeo; a Guyanese-born psychiatrist and a professor at a New Jersey medical school who had a research interest in cults. Dr. Sukhdeo arrived in Georgetown within a few days of the tragedy to offer both his professional help and even money to those survivors who now had to readjust to life outside the Peoples Temple. He was employed by the CIA or at least he was paid by what he calls the "secret service "for his work as a "consultant" on the post-Jonestown investigation. Dr. Sukhdeo gave Rhodes and Clayton the

airfare to San Francisco and enough money to support themselves during the summer of 1979 which they spent in the living room of Ethan Feinsod. Feinsod was a free-lance journalist friend of Dr. Sukhdeo. Out of their conversations, Feinsod wrote Awake in a Nightmare, published two years later in 1981. The book is not the work of the author as Feinsod was used only for his writing skills. The book is really the work of Odell Rhodes, Stanley Clayton and Dr. Sukhdeo and its credibility depends almost entirely on how one views the motives of the three men who wrote it.

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In My Father's House: The Story of the Layton Family and the Reverend Jim Jones by Min S. Yee and Thomas N. Layton, Laurence L. Layton and Annalisa Layton Valentine. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, May, 1981.

As discussed earlier, In My Father's House began as Thomas Layton's ethnology of the Peoples Temple; but, after the experiment, the family enlisted the help of Min S. Yee to produce what had evolved into a cover up of the true nature of the Laytons' involvement in the Peoples Temple. Like Feinsod, Merrill, Naipaul and Butler, Yee was commissioned to write the story as told to him by the true authors, in this case, the Laytons. Yee's journalistic skills served them well as did his experience and position as Editorial Director of a west coast publishing house, which helped in placing the book with Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

Surprisingly, In My Father's House does cover many of the relevant aspects of the story, like Dr.

Layton's work in biological warfare but the evidence is presented as a defense and not an admission of guilt. The book was published four months before Larry's scheduled court appearance. It influenced his trial and provided royalties that the family used to pay for his legal defense. Typical of the many distortions is Deborah's rather poor attempt to disguise the fact that after the tragedy she married Jones' heir apparent, Mike Cartmell. So, when In My Father's House arrived at the bookstores, Larry was about to be tried for conspiracy to murder a congressman, Deborah was married to Jones' number two man and busy managing secret Temple funds and Dr. Laurence Layton harbored a terrible secret.

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Our Father Who Art In Hell: The Life and Death of Jim Jones by James Reston, Jr. New York: Times Books, 1981.

James Reston is a skilled investigative journalist who is no stranger to political intrigue, having written Perfectly Clear, a bestselling book on the Watergate scandal. He is a prolific nonfiction writer who is always on the lookout for a new story. Soon after the news of the mass suicide reached his North Carolina home, he prepared to travel to Guyana on the first leg of a fact-finding tour that would be the basis for Our Father Who Art in Hell, which is one of the best of the published books on Jonestown. With a keen eye for worthless propaganda and a totally objective viewpoint, Reston came as close as any to exposing the true nature of Jonestown. Though he even speculated that Jones could have been working for the CIA, his book falls short of the truth due to the

influence of Dr. Hardat Sukhdeo, Paul Persaud and Louis Gurvich.

In Georgetown, Reston lunched with Dr. Sukhdeo, the CIA consultant who attempted to influence everyone involved in the post-Jonestown investigaton. Dr. Sukhdeo argued that Jones' followers were in a perpetual brainwashed state and not cognizant of their actions. He claimed they had been hypnotized and he outlined his own plans to hypnotize the survivors to wipe out Jones' subconscious suggestions and help them readjust to mainstream society. As an example, he told Reston that he could give him a post-hypnotic suggestion that their waiter was going to kill him, place a gun on the table and bring him out of the trance. When the waiter returned with dessert, Reston would shoot him. Such was the power of hypnotism that Sukhdeo attributed to Jones and apparently himself.

It was inevitable that Reston would meet Paul Persaud; an elderly Guyanese information broker known as "the pundit of Georgetown." Like Shiva Naipaul, Reston took a brief, military-conducted tour of the rubble of Jonestown after which he returned to Georgetown to find one of his fellow journalists packing for an unexpected trip home. He told Reston that he had discovered the terrible truth about Jonestown from Paul Persaud and was so frightened that he was abandoning his investigation and getting out of Guyana as soon as possible. He would not write about it or even tell his editors what he had discovered. He referred Reston to Persaud but advised him not to print the truth as, "It will make you the most celebrated writer in America, and you will die for it."

Persaud was expecting Reston when he appeared at the "pundit's" well-appointed home a few days later.

Persaud was accustomed to hosting guests. As a stringer for several foreign newspapers and magazines, he held daily "court" in his home office. Guyanese officials, foreign diplomats and, in the past, Peoples Temple personnel, would line up for an audience with Persaud who forwarded their information to his foreign employers. Much of the news about Guyana that reached the outside world came from Paul Persaud. Persaud reminded Reston of Petit Pierre, a character in a Graham Greene novel; but unlike Greene's character, Persaud never gave a direct answer. He spoke instead in riddles. "Don't ask me any direct questions, chief," he continually cautioned Reston. He would test the author's knowledge with questions like, "How could such a community as Jonestown exist without the CIA infiltrating the place at the highest levels?" He would taunt him or perhaps prompt him with statements like, "Jim Jones did what the entire U.S. government, with all its power, could not do; he succeeded in breaking up the Guyana-USSR friendship." Reston attended Persaud's "court" several times and, after one particular meeting with the Brazilian ambassador, Persaud warned Reston, "Don't ask me about Jones' stay in Brazil in 1962-63, chief." Persaud was not trying to leak the truth to Reston as much as he was baiting him to find out what he knew or suspected about Jonestown and the CIA. The same techniques had been used on Persaud by Sharon Amos, the director of the Temple's Georgetown headquarters, who reported her audience with Persaud in the following memo to Jim Jones,

> I made some confusing comment
> about the CIA, and Persaud said

Prime Minister Burnham asked him once how he could be sure that Persaud wasn't CIA. Since he worked as a stringer for Time magazine, he said it was tough to deny he wasn't Agency.

'Well, chief,' Persaud answered, 'journalists and Prime Ministers are always the prime suspects, aren't they?' The Prime Minister simply smiled.

Persaud was later asked to testify before a congressional hearing but he refused to take the oath and tell what he knew about Jonestown and the Congressman's assassination.

Reston returned to the United States where he somehow, perhaps through Persaud, enlisted the help of Louis Gurvich; the father of Jann Gurvich, a top aide to Jones who supposedly died in the mass suicide. Reston would devote an entire chapter of his book to Jann Gurvich, and in addition, moreover, Louis Gurvich contributed much to the balance of the work.

Louis Gurvich was a first-generation American whose Aryan parents had emigrated from Europe. He lived in New Orleans where he was the head of a three-hundred-man private detective agency with operatives nationwide. His pretty, blue-eyed daughter Jann was raised in high style and high society. The family's mansion was directly across the street from Louisiana Governor Claiborne's home. Louis's house guests were the elite of the intelligence community. Among those who took a liking to young Jann was a professional

soldier from Texas who had trained the bodyguards for the CIA-installed Shah of Iran.

Jann Gurvich attended Ecole Classique, Newcomb College, Vassar and Berkeley where she excelled in language with a talent she inherited from her father. In the fall of 1974, she somehow met Jim Jones (the juncture has never been defined) and immediately went to work for him as a paralegal spy to the left wing organizations in California. She worked extensively with attorney Charles Garry on the San Quentin Six trial before he agreed to represent the Peoples Temple. She also helped cover up the Temple's plans to kidnap Patty Hearst in the law offices of Leonard Weinglass who represented Emily Harris; the accused in the kidnapping trial.

Louis Gurvich told Reston that Jann had moved to Jonestown wihtout his knowledge or approval. He claimed that, after failing to contact his daughter, he enlisted the help of his soldier-of-fortune friends in planning a commando raid on Jonestown to rescue Jann. But, according to Gurvich, he did not travel to Guyana until receiving news of the tragedy. Guyana was closed to the FBI but not to Gurvich who was one of the first outsiders on the scene in Jonestown. He reportedly sorted through the corpses looking for Jann but the "super detective" gave up the search, never establishing whether his daughter was dead or just missing. He <u>did</u> mention that the corpses were toe-tagged and that the daily jungle rain had washed away most of the written words but he never speculated as to who could have tagged the dead after the massacre.

Since just about all of Jones' female aides escaped the carnage, Jann Gurvich was an exception if she was among the dead. She probably escaped and her

father's aborted search for her body was just a token act to profess his ignorance of the true fate of his daughter.

Despite the influence of Sukhdeo, Persaud and Gurvich, Our Father Who Art In Hell is highly recommended. James Reston's command of the language is impressive but not as important as his ability to assess the environment that surrounded the experiment in Jonestown. Reston was so close to the truth as to know it as fact and his failure to report the whole story might well be attributed to fear; fear that he would become the most celebrated writer in American and die for it.

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Raven: The Untold Story of the Rev. Jim Jones and His People by Tim Reiterman with John Jacobs. New York: E.P. Dutton, Inc., 1982.

Jim Jones used several code names during his career. In radio transmissions from Jonestown to Temple headquarters in Georgetown and San Francisco, he was known as "Henderson Hill" or simply "Henderson" or "Mr. Hill." To the CIA he was known by the code name "Raven." The CIA often uses bird names to identify their operatives as suggested by such contemporary works as "Three Days of the Condor," "The Falcon and the Snowman" and "The Scarecrow and Mrs. King."

In 1982, Tim Reiterman, a reporter who survived the airstrip assault, and his colleague John Jacobs published Raven, which was intended to be the most comprehensive, all-inclusive, definitive book on the subject of Jonestown. The best review of this work comes from its dust cover comments of psychologist professor Margaret Singer, who wrote,

> Tim Reiterman, with the aid of John Jacobs, has produced what can be considered the definitive psychohistory of Jim Jones and the Peoples Temple. There has been a plethora of hastily written works on the People's Temple, but none made Jim Jones and the Temple fathomable. Reiterman and Jacobs have succeeded. They convey the essence of the psychological and social processes that Jim Jones, the master manipulator, set in motion. Jones is no longer a mystery...This book is a major contribution.

Margaret Singer was paid to write that review as she was paid by Time magazine for her comments on Jonestown and by the prosecution for her testimony in the Patty Hearst trial. Margaret Singer is a professor of psychology at the Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute but she supplements her income by providing medical terminology to explain criminal behavior. Hers is not the only bridge between the Patty Hearst story and Jim Jones. Tim Reiterman, then working for the Associated Press, had won awards for his coverage of the Hearst kidnapping. He then joined the staff of the San Francisco Examiner in 1977 and, in the following year, was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize and received "Top News Story of the Year Award" from the Hearst Foundation for his coverage of the Jonestown affair.

Like Reiterman and so many others in this story, John Jacobs had graduated from U.C. Berkeley, after which he pursued a second degree from the State University of New York at Stony Brook. From 1977 until 1978, he worked as a reporter for the Washington Post and, according to Raven,

> As a reporter for the Washington Post, John Jacobs spent three months investigating the CIA's MK ULTRA program, wrote several articles on the subject for the Post in the summer and early fall of 1977, and personally reviewed thousands of pages of CIA MK ULTRA documents released under the Freedom of Information Act.

Just before Reiterman left San Francisco for the congressional tour of Jonestown, Jacobs joined the staff of the San Francisco Examiner and would eventually assume Reiterman's responsibilities while he recovered from a wound he received during the airstrip assault. Jacobs would travel to Guyana where he would remain for two months after the tragedy. He met with Dr. Sukhdeo, Paul Persaud, Mike Prokes and anyone else involved in the post-Jonestown investigation. With only two years work experience, this novice cub reporter was responsible for the San Francisco Examiner's account of the Jonestown tragedy. He also acted as a "special correspondent" to the Washington Post, his former employers (who were then compiling data for their book, Guyana Massacre).

As with most of the other books on Jonestown, the background of the authors is as important as the story they tell. In this case, the foremost authority on the CIA's MK ULTRA mind control experiments teams up with the award-winning authority on the Patty Hearst kidnapping to write a book about Jim Jones that fails to see the obvious connections between Jones, MK ULTRA and Patty Hearst.

Raven is purposely impossible to rival. Its detailed, well-indexed, six hundred and twenty-two page text is supposed to leave no questions unanswered but the authors have gone suspiciously too far in trying to convince the reader Jones was an insane drug addict, leaving one to wonder such why Reiterman was spared at the airstrip? Why did he and his colleague fail to report the obvious connections between Jim Jones and their former fields of expertise? Why did they choose to support Jones' own propaganda campaign to define his actions as those of a crazed drug addict? And finally, how did they know to title their book Raven?

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Making Sense of the Jonestown Suicides: A Sociological History of Peoples Temple by Judith Mary Weightman. New York: The Edwin Mellen Press, 1983.

Making Sense of the Jonestown Suicides is the seventh book in a series that The Edwin Mellen Press titled Studies in Religion and Society. Considering that volume four was titled The Nazi State and New Religions and volume five was concerned with the cult brainwashing/deprogramming controversy, it is only logical that Mellen would include a book about Jonestown in their series. Weightman contends that she

was not commissioned to write the book which she says began as a college term paper. Though this is probably true, it is also true that her college roommate was the daughter of the editor who published the book. Regardless of nepotism and the question of who initiated the project, Weightman's work makes an extremely valuable contribution to the study of Jonestown.

Making Sense of the Jonestown Suicides is the finest collection of quotations and referenced information on the subject. The footnotes, bibliography and index are essential tools for the serious investigator. Weightman outdid her colleagues for several reasons. Since she wrote her book after most of the first-generation works had been published, she benefitted from more data than had been previously available to other authors. Also, since she was not personally involved with the Peoples Temple, she could assume an objective point of view which she shared only with James Reston but, unlike Reston, Weightman set out to expand on a research paper and such was the scholarly approach to her work. Raven was written in the same well-referenced format but it presented only the authors' opinions and not the complete spectrum as did Weightman who was the first researcher to combine objectivity, scholarly discipline, and talent to present all the evidence even though the different accounts often conflicted. She even mentions that Jones might have been working for the CIA but only as an example of what she considers to be one of the off-the-wall theories.

Weightman's strict adherence to scholarly research procedures is as much a deficit as it is an asset. She relies too heavily on material referenced to other works which has the effect of perpetuating the

mistakes and cover-ups of her predecessors. Though she occasionally questions the motives of other authors, she so fills her pages with their work as to allow little room for free thinking or even a fresh approach to the subject. Her technique is essential in scientific reporting but inappropriate for unravelling a criminal conspiracy. Weightman accurately reports a true life horror story but fails to see any evil in the characters she portrays. She even contends that each of the Jonestown residents made an individual decision to commit suicide voluntarily. Despite her innocent, sometimes naive, interpretation of the facts, Weightman's book is highly recommended.

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A Sympathetic History of Jonestown: The Moore Family Involvement in Peoples Temple by Rebecca Moore. Lewiston, New York: The Edwin Mellen Press, 1985.

After being incriminated by their close association with the Laytons and Jim Jones, it was almost inevitable that the Moore family would publish a defense of their involvement with the Peoples Temple. The Reverend John Moore and his wife Barbara were two of the Temple's most outspoken supporters. Their eldest daughter Carolyn had married Larry Layton and gave birth to Jim Jones' son Kimo. Carolyn's work in the Temple's hierarchy culminated on November 18th with her death in Jones' cabin. The Moores' youngest daughter Annie was a high-ranking medical technician in the experiment. She expected to survive the White Night that she had helped to engineer but at the last minute she was shot to death in Jones' cabin. It was the Moores' middle daughter Rebecca who, like Thomas

Layton, was detached from the family's project in order to champion their reputation in an autobiography.

Rebecca Moore worked at an undisclosed job in Washington, D.C. from the time her sisters joined the Peoples Temple (1968-1970) until just a few months after the massacre when she moved to Reno, Nevada to join her mother and father. In the mid 1970's, Rebecca had divorced her first husband and married Fielding M. (Mac) McGehee, a federal government employee.

After the massacre, John Moore petitioned the FBI for their files on Jonestown while Fielding McGehee sued the CIA for their records under the Freedom of Information Act. Rebecca Moore McGehee started a six year project to produce a book. All three endeavors failed to expose the truth. It is entirely possible that Rebecca Moore was a communications conduit between the experiment and the faction of the federal government that sponsored it. "Moore vs the FBI" and "McGehee vs the CIA" spearheaded the unproductive investigation into the government's prior knowledge of and participation in Jonestown. The FBI, the CIA, Rebecca's father and Rebecca's husband controlled the flow of censored information from Washington.

The Edwin Mellen Press (Box 450, Lewiston, New York 14092) is a scholarly publisher that prints research works for distribution to libraries and universities. They pay no royalties to their academic authors whose remuneration is recognition, career advancement, and salary increase only. Soon after they published Making Sense of the Jonestown Suicides, Mellen was approached by Rebecca Moore and agreed to publish her family history. A Sympathetic History of Jonestown is expensive ($69.95) but highly recommended so long as the reader understands that it is a defense

of the Moore family and questions that it is a defense of the CIA.

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All in all, over thirty books have been published to date. Some are government propaganda, others are a defense of the author's or the church's involvement with Jim Jones. Some were conceived with honest intentions but deceived by those who fed false information to the author. Still others fell prey to the most common mistake -- they believed Jim Jones. They knew he was a mass murderer, a fraud, a con man, a thief and a master manipulator but they could not envision him as a liar. They believed or wanted to believe what Jones had taken so much time and energy to record. They believed him when he said he was a Socialist or a Communist. They believed him when he said the CIA was out to get him. But they never understood the man.

Motion pictures and television also played a major role in shaping public opinion about Jonestown. "Guyana, Cult of the Damned" was a full-length movie filmed in Mexico that was almost universally criticized for its distortion of the truth. CBS Television produced a two-part docudrama entitled "The Guyana Tragedy -- The Story of Jim Jones" that further confused and misled the public with its mixture of fact and fantasy. Actor Powers Booth received an Emmy for his leading role which attests to the acclaim the film received. CBS airs the program about once a year which tends to perpetuate their portrayal of Jones as a crazed drug addict while protecting the identity of the Stoens, the Laytons and even Larry Schacht. Another

television series, hosted by the popular actor Leonard Nimoy and entitled "In Search Of..." explored the life of Jim Jones within the confines of its thirty minute format. The program included film clips of one of Jones' video-taped promotional tours of Jonestown in which he pointed out to the camera the community's stockpile of food, making special effort to show and describe their inventory of Kool- Aid. In another Temple-produced clip, Jones danced with a live snake he held up to the cameras. It was irresistible sensationalism and the "In Search of..." producers were probably not aware that including it helped Jones to convince the public that he was crazy. "In Search of Jim Jones" is also aired about once a year which helps reinforce the post-Jonestown propaganda.

Of equal importance are some of the related films produced for television, like the ninety-minute docudrama "The People vs. Dan White" aired by the Public Broadcasting Corporation. Much of the story line was accurate and the writers even elected to include three extraneous references to Jim Jones but it was more for the setting of the times than an implication that the Peoples Temple was responsible for the assassinations of Moscone and Milk. "The People vs. Dan White" fell short of the whole truth, perhaps deliberately. It was made possible through a grant from Esquire Magazine.

Perhaps the most unusual medium used in the propaganda campaign was radio. In May of 1980, three CIA-types, dressed in vested suits and the trademark aviator sunglasses, stormed a U.S. radio station and held the staff at pistol-point while they broadcast a statement claiming that Jonestown was an experiment in mind control organized by the United Council of

Churches. Though there was but a small listening audience within the limited range of the station's signal, the account of the hijacking and the unauthorized broadcast was repeated nationwide as a minor news story of the day. The entire scenario had been planned from the beginning to take the heat off the CIA which, by 1980, was under fire for their role in Jonestown.

Many of the electronic productions used excerpts from the tape recording of the final hours of Jonestown. Jones had recorded the entire White Night on a recorder tapped into the pavilion's public address system. That alone is evidence enough to question the tape's credibility because it recorded only what the congregation heard, not the behind-the-scenes instructions that Jones was continually issuing to his aides. Even though it is incomplete, the tape is precious. News of its existence first appeared in the Washington Post in early December, 1978. In mid December, about a month after the Event, Attorney General Griffin Bell announced that the FBI possessed the original tape but that it would not be released to the public. He admitted to not knowing much about the death of Congressman Ryan and over nine hundred other Americans and added "I do not suffer from morbid curiosity;" a calculated statement if ever there was one. How the FBI acquired the tape so soon after it was made is a mystery because they were banned from entering Guyana. The first outsiders on the scene were the CIA, the Guyanese military and the Prime Minister's wife. The Guyanese government is said to have a copy and somehow one other cassette copy was made and sold to Beau Buchanan, president of International Home Video Club, Inc. From his New York office, Buchanan sold a copy to

the New York Times, which published transcribed excerpts in May of 1979. Buchanan also sold copies to Mark Lane and the House of Representatives committee investigating the assassination of Ryan and the massacre in Jonestown. Congress had to buy a copy on the open market because neither the CIA or the FBI would give them that piece of evidence. By the time the tape got to Buchanan or at least by the time he had copies to distribute, it had been crudely edited either by the CIA, the Guyanese government, the FBI or Buchanan because there were no other parties involved. Audio experts who later examined the tape, reported that the recording machine had been turned on and off, interrupting the tape, some forty-seven times. What was edited out is not known. The original is secured in the FBI's files and not available to the public. The New York Times followed suit and further edited and even misrepresented the tape by substituting "applause" for the screams and protests of those who did not want to die. The Times mentioned the music and singing in the background but failed to say it was a record and not the jubilant "mass suicide" they tried hard to defend after having coined the expression in their previous sensationalistic headlines. Though it was probably out of self-defense, the New York Times article served to further disguise the truth about the White Night.

Most of the Times articles were written or influenced by Robert Lindsey who was not a stranger to CIA intrigue, having authored The Falcon and the Snowman and The Flight of the Falcon, both of which outlined the life of CIA cryptologist and convicted spy Christopher Boyce. But the most interesting aspect of the New York Times' treatment of the Jonestown subject

is not the contributors or distortions but, oddly, the placement of the articles in their newspaper. Most are adjacent to the articles on the CIA and the Nazis. A prime example is the December 4, 1980 edition which included the CIA's ultimate defense. The article, entitled "House Committee Clears C.I.A. of Role in People's Temple Cult" reported,

> The House Intelligence Committee has found "no evidence at all" that the Central Intelligence Agency was involved with the People's Temple commune in Guyana before the mass murders and suicides there in November 1978.

The House Intelligence Committee was responding to Congressman Ryan's staff and others close enough to the story to at least suspect that the CIA sponsored the experiment. Their "no evidence at all" statement was one of the most blatant lies in the post-Jonestown propaganda campaign. Adjacent to that story, the Times printed an article entited, "C.I.A. Linked to Mind-Control Drug Experiments." Citing documents released a day earlier under the Freedom of Information Act, the story outlined how the CIA had conducted a mind-control experiment on eight Black inmates at the Federal Addiction Research Center in Lexington, Kentucky back in 1963. Previously released documents detailed the CIA's mind-control experiments with LSD at that same facility but these later experiments used a mysterious hallucinogenic called BZ that "is a very long lasting drug which causes marked changes in mental functioning." According to the article, "The Army had

a similar program," (presumably within the Army's Chemical Warfare Division under the direction of Dr. Laurence Layton). It was more than just a coincidence that the CIA would be absolved of any wrongdoing in the Jonestown affair on the same day that they released documents incriminating themselves in a smaller scale experiment. The uncanny timing suggests that the agency's M K ULTRA division was plea- bargaining. Cleared of the major crime, they admitted to a lesser one. An overall study of the Times' habit of placing articles on Jonestown adjacent to articles on the CIA and the Nazis raises questions as to their motives. Perhaps they simply recognized that these three seemingly unrelated subjects would interest the same type of reader but there is a strong chance that the New York Times recognized the truth about Jonestown but were either afraid to print it or censored from doing so. By placing articles on these three subjects together, they implied a connection to the amazement of conspiracy researchers and, no doubt, the irritation of the CIA.

Jim Jones' relationship with the San Francisco print media and especially the Hearst Corporation, sometimes appears amicable and other times adverse. It is difficult to ascertain but one thing remains certain, Jones had a long-standing, sometimes controversial, relationship with both The San Francisco Examiner and Chronicle. Most of their encounters have been outlined elsewhere in this work but one final human interest story warrants inclusion in this chapter. On November 22, 1978, The San Francisco Chronicle published an article entitled, "Chronicle Photo Leads to an Arrest." The day before, the paper had printed a photo of Shelby Byrd, a Black man

inquiring at the gates of the San Francisco Temple about his aunt and two nephews who were in Jonestown at the time of the tragedy. Grief-stricken does not fully describe the look of desperation and anguish on his face. As it turned out, his aunt, Beverly Oliver was wounded at the airstrip while his two nephews, Bruce and William, died in the White Night. Within a few hours of the paper's release one Daniel Doherty "told police that a man, photographed outside the People's Temple in San Francisco Monday, was the same man who robbed him of $40 last month at the Pink Palace housing project." Until a year earlier the Pink Palace had been managed by Jones as the Director of the San Francisco Housing Authority. With uncharacteristic expediency, the police arrested Byrd within minutes. The last report from the Chronicle was that the "strong-arm robbery suspect" was being held in city jail. Byrd may have been guilty as charged but more than likely he was being discredited for the public display of his honest grief. In other words, he was framed to take away from the public sympathy his photo generated. Such was the rather frantic activities of those in charge of the post-Jonestown cover-up.

Weekly news magazines, like Time and Newsweek, also contributed to the public opinion through articles heavily influenced by Gordon Lindsey, Paul Persaud, Margaret Singer, Mike Prokes, the Millses and several other characters whose activities have earned them a mention elsewhere in this chapter.

Obviously, there was a concerted attempt to suppress information, stifle investigations, censor writers and manipulate public opinion. The propaganda campaign that assaulted society following the experiment in Jonestown is extremely complex and, in

many ways, more difficult to comprehend than the experiment itself. The story is full of agents and counteragents, provocateurs and informants of dubious intention. Some worked for Jim Jones or the CIA, others for themselves as a self-defense of their personal involvement with the Peoples Temple. Those few who worked for the truth were too often misled by their sources. The only conclusion that can be reached with any certainty is that the group of people who helped formulate the public's opinion of the White Night was comprised of various villains and victims.

XV THE PHANTOM PREACHER

The Reverend Jim Jones is alive, wealthy, secure and conceivably sipping pina coladas on the veranda as he reads this first published account of his escape from the carnage he created in Jonestown. The moment of truth was not a face-to-face, Stanley/Livingstone meeting in the jungle but rather a far less dramatic encounter in the local public library. I returned the proof of the preacher's survival to its righful place on the shelf for any other adventurer who is willing to dig six years to discover for himself. For those not willing to make such a commitment, here is the abridged version of a very intriguing tale.

As any student of Jim Jones' career soon realizes, the man was not the paranoid schizophrenic he led historians to believe. There is a serious danger in pigeonholing him in clinical terminology and losing sight of the simple truth that Jim Jones is just plain evil. He is extremely intelligent, logical, calculating and exceptionally devious. A study of his public life is a study in successful criminal tactics. According to accounts, he was in total control of every

situation with the exception of his arrest in Los Angeles in 1973 and his alleged death in Guyana in 1978. Aside from being his only two reported failures, these two separate incidences share the adjectives unexplained and bizarre. It is only when they are considered together that one can appreciate the true genius of Jim Jones.

In the fall of 1973, Jones set in motion a masterful manipulation that would use the Los Angeles Police Department and the Federal Bureau of Investigation to establish a phantom identity. The story begins at an evening service of the Los Angeles Peoples Temple when Jones announced to his congregation, "I have had a revelation that something strange might happen tonight. No matter what happens, I don't want anyone to call an ambulance."[183] He said nothing more on the subject and continued his sermon until Pinky, an elderly Black parishioner, collapsed on the floor at the rear of the building. At first it appeared to be just the beginning of another one of Jones' fake faith healings but Jones' wife, Marceline, uncharacteristically countered his order and phoned for an ambulance. Temple guards, Cleveland Jackson and Jimmy Jones, the Reverend's adopted Black son, carried Pinky on a stretcher out of the building and into an adjoining alley.

Somehow, the two guards managed to provoke a fist fight with the ambulance attendants who had responded to Marceline's call for help. They refused to allow them to take Pinky to the hospital. Young Jones struck one of the attendants while the second one broke free to radio for police assistance. The Los Angeles Police Department responded with several squad cars and a dozen uniformed officers. The scene was

chaotic with blaring sirens, flashing red lights, and even a helicopter overhead carrying police marksmen, whose long rifle barrels pointed at the crowd below.

The two Temple guards were arrested and Jimmy Jones promptly punched an officer in the face, reportedly breaking the policeman's nose. Meanwhile, Marceline and several additional guards entered the alley and Marceline began ranting and raving at the police, a technique of intimidation known to the exclusively Caucasian hierarchy as "crazy niggering." She, too, was taken into custody and, in the ensuing confusion, Temple guards helped Pinky off the stretcher and back into the Temple. The police and the ambulance left the scene without her. Marceline, Cleveland and Jimmy were remanded to the Ramparts Police Station.

Inside the Temple, ushers were running up and down the aisles telling everyone to remain seated and calm, though most had no idea what had transpired outside. Jones proceeded to address the congregation in a low, serious tone,

> Early this morning I had a revelation. I told everyone in this building that there was to be no ambulance called because I knew this type of trouble would happen. Someone didn't hear my instruction and called an ambulance anyway. Our sister, Pinky, had collapsed, but I knew that my power could take care of her. She is fine now, in an adjoining room. Through my power, she disappeared off the stretcher as

> the policemen and guards were arguing about her.[184]

Jones then appointed an assistant to complete the service and left for the Ramparts Precinct Station to rescue his wife and son. Upon his arrival, he was so abusive to the police that he too was confined to a cell. Cleveland Jackson and Jimmy Jones remained incarcerated for several days but the Reverend and his wife were released without being formally charged.

It is evident that Jones had prior knowledge of the incident with Pinky and the ambulance which suggests that he planned the scenario that resulted in the apprehension of his wife and the arrest of his son. Following the incident, Jones embarked on a vicious letter-writing campaign in which he demanded a public apology from the police officers involved. He did everything in his power to create a hostile attitude in the Ramparts Precinct Station. Jones was certain to be arrested the next time he stepped out of line in Los Angeles.

December of 1973 was a very busy month for Jones. He arranged to lease a large tract of land in Guyana and sent the first group of trail blazers to South America to carve a community out of the dense jungle, a community that five years later would be the site of the massacre. Also, about this time, he began rehearsing the White Night; the mass suicide ritual that would be his congregation's last supper. The five year plan was underway and Jones' first concern was for his own ultimate survival.

It was a well known fact in the Temple that Jones employed cosmetic doubles to impersonate him in situations he considered dangerous. Everywhere he

traveled, he was accompanied by a contingent of cosmetologists and impersonators. Long time aide Rheaviana Beam or his personal servant, Rose Shelton, carried the suitcase containing the wigs and make-up they used to transform Wayne Pietila, Harold Cordell, Mike Prokes and at least one other unidentified Temple aide into clones of Jim Jones. The double deceit was relatively easy as the real Jim Jones was, himself, very "made-up." He dyed his hair jet black and used a variety of facial cosmetics. Since he was almost never seen in public without his CIA, aviator-type sunglasses, no one ever really got a good look at his face. The task was not to make the doubles look like Jones but to make the doubles and Jones look like the same person. It was easy.

On or about December 1st, 1973, Jones escorted his adopted son, Lew, to the Westlake Theater, located about six blocks up Alvarado Street from his Los Angeles Temple. After the movie, the two returned to the Temple to report to everyone there that Lew had been harassed by a man in the theater's men's room who Jones believed was an undercover vice squad officer. Reporting the incident was apparently important to Jones for, by doing so, he had to admit to breaking one of his own rules. Temple members were forbidden to attend movies. The incident accurately foretold Jones' own arrest two weeks later.

On December 13th, Jones was once again in Los Angeles for the weekly services but this time he remained locked in seclusion while an unidentified double was sent on a very important mission. The double was instructed to go to the Westlake Theater and entrap the vice squad officer in the men's room into making an illegal and embarrassing arrest. Jones told

him that the purpose of the mission was to discredit the policeman as revenge for his harassment of Lew and also to discredit the entire Ramparts police force, which had continually harassed Temple members ever since the incident with Pinky and the ambulance. According to one published report, Jones told only his attorney, Tim Stoen, of his plan, "in case an emergency developed." The double set out on his mission, unaware that five years later, he would be murdered for his little masquerade.

The phantom Jim Jones walked the one mile up Alvarado Street to the Westlake Theater, across from MacArthur Park. Even in gaudy Los Angeles, he must have been rather conspicuous on the sidewalk as he was dressed in a bright green sport coat with a red and blue striped shirt and black pants. He bought a ticket at the box office, went inside and took a seat in the balcony for the matinee showing of "Jesus Christ Superstar." Sometime during the movie, he walked down to the men's room. As he entered the toilet stall, undercover vice squad officer A.L. Kagele was washing his hands at the sink. Both men returned to the balcony at about the same time and, according to Officer Kagele's statement,

> ...Officer observed the defendant sitting near the back of the balcony and (he) appeared to wave to officer to come up. Officer sat down for a few minutes, then got up to check the activity in the rest room. Officer entered the rest room, and within a minute officer heard the rest

> room door open and observed the defendant...go to the same toilet. Office observed the defendant's right arm moving, and at this time the defendant turned to officer. Officer observed the defendant's penis to be erect and the defendant, with his right hand, was masturbating and showing his penis to officer. The defendant then walked toward officer with his erect penis in his hand. Officer exited the rest room and signaled his partner of the violation.[185]

At 4 PM, the phantom was arrested for lewd conduct by Officer Kagele and his partner, Officer Lloyd Frost, and taken into custody to the Ramparts Division Station where he was booked, photographed and fingerprinted as "James Warren Jones." Tim Stoen posted the five hundred dollar bail and the defendant was released and ordered to appear in court on December 20th.

Tim Stoen immediately went to work on his client's defense. For the next few days he shuttled between Los Angeles and Sacramento, pleading his case to officials of the LAPD and the State Attorney General's office. Stoen exerted considerable influence for, aside from his Temple duties, he was Assistant District Attorney for Mendocino County, the bastion of the Peoples Temple.

On the day of the trial, Municipal Court Judge Clarence A. Stromwell granted a motion from an

unidentified prosecutor from the city attorney's office to dismiss the case "in the furtherance of justice." Judge Stromwell stamped the court docket, "Defendant stipulates as to probable cause," that is to say the defendant agreed there was justification to presume that he was guilty as charged. No reason has ever been given for the dismissal, as required by law.

Six weeks later, on February 1st, 1974, Judge Stromwell ordered the court records, as well as the arrest records on file with the LAPD, the FBI, and other law enforcement agencies to be "sealed and destroyed." The judge's action was highly irregular because his order was given in private, not in court in the presence of the arresting officer and prosecutor as is standard procedure.

Stoen had succeeded in getting the charges against his client dismissed and in keeping the story from the local press. He had done far more than the average attorney, even seeking the consultation of Mike Franchetti, later appointed Chief Assistant to the Attorney General of California, because, as Franchetti recalled, "I was an expert in records law; how they were sealed."[186]

Despite Judge Stromwell's order, Jones' records were evidently not destroyed. Stoen had somehow managed to pirate several photocopies of the records which he placed in his files. The copies were discovered about a year later as the Temple moved its headquarters from Mendocino County to San Francisco. A few months before the massacre in 1978, Stoen, who had since allegedly defected from the Temple, prepared a motion in conjunction with the San Francisco Examiner and the Los Angeles Times to have Jones' arrest records

released to the public. Eventually, the records were unsealed and published in March of 1979, four months after the massacre. Since Stoen possessed copies of the records from the very beginning, his petition suggests he was only verifying that the LAPD had not destroyed their copy.

The events that transpired in Los Angeles had all the earmarks of a Jim Jones master plan. They were bizarre, ironic, complicated and difficult for the average observer to understand. The previously accepted accounts leave many critical questions unanswered. Questions such as: If Jones had prior knowledge of the episode with Pinky and the ambulance then why did he allow the situation to evolve unabated and result in the incarceration of his wife and son? And why would Jones go out of his way to make an enemy of the LAPD? Why would he approach the vice squad officer in the theater when he had prior knowledge of the undercover stake-out? Why would the FBI even have a file on such a minor misdemeanor as a lewd conduct charge? Why was the case dismissed? Why were the records ordered destroyed and why were they not destroyed? These and other important questions surrounding the arrest have never been addressed.

As with all of Jones' plans designed to set the record wrong, posterity is provided with a glimpse of the preacher's off-beat sense of humor; it was his trademark. In this case, there is an intense irony in a Christian minister committing a lewd act at the showing of movie about the life of Jesus Christ. Jones, who claimed to be the reincarnation of Christ, among other notable figures in history, had staged his own arrest and his true motives for doing so would not be appreciated until this work.

As Congressman Ryan and his entourage of Concerned Relatives and reporters prepared to leave Georgetown for their ill-fated trip into Guyana's interior, Tim Stoen's wife, Grace, who also claimed to have defected from the Temple, prepared the press for a cosmetic Jim Jones. Ron Javers, reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle, later recorded his initial impressions of the preacher,

> Jim Jones was sitting at the head of the table, dressed in a red shirt and khaki pants. He had black hair and long sideburns, and even though it was night, he was wearing sunglasses. He always wore them, we learned. Immediately he looked to me like a man who was powdered and perfumed.[187]

Washington Post correspondent Charles Krause was more specific in his account:

> I sat beside him [Jones] and watched him closely as he talked. Grace Stoen had told me that he used an eyebrow pencil to give an appearance of thickness to his sideburns. I was curious about that and, after looking at him for a while, decided she was right.[188]

Others in attendance, who had known Jones in the past, said that he just did not look like the Jim Jones they remembered. He was much heavier and even his facial features were different. Some attributed this to reports that he had been ill, others that his illness was actually due to an overuse of illicit drugs; but most agreed that he did not look the same as their memory of him.

In the aftermath of the massacre, a corpse was discovered in front of the throne among the nine hundred others in and around the pavilion. It was tentatively identified as Jim Jones. Unlike most of the other victims, the body had not been poisoned but shot once behind the left ear. It was presumed that he had been murdered by a disenchanted follower as the gun was found some thirty yards away but this will never be established for certain because nitrate and neutron activation tests were not performed to determine if there were traces of gunpowder on Jones' hands. Such tests are standard procedure in deaths where there is a question as to murder or suicide. The absence of such simple tests exemplifies the very poor handling of the corpse and its identification.

The corpse, identified as Jim Jones, was allowed to rot in the jungle heat for four days before it was removed. No attempt was made to preserve the remains. The body was not refrigerated (not even in the temporary morgue set up at the Georgetown airport). This may be due in part to the U.S. State Department's original plan to bury all the dead in a mass grave in Jonestown, without identification or autopsy. Three days after the massacre, the Associated Press reported, "Douglas Davidson, an officer with the U.S. Embassy, said the bodies are in an advanced state of

decomposition and authorities are considering burying them in Jonestown." Relatives of the dead protested the mass burial plan and petitioned the U.S. government to transport the bodies back to the United States. George Moscone, mayor of San Francisco, which was the hometown of many of the victims, telegraphed President Jimmy Carter to request federal assistance. His telegram, dated November 24th, read in part,

> I respectfully request that you use your authority to underwrite the cost of bringing back those whose next of kin request that they be returned and who otherwise do not have the means to do so.[189]

Over nine hundred corpses were flown, via military cargo planes, from Georgetown to a military mortuary at Dover Air Force Base in Delaware. Only seven autopsies were conducted at the federal facility and those were performed <u>after</u> embalming. No tissue samples or bodily fluids were saved for analysis. The chief undertaker, Charles Carson, destroyed all the evidence in what the medical profession almost universally recognized as the "ineptness" of the postmortem investigation. The following conclusion of an article appearing in a forensic pathologist trade magazine was typical of the prevailing professional opinion,

> The contradictions, inconsistencies, and questionable truths related through these interviews

> leave many unanswered questions. In fact, the entire episode suggests government mismanagement or a coverup of the true facts. The statements given by various government officials lend fuel to accusations made by people like Mark Lane, who served as legal counsel for Jones' Peoples Temple. Lane proclaimed that a U.S. conspiracy existed to destroy the cult and its leader. The totally unprofessional and questionable handling of the bodies and the failure to establish cause and manner of death do not dispute Lane's charges. Unfortunately, his claims are strengthened because there are so few facts about what actually happened. It is regrettable that professional medical personnel failed to do what the newest member -- fresh from college -- of a clinical medical laboratory would have known to do.[190]

Eventually, though posthumously, George Moscone was granted his request when 253 unidentified bodies were flown to California and buried together in a large pit dug in an Oakland Cemetery. The federal government paid the multi-million dollar bill but later confiscated known Temple bank accounts as repayment.

As soon as the news of Jones' alleged death reached the outside world, the Concerned Relatives and ex-Temple members proclaimed, in unison, that the corpse was not Jim Jones. The news media received various, yet consistent, reports that Jones did not intend to die in the White Night and that, in all the recent rehearsals, he planned to survive, return to the United States with a "hit squad", and kill all the enemies of the Peoples Temple. Former members described his use of cosmetic doubles or "look-alikes" as they called them, and were so adamant in their claims that Jones was still alive that the FBI was called in to identify the body.

A stainless steel coffin labeled, "Rev. Jimmie Jones" arrived at the military mortuary on Dover Air Base on November 23rd at 8:05 PM (EST). Up until this time no special effort had been made to identify the remains other than a visual identification by U.S. Embassy officials in Guyana who would only say they were "awfully convinced" the decomposed corpse was Jim Jones. The FBI immediately fingerprinted the body, which was in such an advanced state of decomposition that the technician had to surgically remove the fingertips and slip them over his own gloved fingers to effect the printing. Though the process was difficult and completed rather hastily, it was accurate. That same evening, William Webster, the Director of the FBI, announced that the Bureau had made a positive identification of the body of Jim Jones. The following day, the San Francisco Chronicle reported,

> The identification of the preacher's remains was made soon after [arrival] by a team of ten

> FBI fingerprint specialists who compared Los Angeles police department records of Jones' prints with ones taken from his body, Webster said.[191]

The basic premise of this chapter that William Webster's statement was simply not true. The FBI was not positive that the body was Jim Jones, only that the body was the same man arrested as Jim Jones five years earlier. There were no other records of Jones' prints. The authenticity of the LAPD files was never questioned and the case was mistakenly closed.

Marceline's parents, Walter and Charlotte Baldwin, initially requested that the remains of Jim, Marceline and their adopted son Lew, be shipped back to their native Indiana for burial but they changed their minds the day after Webster's announcement. The Baldwins' final request was that the bodies be cremated and the ashes spread on the Atlantic Ocean. Charles Carson, chief undertaker at Dover Air Force Base, complied with their wishes. This, in itself, may be unprecedented as cadavers entrusted to the government are buried in a potter's field and never cremated and buried at sea. From the throne in Jonestown to the Atlantic Ocean, the body identified as Jim Jones had never left the control of the U.S. military, federal law enforcement agencies or their subcontractors.

In retrospect, Jim Jones was in complete control of all aspects of his master escape plan, from Pinky and the ambulance to Lew and the vice squad officer to his own faked arrest, the sealing of the records and ultimately the murder of his double. Tim Stoen had been very instrumental in getting the charges

against his client dismissed and in keeping the story out of the news while, five years later, his wife prepared the press for a cosmetic Jones. The press, in turn, prepared the world for a cosmetic corpse. There is no doubt that this happened; the only question is whether or not the Stoens and others who helped establish the false identity of the phantom preacher were cognizant of the ramifications of their actions. Temple security was always on a "need-to-know" basis which was doubly true of this particular project as evidenced by the fact that Jones cast only his family members in key roles. Most participants were manipulated. Even the director of the FBI was deceived by this preacher who one day will be recognized as one of the foremost criminal minds of this century.

So what happened to the real Jim Jones? He escaped. Wherever he is, he is certainly not alone, there are others with him but they will never disclose his whereabouts. The best this researcher can do is to report the final few moments of his public life.

As the last of the congregation were poisoned, the few escapees hiding in the jungle heard the Jonestown guards cheer, "Hip, Hip, Hurray!," three times. All the guards had been told that they would escape with their leader, but one would not. The unidentified double, who had posed as Jones five years earlier, was called to the throne in the pavilion and shot. Before the remaining forty or fifty fled, Jones radioed the Albatross III (the Temples' seaworthy ship which was anchored at the Port of Spain in Trinidad) to pick them up at the mouth of the Waini River about thirty miles north of Jonestown. This coincided with recent rehearsals in which Jones said he would escape the White Night by sea. The radio transmission was

intercepted and the Albatross was seized by authorities in Trinidad. The Temples' fishing trawler, the Cudjo, had been docked at Port Kaituma during the massacre but immediately after it was sent up river leaving Mike Prokes and the Carter brothers stranded. They were to rendezvous with the ship for their escape but were arrested on the docks. Why the ship was sent up river and who was on board has never been reported. It is only known that Guyanese authorities seized the vessel. A third Temple ship, the Marceline, was never found though there is some speculation that the Marceline was actually the Albatross or the Cudjo sailing under an assumed name.

The stated plan to escape by sea and the radio transmission to the Albatross were only diversions. Jones was well aware that the Federal Communications Commission and other government agencies were monitoring Jonestown radio transmissions after receivng numerous complaints that the Temple illegally used codes and frequency changes to disguise their messages. It was no accident that this all-important message was not in code. Jones wanted the authorities to overhear his last minute escape plan for, if anyone sought him out, they would certainly be looking on the Guyanese coast when in fact Jones and his guards had headed west for the thirteen mile hike to the Venezuelan border; a path they had previously blazed and patrolled.

The day after the massacre, a Venezuelan Air Force pilot patrolling his country's disputed border with Guyana reported seeing a group of forty or fifty armed men in a clearing as they entered Venezuela at precisely the place and time where Jones and his guards should have been. The Venezuelan government refused to

confirm their pilot's report, making him the last person to see Jim Jones and live to tell about it.

As a postscript to the story, this chapter was first drafted in 1980, when it was believed that its conclusion was not shared by any other researcher. At the time no one else thought that Jones had survived. On May 12, 1981, the Globe published a one page article by William Harris entitled, "Jim Jones Still Alive in Brazil," which began, "Jim Jones, former cult leader and CIA agent, escaped the Peoples Temple massacre in Guyana and is now hiding out in Brazil, according to sensational new evidence." The article outlined the Ryan family's lawsuit against the State Department which named Phil Blakey and Dick Dwyer as CIA operatives and Jonestown as a "mass mind-control CIA experiment." It also included several quotes from Joe Holsinger, Ryan's attorney and long-time friend, who reportedly said,

> The more I investigate the mysteries of Jonestown, the more I am convinced there is something sinister behind it all...There is no doubt in my mind that Jones had very close CIA connections..At the time of the tragedy, the Temple had three boats in the water off the coast. The boats disappeared shortly afterwards. Remember Brazil is a country Jones was very familiar with. He is supposed to have had money there. And it is not too far from Guyana. My own feeling

> is that Jones was ambushed by CIA agents who then disappeared in the boats. But the whole story is so mind-boggling that I'm willing to concede he escaped with them.

The article went on to quote a Guyanese official who said,

> A lot of people here believe Jones had a double who died at Jonestown and that Jones himself is still alive.

Perhaps more important than the quotes was the author's recognition of what should have been obvious to everyone; namely the discrepancy between the 1,200 residents in Jonestown and the slightly more than 900 bodies found in its wake. Harris wrote, "Of course, some cult members were never found -- the holders of 300 U.S. passports found in the camp are unaccounted for. They may have fled to another country." Anyone who researches Jonestown would instantly recognize the uniquely different and dangerously true tone of the Globe article. The Globe is a sensationalist tabloid of the type sold at the supermarket check-out stands but, in spite of its monetary motives, its story was closer to the truth than any other. The difference between this article and others published in the United States is that the Globe is published in Canada and perhaps out of the range of the CIA's close scrutiny and control.

What all this brings to mind is, if Jones escaped Jonestown, where is he today? He wanted us to think he planned to travel the thirty miles northeast to the mouth of the Waini River but that was only a diversion. Likewise, the Venezuelan pilot's unconfirmed report that he traveled west might also have been a diversion. Jones would not have been well-received by the Venezuelan government after his community of Americans was used to trick their president into giving up any claims to the disputed territory. Brazil would appear to be his logical choice for sanctuary. He had money there. He had contacts there in the military government that he had helped into power. Also, his idol and possible mentor, Josef Mengele, was at the time living in San Paulo. But, moreover, the safest haven would have been Africa. Jonestown had secretly transported hundreds of mercenaries to the Dark Continent in its early days. One more unobserved flight from Caracas or San Paulo or any number of airstrips in South America would not have presented a problem.

XVI RENEGADE FACTION

The Central Intelligence Agency is not responsible for the Jonestown atrocity, but they are accountable for it. Any government agency or, for that matter, any government, is a concept and only as good or as bad as the people it employs. This is particularly true of the CIA, which lacks the chain of command that typically structures most organizations. The CIA is compartmental which enables each department to function independently. Certainly not everyone employed by the agency knows that the CIA sponsored the Jonestown experiment, perhaps not even the agency's director is aware that Jim Jones was an operative. Not even the agency personnel working in Jonestown knew the full scope of the experiment that was conducted by what the CIA will eventually term a renegade faction.

Following World War II, the CIA began its operation from several office buildings scattered throughout the Washington, D.C. area. Though contrary to the agency's name, this decentralized structure was necessary to compartmentalize the various activities of the U.S. and former Nazi German agents. Eventually,

Congress granted 46 of the 60 million dollars the agency requested to construct a headquarters building on a isolated government reserve across the Potomac River from Washington, D.C. In its initial presentation to the House Appropriations Committee, the agency reported,

> The new building will consist of block-type wings, readily compartmented from one another, so that specially restricted areas can be established and special controls maintained in each section.

The Langley, Virginia headquarters houses untold numbers of self-contained departments that operate independently behind unmarked doors. Through one of those doors passed the truth about Jonestown.

While presidents come and go (from Washington to Reagan, they average only five years in office) the true power of the executive branch of government is carried from administration to administration by the different departments of the CIA. The best assessment of the threat the CIA presently poses to the American people comes from the president who helped establish the agency. In 1963, Harry Truman wrote in a syndicated newspaper article,

> For some time I have been disturbed by the way the CIA has been diverted from its original assignment. It has become an operational and at times a

> policy-making arm of the government...I never had any thought that when I set up the CIA that it would be injected into peacetime cloak-and-dagger operations. Some of the complications and embarrassment that I think we have experienced are in part attributable to the fact that this quiet intelligence arm of the President has been so removed from its intended role that it is interpreted as a symbol of sinister and mysterious foreign intrigue.

Even as early as 1963, Truman and many others recognized that the executive branch of government was no longer in control of the agency but no one questioned who was in control. Everyone assumed that the CIA had gone its separate way under its own power. No one could see that the Nazis who helped establish the agency had used the need to know security system to continue the Third Reich in the United States under the impenetrable cloak of national security.

The Nazis hiding in the CIA were relatively quiet for the first few years after World War II that it required to convince the American public that their true enemy was not fascism but communism. The success of the McCarthy Era propaganda campaign in the early 1950's marked a distinct change in U.S. intelligence. No longer satisfied with merely gathering information about world events, as was their chartered function, the CIA began to create events that shaped history.

With the formation of the National Security Agency in 1952, the CIA was relieved of most of the responsibility for gathering intelligence but even though it had outlived its original function, the agency continued to grow in personnel and budget. They were left with little more to do than play "what if" games; speculative contingency planning like, "Is there a pharmaceutical solution to the growing unrest among Blacks and Native Americans?" The experiment in Jonestown was conceived from just such speculation.

Jim Jones worked for the CIA but that does not exclude the distinct possibility that he only worked through the agency for his true employer, the Nazis. As a youngster he studied the Nazis, later he would employ Nazis in his Peoples Temple that was structured along fascist lines. When the FBI searched Jones' San Francisco office after the massacre they found that half the books in his personal library were about behavior modification and the other half were about Nazi Germany. The odyssey that ended in Jonestown, began some fifteen years earlier in Brazil when Jones received his life assignment, presumably but not necessarily, from his CIA employer. At precisely the same time that Jones moved to the Belo Horizonte suburb of San Antonio, Brazil, Josef Mengele, the infamous "Angel of Death" purchased a farm just south of him.

Josef Mengele was born to the wealthiest family in Gunzburg, Bavaria. He was raised a strict Roman Catholic, studied anthropology and eventually went to work for the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute. When Hitler declared that only anthropologists were qualified to separate Aryans from sub-humans, Mengele was appointed head of the genetic experiments at Auschwitz. In the death camp, Mengele preferred to experiment on young

twins. He would use some new weapons or drug the SS was developing to kill one of the twins and then kill the other by some conventional means. Autopsies were then performed on both corpses for comparison. He also attempted to unlock the genetic secret that produces twins in an effort to double the output of the Lebensborn Program. Mengele was personally responsible for the death of 400,000 inmates at Auschwitz; four times the number killed by the combined nuclear explosions at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Josef Mengele murdered more people than anyone else in history. After the war, Mengele was interred by the occupying Americans who transported him back to his native Bavaria where they released him under his own name. They knew who he was and let him go free. With characteristical Nazi arrogance, Mengele expected to continue his genetic experiments after the war but, despite obvious support from the Americans, he was not safe in Europe. In 1948, he traveled down the Rat Run to Genoa, Italy where, with the help of the Red Cross and the Vatican, he was issued a passport of the type intended to repatriate victims of the Nazis. Under the name Dr. Helmut Gregor, Mengele boarded a freighter for Buenos Aires, where President Juan Peron had welcomed thousands of Nazis fleeing persecution for their war crimes. The Mengele family had managed to retain the bulk of their fortune through the war and their financial support of Josef enabled him to continue his experiments in Argentina. He bought a pharmaceutical company in Buenos Aires and set to work analyzing the blood samples that he had brought with him from Auschwitz. In 1956, with a passport in his own name, Mengele traveled to Zurich, Switzerland where he visited his family and married his brother's widow. It

would appear that he enjoyed a great deal of freedom for being one of the most wanted men in the world but this security was soon shattered when, after his return to South America, Israeli commandos kidnapped Adolf Eichmann in Argentina to stand trial in Israel. In 1959, Mengele fled to Paraguay where fellow Nazis helped him establish a false cover. For the next twenty-five years, most who hunted for Mengele believed he was hiding somewhere in Paraguay when actually he had moved to Nova Europa, Brazil in late 1960. His new wife left him in 1961 as his first wife had years earlier. In 1962, Mengele purchased a farm in Serra Negro, Brazil in partnership with a European couple who shared his fascist politics. At that same time, Jim Jones moved into a rented house in San Antonio, just a short distance north. Mengele was the foremost living authority on the Nazis' genetic experiments and Jim Jones would soon assume his title. The fact that the two men moved so close to each other during a pivotal point in both their lives suggests that they met. Jonestown could have been the "changing of the guard"; the Nouveau Nazi superbabies taking power from Himmler's SS. There may not be a Fourth Reich, only a continuation of the Third. It has been said that Jones traveled to Brazil after escaping Jonestown with the medical records. He may have delivered the results of the experiment to Mengele who had since moved to San Paulo. On February 7, 1979, just ten weeks after the Jonestown massacre, Mengele reportedly drowned in a swimming accident. His death was not revealed until 1985 when, in the midst of the greatest manhunt in history, Mengele's Nazi partners in Brazil announced that the Angel of Death was dead and buried. The body was exhumed but, after so many years in the dirt, the

remains were not identifiable. Mengele's friends provided the authorities with samples of what they said was the dead man's handwriting and it was confirmed as the same as Mengeles' SS application on file since the early 1930s. That was the only identification made. Obviously, Mengele's business associates in Brazil would have copies of his handwriting but what is astonishing is that the world would believe that it was the handwriting of the dead man. The only people to claim to have proof that Mengele is dead are his family in Bavaria and his friends in Brazil.

It is time we realized the danger posed by Nazis who have infiltrated organizations in an effort to achieve world dominance. Their presence and influence is everywhere. In the early 1940's, a young Polish salesman, employed by I.G. Farben, sold cyanide to the Nazis for use in Auschwitz. Fearing for his life after the war, he took refuge in the Catholic Church and was ordained a priest in late 1946. In 1958 he was ordained Poland's youngest bishop. After the thirty day reign and assassination of his predecessor, he assumed the Papacy as Pope John Paul II. One of his first jobs in office was to canonize a Polish priest who was allegedly killed in the Auschwitz concentration camp.

It has recently been disclosed that Austrian President Kurt Waldheim, who was Secretary General of the United Nations from 1972 until 1982, was in fact a Nazi intelligence officer who helped identify and execute thousands of non-military personnel in German occupied countries during the war.

There was once a woman with a dream, a dream to give underprivileged women a choice through inexpensive or free birth control. The woman was Margaret Sanger

who, in the conceptual stages of her Planned Parenthood organization, consulted with several of Hitler's social architects who saw her plan as a viable means to curb the birthrate of U.S. Blacks, which was, and still is, twice that of Whites.

Recently, the U.S. extradited Nazi war criminal Andriya Artukovic to stand trial in Yugoslavia where he was sentenced to death by firing squad for ordering the execution of over 231,000 residents of the Nazi puppet state of Croatia. For the last 36 years, Artukovic has lived an affluent lifestyle in Seal Beach, California, while the U.S. government made every excuse imaginable to prevent his extradition to Yugloslavia. They even declared him senile and legally blind but that did not stop the Yugloslavians' pursuit and finally he was turned over to his executioners. The release of this 86 year old, terminally ill Nazi was just a token effort by the U.S. government to disguise the truth that, even to this day, over 26 Nazis are living in the U.S. under the protection of Washington. These Nazis are only the ones who have been identified as war criminals and who have survived the forty-one years since the end of World War II.

Soon after the war, two Nazis hiding in the United States were facing extradition, trial and almost certain execution for their crimes against humanity when a brilliant young lawyer came to their defense. The lawyer instructed them to establish a business on paper only. He then arranged through his contacts in government for this phony company to be granted a military contract to supply some minor piece of hardware that was classified top secret. He then approached the courts with a defense that his Nazi clients should not be extradited because their company

was necessary for national defense. The courts agreed and the Nazis were permitted to remain in the U.S. even though their shell of a company could not and did not fulfill the contract. The young lawyer went on to work with Senator McCarthy to compile a list of Hollywood performers suspected of being "communist sympathizers." Prominent on the Hollywood blacklist was the name of an actress whose family history would not seem to warrant her inclusion. Her mother had even worked as an undercover agent for the FBI. She was reportedly despondent over the prospect of never again being cast in one of her minor movie roles but actually she was about to embark on the most important theatrical performance of her life. Citing what she said was unfair treatment, she complained to the head of the Screen Actor's Guild who empathized with her problem and found that they had more than just a career in common. He and his ex-wife had worked as FBI informants who spied on their fellow actors. The two married only a few weeks after this first meeting. The young lawyer was Richard Nixon. The newlyweds were Ronald and Nancy Reagan.

Nazis have attempted to control every political, social, economic, and religious power structure in the world today. They have infiltrated every major organization from the Holy See to the United Nations, from Interpol to the atomic energy community, from Washington to Moscow. It is logical to assume that when the Nazis sold their spies in Russia to the CIA that they also sold their spies in the United States to the KGB.

The Nazis' influence over the U.S. federal government has not gone unnoticed. In early 1979, just a few months after the Jonestown massacre, President

Carter established a commission on the Holocaust that, among other duties, was to receive reports of any new attempts at genocide. Carter said, "Never again will the world stand silent or look the other way in the face of genocide." Carter was well aware of the modern-day Nazi threat but his concern might have stemmed from the embarrassment or responsibility he felt since the largest attempt at genocide since World War II occurred under his administration. In any event, the commission never investigated Jonestown. Toward the end of his term, Carter helped establish a judiciary agency to ferret out Nazi war criminals in the United States. Until 1983, the chief Nazi-hunter in the U.S. government was Allen Ryan but, by this third year of the Reagan administration, most attempts to identify Nazis in government (and particularly in the CIA) were circumvented by President Reagan and Vice President Bush (a former director of the CIA). Reagan gave the agency sweeping new powers to spy on American citizens at home, operate domestic front companies and prosecute anyone who identified Agency personnel. He increased their budget and approved construction of a new wing on their headquarters. The recent growth of the CIA is indicative of a fascist, right wing wave that is presently rampant in the United States. For our democracy to survive into the 21st century, Americans need to understand that their lives and freedom are in danger from an enemy that most believe was defeated over forty years ago. We are now only fifty years into Himmler's plan to purify the race of man in the first one hundred twenty-five years of the Thousand Year Reich. It would seem that the plan is still on schedule. Fifty years ago, the Nazis had to manually identify homosexuals and drug addicts,

transport them to the death camps that they had to build, pay for the guards, the cyanide and the disposal of the corpses, all under public scrutiny and the chance that eventually they would have to answer for their genocidal crimes. Today, the very inexpensive AIDS virus performs the same function without the risk that the architects of the epidemic will ever be brought to justice.

A concerted effort must be made to remove these fascists from the federal government and particularly from the CIA. The Nazis must not be permitted to continue their genocide in the United States. There is no justification for ignoring or condoning their influence in our society.

The Himmlers, Mengeles, Laytons, and Joneses of this world have planned a "war" very different from the nuclear demise that most envision but nonetheless devastating. Just as the Crystal Night began the first Holocaust and the second World War, so too the White Night began the second holocaust and your future. It is very important. Millions of lives are in the balance.

EPILOGUE

My only regret is in allowing too much valuable time to pass before completing this project. I bear some of the responsibility for the long delay because I selfishly put my own survival ahead of society's. For this, I apologize but many factors in my tardiness were out of my control. Aside from the monumental task of extracting and compiling the data, there was the ongoing problem of summarizing a story that had not yet reached its conclusion. Too often, just when I thought a particular aspect was complete, some new development would alter the ending and send me back to the outline and rough draft stage. Just staying current with the violent deaths of the characters and witnesses after the massacre was extremely time-consuming. I soon came to the realization that the White Night was not the end of the story but the beginning of an open-ended history that will remain topical for many years to come. I decided to conclude this primer to the conspiracy in December of 1987, not because the story is finished, but because I wanted to make my findings a matter of record before what I predict will be the cataclysmic

events of November 9, 1988; the Golden Jubilee of the Crystal Night.

I encourage others to continue this work and welcome any and all comments and information.

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Reverend Galen and Buddy Russel	Annalise Schmidt
Leo and Asta Dukes	Joe Ajax

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